ELEVEN SELECTED SERMONS

By ELWOOD J BULGIN

God Bless you
my Dear
old Pal,
E. J. Dulgar
Jan 7, 17

ELEVEN SELECTED SERMONS

BULGIN'S BEST BLOWS

Immortality - "Eddyism" - Conditions Demanding Hell
Demands of Unbelief - The Man of Galilee - Was
Moses Scientific? - Bible Inspired - The Two
Natures in Man - The Mountain Whites
The Fall of Babylon - Romanism

Price $1.50

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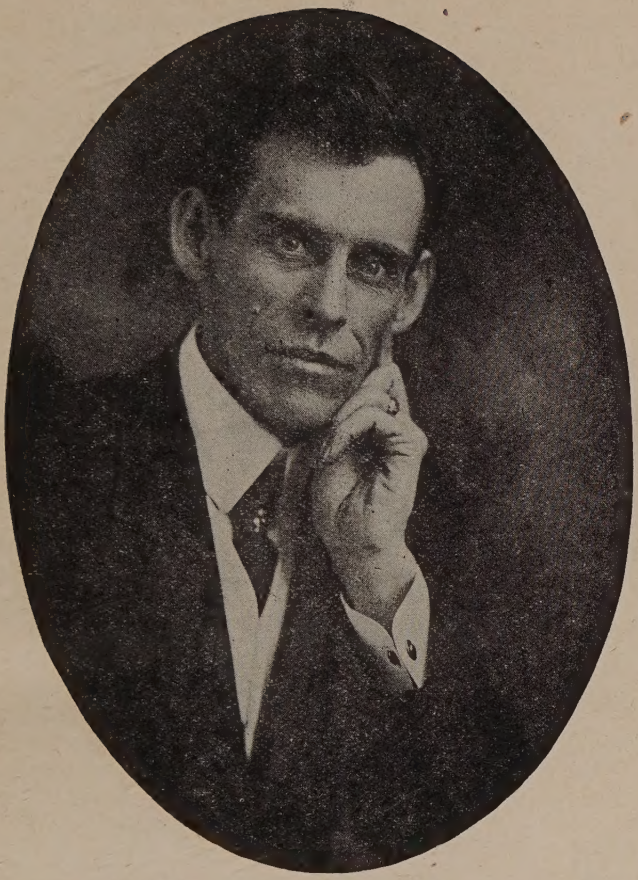
E. J. Bulgin
Portland, Oregon

IN MEMORIAM

To the memory of our darling son, Arthur Elwood Bulgin, in whose companionship we found great joy and for whose education Father and Mother made every sacrifice for which we were abundantly rewarded in the magnificent, manly and well-developed young man of the richest endowments and most affectionate nature. A consecrated, conscientious, consistent Christian character and a sweet gospel singer to whom we most affectionately dedicate this volume.

Arthur Elwood Bulgin
Born Three Rivers, Michigan
March 11, 1897
Died Sunnyside, Washington
October 9, 1920



E. J. Bulgin, D. D., Ph. D.
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This poem was written by E. J. Bulgin after praying that he might see in his dreams or otherwise his son, Arthur. He dreamed that night he heard him calling in the old familiar way, "Dad," and saw him at the end of a long street in the celestial land and he was singing a solo and an angel was leading the band to accompany the solo. The instruments were unusual but very sweet and low. The dream was so vivid Mr. Bulgin awoke and wrote at two o'clock in the night these verses:

Last night, dear Art, I heard you calling
From that fair and Heavenly land,
Oh, my son, I heard you singing
As an angel led the band.

And I've wondered till I'm weary,
Yes, dear Art, I've suffered so,
Hoping, praying I might see you
And my pain you would say you know.

Softly the angel of Death came knocking
Out from the blue and starry dome,
Calling our Arthur, our precious darling,
From Father and Mother to his Heavenly Home.

You've been true, my boy, I know you
As a father knows a son
From the teachings of dear Mother
Ever since your life begun.

Music, art and education
Wasn't all my wish for thee,
But to Christ for consecration
And from sin He set you free.

This, dear Boy, was my ambition
And it seemed too good, but true,
That some day in my position
You would sing this gospel through.

It had come, just one short season,
Oh, such joy to Dad, you know,
But old Death, Oh! God what reason,
Must you take my partner so?

But it's done, I'm left bewildered,
And my eyes are dimmed you see,
But the gold from dross is filtered,
Better Christians we shall be.

And in dreams I see thee standing
Over on Jordan's pebbly strand,
In the presence of God, thy maker,
Waving us thy gentle hand.

Then no more our feet shall falter
To walk the path your feet have trod,
All our hopes in the blessed future,
To meet thee, Arthur, and thy God.

Give me grace, O Blessed Master,
In this hour when the heart is sad,
That my faith shall never falter,
Yes, that peace which maketh glad.

ELWOOD J. BULGIN.

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Eleven Selected Sermons

CHAPTER I. IMMORTALITY

Introduction
Big Question

Science Has Her Unanswered Problems

INTRODUCTION

UNANSWERED PROBLEMS

Every scientific question of today has its difficulty and its perplexity and unanswered problems.

The student of the human eye has not yet told me what makes him see. The student of anatomy and physiology has not told me what life is. The student of natural science has not told me what ether is, and yet without it, we could not send sound waves. The florist may cultivate the flowers, and we may enjoy the smell, but always have the one perplexing problem, what is odor.

These and many other problems press home for their answers, but as we deal with this question of immortality, we have far better data and facts and intimations and historical statements from those who know that if a man does die, he shall live again.

IF A MAN DIE, SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN? (JOB)

This always has been and always will be the biggest question a man can put to his own soul, or to his fellow man. There are many questions pressing home to the soul and mind of man which demand an intelligent answer. And as never before, this age of doubt is a hopeful age, for it is not that doubt which is content with darkness.

Science abrogates its throne whenever it stops with simply saying, "I don't know," and this is a scientific age. There is a world of difference between doubt and unbelief. Doubt is honesty. Unbelief is dishonesty. Doubt is, "I am searching for the light." Unbelief is, "I am content with darkness, let me alone." As long as a man is inquiring, there is hope. The danger line is when he loses hope and stops investigation.

The greatest difficulty with our American people is that we are so absorbed with commercialism, we are so content with sin, that it has put an anæsthesia on the conscience and paralyzed the moral nature until men have become moral cowards.

I. THE UNPROVEN NEGATIVE

Always Will Be

or

The Fact that Immortality Is Not, Has Never Been Proven

Good Starting Point

An assumed believable faith not discredited or disproven, has a right to be.

I believe in immortality—you don't.

I believe in God—you don't.

Which has the better right to live, my belief or your unbelief? You can't prove there is no God. Neither can you prove there is no immortality.

The mind reasons from cause to effect, possibilities, probabilities, intimation, presumption; out of these we get our certainties. Perception, conception, we work our immortality out of these. It is possible, it is probable, it is intimated—reason presumes it is so.

For illustration, religion can make something out of us only because there is something in us. The conception of immortality originates in the fact of immortality. Same may be said of God. Can't prove He is not.

Reason builds an argument on the faculty of imagination.

Imagination is not satisfied with this present sphere of life. Even now it opens a future. Even now it actually runs into the future. So real are the scenes of the future to it that it paints them in glowing colors. Imagination is the door of the mind by which man escapes limitation.

The imagination of man is one of the faculties of the soul. It may become too large and ungovernable at times, but it is real, and if you have a child with a vivid imagination and sometimes it shows a tendency to make certain things and facts in life larger than they really are, don't smother nor destroy that great faculty of the soul, direct it in the right channel. Imagination keeps us from having limitations in life; it opens the door of larger and greater possibilities.

"I believe in the immortality of man because I find the belief in existence. It is native to the heart of man, therefore, it is right. It has a right to be and to grow, because it is and because it does grow."

Hellenic verse has its Elysian fields. The Arctic circle has its Walhalla. The Indian his his happy hunting grounds, Judaism has its Paradise. A belief in the future grows out of the human heart in all nationalities, therefore the belief has a right to exist. What right has the little delicate flower to blossom away up on the side of the Alps just on the border of the snow line? It has the right that it asserts by its own existence. It belongs there. It could not be if it were not right for it to be. So this sweet white flower of hope, the hope of immortality, has grown in the soil of the human heart, and it rejoices

us with its perfume and beauty. It is found everywhere in the universe of humanity, and it is true because it is found everywhere in the universe. "The universe never lies."

"IMMORTALITY" IS THERE AND MUST BE ACCOUNTED FOR

Reason says, I build an argument for immortality on the longing of the soul for continued life. There is something away out in the future that draws the soul to it, and for this something the soul yearns. The soul's yearning proves the reality of yonder something. If there were no immortality out yonder, there would be no drawing, no desire here. "God has set eternity in the heart." Human nature hungers for immortality with a divine and deathless famine. This hunger, this desire, was put there by God, and it is a prophecy of that which shall satisfy it.

God must fulfill his prophecies. He always does. Owen, the naturalist, finds a fossil 500 feet under ground. He says the animal lived on the surface of the earth. How does he know? Why, there are sockets for the eye. Nature makes nothing in vain. It must have lived where the light was. The world says, that is logic. Now in man we find a yearning, a desire, a hope for immortality. Can you believe that God, who made the water for the web-foot, and the light and beauty for the eye, has forgotten the soul? Addison's Cato frames the argument with which we are dealing:

It must be so, Plato, thou reasonest well,
Else whence this pleasing hope? This fond desire?
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself pointing out an hereafter,
And intimating eternity in man.

II. NATURAL LAW DEMANDS IMMORTALITY

1st. Nature's Resurrection
2nd. The Fact and Explaining of Death

Natural Law Calls for Immortality

In Nature a Hundred Things Prophesy and Proclaim a Resurrection

I see the day buried in the darkness of night but rising again in the morn. I watch the resurrection of the day from some Alpine summit, awakened by the morning bugle of the mountaineer. Redder and redder grows the East. Banners of flame and leaping cohorts of fire fill the eastern sky. Darkness recedes into the valleys and lo! the sunlight breaks over the horizon. The mountains, in encircling amphitheater, tier on tier, and peak backed by higher peak, are assembled in silent awful majesty to greet the

king of day. And he crowns them with his glory as a reward for their waiting and greeting. The mighty sunrise bathes a thousand snowy Alps in fire, and gold, and leaping flame, in spreading glow. When the sunrise is complete the day lives again in all its grandeur and the night has fled out of sight. In this sublime scene of nature there is a voice of God crying, "Resurrection."

I see nature at the close of autumn putting on a shroud and for a time passing into the grave of winter. But nature is not dead, she only sleeps. When God shakes the sunshine of the spring from the folds of His robes of light, and when she feels the touch of wizardry which comes with every beam, she awakens into a grander beauty than ever. In all this too there is a voice crying, "Resurrection!"

Reason says, I hear the resurrection cry rising from the thousand growing seeds. There are 80,000 kinds of plants with their millions of seeds, and each seed contains the doctrine of a resurrection and future life. Each seed contains its individuality, and God never mistakes one seed for another. In the resurrection of seeds he never gives one seed the body which belongs to another. A seed may be wrapped away for a thousand years in the cerements of the Egyptian mummy, but a thousand years cannot hinder its resurrection. God preserves its life and its identity, and when planted gives it a resurrection and gives it back its own body.

SHALL WE HAVE OUR OLD BODIES BACK AND SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER?

This of course has been a perplexing question to those who believe in resurrection and in the doctrine of immortality.

Paul met it in his day when he said, "Should it be deemed a thing incredible that God should raise the dead?"

My wife and I have been married twenty-seven years. She is the same wife, the same mother, but not a particle of her body is here with me now that I married twenty-seven years ago. Science has proven beyond every ghost of a doubt that the body of a man undergoes a complete change every seven years and my wife in the course of her married life with me has had four progressive resurrected bodies, but the identity is the same.

One day when Faraday was out, a workman accidentally knocked into a jar of acid a silver cup. It disappeared and was eaten up by the acid and could not be found. The acid held it in solution. The workman was in great distress and perplexity. It was an utter mystery to him where the cup had gone. So far as his knowledge went, it had gone out of existence forever. When the great chemist came in and heard the story, he threw some chemicals into the jar, and in a moment every particle of silver was precipitated to the bottom. He then lifted out the silver nugget and sent it to the smith, where it was recast into a beautiful cup. If a finite chemist can handle the particles of a silver cup in this way, what cannot the infinite chemist do with the

particles of a human body, when dissolved in the great jar of the universe. He can handle the universe as easily as Faraday can handle an acid jar, and can control it at will. Whatever the particles of the resurrected body may be Paul says it is going to be changed so as to become a spiritual body. It is sown a natural body, i. e., fleshy or animal body, it is raised a spiritual body. Can God do that? Yes, He does things equal to that. He changes the black unsightly charcoal or carbon, into the everlasting and sparking diamond.

Death brings many changes. Those who remain are in the land of the dying. Those who die are in the land of the living. Nature has it in her power to keep us in eternal freshness, but alas, she won't use it. The tree, a month ago with black twigs was overhung with fruit, today the black branches are sheeted with bloom of dazzling white, clothed in celestial robes like that worn by the bride of the Apocalypse, setting forth a miracle of beauty.

The story is told of a young Englishman who went with his bride to the Alps. The young man, with four companions, in climbing up the mountains, was caught in the Ancion Pass. His wife was told that it would be forty-five years before his body would be uncovered by the melting of the snow, but nevertheless, she decided to stay and wait for him, living in the village at the foot of the mountain. Just forty-five years later, an old woman, grey-haired and wrinkled, she kneels by his body, and finds his face as young and handsome as the day of his death. She had lived to grow old, while he died to stay young!

If the brain generates thought as the steam engine generates steam, then the destruction of the body means the ending of the soul. Science has utterly failed to prove that brain and consciousness are thus connected. It may be that the soul is to the brain what the engineer is to the engine, therefor the great I AM, the ego, the ME uses this brain as a locomotive to carry along the track of thought.

Illustration: The harper is dependent upon his harp, but he survives the breaking of every string. I believe that my brain is only the instrument upon which the soul plays its mental and emotional music. It is, therefore, open for me to believe that when the present instrument is worn out, God who is in business to succeed, will provide another. Oh, the new harp in unlimited space that my limitless soul shall play upon in limitless time!

II. DEATH A BLUNDER AND AN ABORTION IF NO IMMORTALITY

My Next Argument for Immortality Is the Fact of Death

The Fact of Death Needs No Proof: It Proves Itself.

A Morning in June Needs No Introduction: It Introduces Itself.

An old Puritan divine in the darkness of Christianity would call the roll of the dead once a month from his pulpit:

"Brethren, there is no response; these men are dead." Why did this Puritan divine call the roll of the dead? Not for the purpose of proof, but for the purpose of realization. The realization of death, that is what we all need, and we need it in order that now in our calm moments we may look the fact of death in the face, and by earnest thought and research reach a right and a true view of death as a fact, and a wholesome, and an elevating, and a comforting faith concerning death as a fact.

What faith should we hold with regard to death? That is the question. To me it is self-evident that the faith to which we should give lodgment should be a faith as high and broad as possible; a faith in harmony with the glorious character of the God who appoints death; a faith accordant with the highest views of man; a faith that will give dignity to the life we are now living and fill it with noble impulses; purify it, and glorify it; a faith that will comfort us in bereavement, and throw a bow of hope over every grave.

There is no presence known to humanity in which we feel so helpless and so hopeless as the presence of death. Still limbs, pale face, marble-like forms, white lips, silent voice, sightless eyes, throbless heart, hushed house, closed coffin, slow procession, open grave, falling clods, one more little billow of death on the surface of the earth. All who have been in the presence of these know what hopelessness and helplessness mean.

Looking abroad in the earth, in an agony of infinite grief, we ask with a cry, is there any power that can give us back our friends, or that can give us back to ourselves when we have gone as they have gone? History answers, No. Human reason answers, No. Boastful science answers, No. The silence of the burial places where our dead rest answers, No. Driven by these answers from earthly seeking, we look up to the majesty of the right hand where the risen Christ is, and put our question to Him, and gracious and satisfying is the answer which comes to us. It is this, Yes, there is such a power. I am that power. I am the resurrection and the life. I shall some day descend with a shout, with the trump of the archangel, and my dead shall rise. Ascending with them through the skies, the song which opened for me the gates of glory for them, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory will come in." Through the gates I will pass and I will carry with me my redeemed. Lay your beloved head, O my people, in their graves, shrouded in a living hope, and look upon the little hillock beneath which they sleep as surrounded with God's presence. If no immortality we would have no yearning for them again and we would be without the ardent wish of the recovery of the loss and a desire for a meeting again in the better world where the tears of parting are unknown.

The love-element in our nature declares for immortality. Our view of death to be a right view must be a view which will harmonize with these

things. These things are facts and our view of death must fit them. Does the theory that man in death goes down into the abyss of nothingness fit these facts?

The brevity of this earthly life of ours demands immortality in order to satisfy our sense of harmony.

THE VINDICATION OF GOD AS A PERFECT WORKER AND AS A JUST JUDGE REQUIRES A LIFE AFTER DEATH

The present life is too brief to match the plans and powers and wishes of mankind. At the close of life men are conscious of faculties for which as yet they have had no adequate field and opportunity. The young minister hardly does more than preach his first sermon. The young lawyer hardly does more than make his first plea; the young scientist hardly does more than make his first knock at the door of the unknown, when the summons to leave all, comes.

Then look at the multitudes who pass out of life in infancy. Some of them if spared could have sung as well as Homer; others could have reigned over assemblies with voices as sceptered as the voice of Demosthenes; others could have wielded sceptered pens as royal as the pen of Macauley. What incompleteness, what a tragic waste of faculty if death ends all! Without immortality, the present life is a ghastly mockery; an incompleteness with an infinite series of abortions.

My precious boy, Arthur Elwood Bulgin, a life as pure as a lily, a life full of hope and promise, only twenty-three years old, just ready for life, the sacrifice of father, mother and years of toil, with a young bride by his side, snatched away by death, leaving us all alone and bewildered. We stand alone and ask why it should be and yet we know what it is. Unaided by revelation we have no explanation at all. If science and nature are to explain such mysteries we are left in the dark and O, what sorrow and what extravagant waste in somebody's great universe if death ends all. Blame is chargeable to the deity and death is a series of sad abortions. But with the sweet blooming flower of hope in immortality all the riddles of the universe can be explained. I am not surprised that the old hymn writers said, "This is not my place of resting, mine's a city yet to come."

III. REASON SAYS THERE MUST BE IMMORTALITY—IMMORTALITY IS REASONABLE

A man who will not reason is a bigot.
A man who cannot reason is a fool.
A man who dare not reason is a coward.
Reason demands immortality.

1ST. REASON, STRUGGLE AND BURST THE SHELL—WHY STRUGGLE?

Everything this side of a brute wants to know about it. The animal that says its prayers and is gifted with rational speech and longs to know

something of immortality, is man. Anything less than a man does neither of these three. There is your line of demarcation. I contend that immortality is reasonable because it is possible, it is probable; out of these we get our certainties. Possibilities, probabilities, certainties—the mind naturally runs from cause to effect, and from effect to cause.

Levereau discovered Neptune on the same basis. There was an effect produced on Uranus and Levereau said: "The cause is from without and not from within. Grind me a glass and I will show you the cause." The glass was ground according to his order. Levereau put his eye to the glass and there to human vision appeared far off darkest Neptune.

St. Augustine said, "The human soul is made by God. It is made for God, and it is ever at unrest until it finds its rest in God."

Man is not a dog. There is something that differentiates him. I was pleased as a young lad to find when my first school teacher, an old maid, told me that four and five made nine. I said it was because it was in the arithmetic, but one day I put five apples and four eggs on my mother's old kitchen table and counted them and I found it made nine and I was glad to know that four and five does not make nine because it is in the arithmetic, but it is in the arithmetic because it makes nine.

Things are so, not because they are in the Bible, necessarily, but it gives us greater faith in the Bible when we find that only those things which are so are in the Bible.

If this universe of ours exists for itself, it is an anomaly. If the universe exists for anything less than itself, it is waste. If it exists for anything greater than itself, what is that something? This will very soon lead us to the old Scotchman's answer of 250 years ago, "Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him forever." Now why is it that religion can make something out of a man? It is because there is that something in him. What has this belief in immortality done for the nations?

The strongest and most intelligent nations believed and practiced immortality. In Rome, Plato, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Cicero. In Greece, Homer and Socrates lived perilous, courageous lives because of immortality. Immortality created the finest literature in the world. In Egypt, we have embalming and many other arts, the product of their belief in immortality.

When the Mohammedans captured Constantinople, Mahomet the Conqueror ordered all the pictures in the Mosque of St. Sophia destroyed. But one, a picture of Christ, was covered with canvas. The threads have worn, and through them we can see the hidden face of Christ, waiting for the next conqueror to throw off the veil. Even so, the image of God is in us; immortality looking through the veil waiting for the conqueror—death.

2ND. THE EGO, THE I AM, CRIES OUT FOR IMMORTALITY

Reason Finds Ingrown in the Mind the Material for Immortality

The Mind: The Conscious Mind, the Sub-conscious Mind, the Super-conscious Mind

Reason finds in the mind material for immortality. From the instinct of nature, we get further arguments. We ransack nature in vain for a single instance where she has deceived her children, the bird, the bee, the ant and the beaver. Nature uses great skill in guiding beasts and birds, but is a bungling blunderer in guiding man if there is no immortality. I am not a creature limited to the body. The Creator shall not be reduced to an infinite cook and running a racial restaurant. When a tree leaves and flowers and fruits, it dies, but no such restriction holds the mind of man. The mind goes on forever. Not even the ripest scholar can say he has touched the limit. Neither can a Webster exclude a Burke and no Da Vinci excludes a Michel-angelo; no limitation or restriction holds the mind. This alone is enough to prove that immortality must be. Shall Raphael on canvas, and shall St. Paul's cathedral standing for three centuries, and Sir Christopher Wren perish forever from God's universe? Such cannot be without blaming the Creator with a moral monstrosity.

Man leaves no boundary line in thought. It is continuous. Any man who has ever learned to think at all, finds it an endless task. I believe the brute reaches his limit and no doubt has a clear understanding of all the subjects upon which it thinks, but man's mind, limitless as it is, prisoned in a limited body, weakens, sickens, swoons and dies searching out after God and immortality. Why such a waste as this if no God and immortality? Love is an eternal thing. The philosophy of love is one of the greatest arguments. Reason says, "If love perisheth I am no longer love but misery." Absolute and infinite love must love forever. Apply the love argument to God and you have the basis and the grounds for immortality.

FACTS OF CONSCIOUSNESS

The facts of consciousness are just as true as the facts of history. Note the intellect is only a small fraction of man's total being. The processes of the reason are but a fragment of the aggregate operations of the soul. Man has thoughts, opinions, motives, ideas, attractions, hungerings, all these mystic powers must be called in witness and must be allowed to testify. If the reason be only one of these and says, "I don't believe in immortality," and all of the others say, "I do," where is the preponderance of evidence? If there is an appetite for the everlasting, the chances are that there is an everlasting and the God who made the appetite will not let it go unsatisfied. At the graves of my mother and my son, cold reason says, she is no more, he is no more, but the heart leaped and stood up and answered, "I have felt, I yearn." Which is the best?

I like to believe that swelling buds were not created to perish by an ill-timed frost, but will be permitted to see the sun; so my hope for immortality.

Immortality is not a Christian dogma. No man should be prejudiced against it, because of its Christian association. It is true that Christ brought life and immortality to light. He didn't bring it. He threw light on it. It was there already. This is proven by the fact that man is a worshiping creature.

It is absurd to devote attention to meteors and comets, bugs and beetles, worms and microbes, light and heat, and leave unstudied the most significant and potent product which the cosmos has brought forth. Man is the climax of creation and Jesus of Nazareth is the climax of humanity. However, you may choose to account for Him, did He appear in history? Did He ever tell a lie? If so, where is the proof? Then why not believe him on immortality if you believe him on all other points where human powers may test his safety, knowledge and scholarship. Jesus taught immortality. The doctrine of immortality gives us a worthy view of not only Jesus but a worthy view of man. A lowered conception of the eternal has a tendency to blight the highest and finest faculties of human nature. It is only when men think high and worthy thoughts that they are delivered from the low.

Why worry over the fact of immortality? If it be true that man survives death, then it is the greatest of facts for it is impossible for the sane man to accept it and act on with an unchanging face and live for only one world if he is bound for two, for this belief in immortality tranquilizes feeling, purges passion, cleanses motives, is solace to heartache, enlarges the heart, gives depth to tenderness, dignity to patience, radiance to love, checks fury and appetite, curbs madness and passion, shames us of petty ambitions, braces us for our Gethsemane, quickens our imagination, kindles a fire that will burn through all the storms of life, destroys and dispells the darkness and throws light on the pathway of life.

Ah, yes, a bird can live without wings, but it is a poor wingless, defective bird. So I am, without hope in immortality.

Note the idea that death ends all is merely supposition. Inference that immortality is not, is an assumption which cannot be proved.

All of the foregoing arguments to the contrary, which fits best—and accounts for all these facts—the belief in immortality or disbelief?

No wide-spread oak two hundred years old ever folded up his garments and went back to an acorn. No Webster went back to the cradle, he goes on indefinitely; hence immortality must be because God is eternal.

INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF MATTER AND FORCE DEMAND IMMORTALITY FOR—WHAT OF MIND?

Science tells us today that the earth is flying through space at a rate of nineteen miles per second. We accept it because it is founded on data

that satisfies the reason. They tell us of luminous ether. We believe it because they proceed to demonstrate. Science tells us that matter and force are indestructible. We believe it because it, too, is founded upon data which satisfies reason. Now, if matter and force are indestructible, what of personality? It would be harder to destroy personality than matter and force. I am, is known to me. I think and I continue to think, and if it is known to me that I think and I continue to think, I continue to be, and if personal identity is indestructible, immortality is the most believable doctrine in all the world. Our great difficulty is we are limited in this body; as we are, we cannot conceive of a soul existing separate from a body.

I believe the dead have taken on a form that cannot report itself to these decaying senses which we call the body. We have seen our powers disintegrate before our eyes. Memory crumbles. Imagination fails. Reason departs and the will weakens. These powers are but a bundle of flesh or a bundle of powers tied up with a cord of flesh but when the cord breaks and these powers separate, there still remains the great ego and I am. Back to my argument—If brain germinates thought as an engine germinates steam, then death ends all. But psychology and science have uttterly failed to prove that the brain germinates thought as an engine steam. But the soul is to the brain, what the engineer is to his engine.

What then? The ego, the I am, stands over and against the engine as the great propelling, compelling, God-given spiritual spark. The harper is dependent upon his harp for his music but the harper will survive the breaking of every string. My brain is only one string upon which my soul plays its emotional music and when the present instrument is worn out, the great universal Creator will provide another and one better suited to the new conditions and the new surroundings. O, the new harp is unlimited time in unlimited space, my soul shall play upon throughout eternity. The assumption that death ends all is a mere assumption and an unproven one too. Which fits best to your heart and soul and mind and the conditions of the universe and plans and purposes of an intelligent Creator, the theory that death ends all, which is a theory only, or the strong faith in immortality.

I myself am left. Let us talk a little while about this remarkable *I*. What I call *I,* is it merely a function of my brain? Is that true? But immediately the question arises, which brain? The particles of my brain are always changing. I have had a dozen different brains in my life of fifty years with not a particle of it remaining the same as of fifty years ago. Which of these brains is it that I am only a function of? And how does it happen that I remember what I thought and did and said fifty years ago with the old vanishing brain of fifty years ago? Memory insists that I am still the same. *I* in spite of all those changes of the brain. *I* is *me*. If memory is a series of impressions registered on the brain, these could no more sur-

vive the dissolution of the brain than impressions on wax could survive the melting of the wax. The irresistible conviction of personal identity with my past makes it abundantly clear that I am the ego, the mysterious unchanging spirit, being behind this ever changing brain. The brain of a baboon differs very little from the brain of man in looks and size and not such an awful difference in color, but the big difference is who is behind the brain. I heard a great materialistic scientist say a baboon's brain or the brain of an ape and the brain of a man are about the same. I think possibly that is true with one exception and that is the soul behind the brain. The problem is if we could get a soul behind the baboon's brain or the brain of an ape, it might be a better brain than his own. Nay, I am not the brain, I possess it, I use it. It is *mine.* But it is not *me.* I cannot escape the conviction that I am the permanent being behind all the changes. No human vision can see *me.* Death cannot reach *me. I* am the God spark in every man. Then if I am made for two worlds I am a fool to live for only one.

IV. LIFE HERE INADEQUATE, HENCE THERE MUST BE IMMORTALITY

Life here is inadequate for the right proportions and development. It was asked once by the wise old sage, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" If there be a Judge and a universal Judge and a righteous Judge and He is God, He must do right.

Every man who is not a fool believes in God. The fool *only,* says in his heart, "There is no God," and he says right, for there is none for the fool. To be able to say that God is not, the fool must have been everywhere and he must have known everything for until he has been everywhere, he is not a competent judge for God may have been somewhere where he was not, for God might have been where he was and yet he was not able to comprehend and take Him in.

The inspired author says that God is, and he says right. A self-evident fact is an axiom, and axiomatic facts do not have to be proven. An axiom is reason's finality. If there be, therefore, a God and He must do right, it will require immortality and eternity to adjust and properly proportion things. We say that righteousness is not done on the earth, and never is done at all if there is not an immortality.

Eternity and immortality are necessary to vindicate the Judge. We see on earth the righteous begging bread, and the brewer, who has damned society for his own selfish gain, rides in automobiles and lives in a brown-stone house. We see the virtuous girl as pure as a morning lily. She toils in the sweat shops of earth, but the painted wreck of a mistress lives a life of sin and debauchery.

A brewer has a mansion in Pasadena, California, that cost two and a half million dollars. At the opening he crowned his wife with a platinum crown

set with $150,000 worth of diamonds, a serving basket set with diamonds that cost almost as much and a set of gold dinner plates that cost $30,000. Over the wash tubs of America, ten thousand widows, whose knuckles are enlarged with toil and care and whose bones ache with rheumatism, while their money and God-given right has been robbed to support this hierarchy of the devil.

It cannot be, if there is a just God, that life ends anywhere with these inequalities; one of the best arguments for immortality, it is consistent with God and godly nature.

If God is not and immortality is not, this world is a big restaurant. Such a theory would be that God is a fool exhausting His resources and growing squash and potatoes for the inside and wool and flax for the outside. This is a moral monstrosity; if death ends all, then folly is chargeable upon the Maker of the universe.

Life is not long enough for the development of the capacity with which I find I am endowed. Shall Socrates never finish the argument beyond the jailer's hemlock? Shall Raphael's paintings endure three centuries on canvas and plaster and the artist be no more? Shall St. Paul's Cathedral stand and Sir Christopher Wren, its architect, perish forever? The leaf live and the tree die? Absurdity! Never! That would be indeed a moral monstrosity. But reason speaks—because God lives His children shall live also.

MAN'S GREATNESS DEMANDS IMMORTALITY

That God shall not be blamed for making and running a world and universe that is out of balance. But somebody has made an elephant to live four hundred years, an oak tree five hundred years and a man, the crowning creature, to live but three score and ten. Somebody has made a Raphael to *live,* to *think,* to *work,* to *bless* his age. His Madonna lived and the artist died at thirty-five years of age. Why not kill the elephant and oak tree at thirty-five and keep the Raphaels to the good ripe age of four hundred or five hundred years. Does the Almighty who made elephants, oaks and Raphaels think more of animals and inanimate trees and less of man, the creature made in His own image? This would be a monstrosity—unbalance the universe—condemn the Creator and insult man. No, no, there must be another life and my God, the Just, Wise and Righteous One is propagating, not for this life alone, but for vast eternity.

I went, the other day, to the Portland docks and saw a ship rigged up and equipped for a long voyage. Her engines were massive, her flapping sails were in finest shape, her provisions almost inexhaustible. As she set sail I saw the moistened eyes on board, and on land I heard the hundred good-bys. I turned to a bystander and asked where the ship was going. He flippantly answered: "Oh, to the mouth of the Columbia river, I think, about fifty miles away." I shouted: "Foolish, unreasonable and unbalanced!" I called to the Captain: "Say, my friend, where are you going, for what port do

you sail?" He answered: "To the Orient." "Ah, yes sir, I believe *you.*"

Oh, my friend if no immortality, why is man equipped for such a long voyage, only to sail to the grave? The man who says it, must admit God has blundered, wasted equipment just to go down to the mouth of the Columbia river.

Oh! my friends, hear me—*man's greatness demands immortality.*

V. IMMORTALITY FROM THE ARGUMENT OF THE PHENOMENA OF SPIRITUALISM

I have never seen this argument or heard of its being used this way. I want to handle it in three ways:

1. There is something in it.
2. Intelligent, scientific men have investigated it and found it so.
3. It is admitted and taught in the Bible and by our Lord himself, and we are warned against it. Then it must be a reality. Now, spiritualism in a word, is the theory that the spirits of the dead can and do communicate and hold intercourse with those who are still living in this world. If that is so we should all be using it. Why has this long-sleeping phenomenon suddenly been resurrected. This great world catastrophe that has just swept over us taking into the eternal world over ten million souls hardly a family in the wide world but what has been touched in some way either by kin or friendship and a broken-hearted, sorrow-stricken world cries out for some message from the beloved dead.

Now if such men as William T. Stead, a noted journalist, Sir William Crookes, a noted chemist, and Sir Oliver Lodge and many others of greater or less renown, men who have every means of knowing and great men in their lines, have investigated and found to their satisfaction there is something in it we must not and cannot say it is all fake. While I must admit that after careful study and expenditure I find much of the so-called spiritualism is nothing more than sleight-of-hand, mind reading, clairvoyance, hypnotism, mesmerism, ghost manipulation, slate writing tricks, table talking foolishness, fraud and fake. Again and again they have been caught at these tricks, and justly jailed for getting money under false pretenses.

How They Work. Their materialization, their chemical, their musical tricks, their slate writing tricks are the fields where they operate most. Are any of these worthy of God. I answer, No. But when all is said and done, and all the fakers are thrown out, yet there remains something in the phenomena of spiritualism. Any scientific man or woman who denies this speaks without knowing what he is talking about. Then if there is something in it, what is it and is it good or bad? I believe and have believed for some time that it is demonology. Isaiah 8:19: "They will say unto you, Inquire of them that have familiar spirits and of wizards that chirp and mutter; should not a people inquire of their God?" Moses said: "Thou shalt not suffer a

witch to live" (Ex. 28:18). Webster says, "A witch is one who possesses supernatural or magical power by compact with evil spirits." The Bible plainly teaches that not only was Satan cast out of heaven but that his angels were cast out with him, into the earth. Not hell or the bottomless pit but here on this earth, and here is where they are; and that those evil spirits, demons, can possess men and control men and women, the Bible, both Old and New Testaments, plainly teaches. They have the power to cause dumbness (Mat. 9:32). They have the power to cause blindness (Mat. 12:22). They have power to produce insobriety (Luke 8:21). They can produce suicide and mania (Mark 9:22). They can inflict personal injuries (Mark 9:18). They can impart supernatural strength (Luke 8:29). They can produce defects and infirmities (Luke 13:11). Sin of sensuality, seducing spirits, free love, which spiritualism teaches and in 1 Cor. 10:21, 22 Paul warned them about sacrificing to devils, demons and having fellowship with demons. That was an age of devil worship because convinced as they were of disembodied evil spirits who had unusual power. Now take the case of Saul, Samuel and the witch of Endor found in 1 Sam. 28:6-26. This has baffled many Bible scholars. Some think the whole thing a fake. Some say it was a trick and that the witch described Samuel to Saul from the vivid memory of him and that she imitated his voice by the art of ventriloquism. I never did hold either theory. I believe with all my mind that God was in it. The Bible does not say that Samuel was seen at all by Saul. But it does say Samuel spoke to Saul and if it was really the spirit of Samuel as I think it was, that he did not come or was brought up by the damnable old God-condemned witch, but that God cut in on the line. He, the Almighty, cut the whole procedure short off by a miraculous, sudden interference and set up the real Samuel. The old witch was herself frightened and so was Saul, and there is nothing to explain her fear and fright. If she was the one who did it her fake and counterfeit didn't work what she expected to pull off on poor old Saul and reacted on herself. Now the message brought was worthy of God and the prophecy given actually came true. Then God must have been in it. But that the old woman was demon-possessed no one doubts. Neither do we doubt or deny the phenomena of spiritualism today. You say if there is nothing to it and nothing in it why are such men as Stead, Doyle and Lodge in it. My reply is two-fold: First, when a big man gets in the dark it is just as dark to him as the dark is dark to a little man. Darkness is the same and when people get away from God and the Bible they are in the dark, and I am not saying there is nothing in spiritualism. But I am saying there is something in it; yes, there is much in it. And what is it? The devil and demons who were cast out into the earth. And the next most powerful being to God is Satan and the next to him are his angels. Now if there are disembodied spirits of the damned evil spirits, and there are, the

phenomena of present day spiritualism proves it, then there is immortality. For if the evil spirits are immortal and we are compelled to believe it, it is so much easier to believe that the good and saintly spirits are immortal and does not this prove to us that spiritualism is of the devil and not God for they do not bring messages to the saints, God's children? Oh, no! It is always a message of worldly character to a worldly sinner. But not once in my lifetime have I heard any message worthy of God. That you, John? Do you know me, John? Had I better sell the farm John? Tell me, where is my lost cow, John? Good-by, John. Good-by, Mary. No wonder the good Isaiah said look out for their chirp and chatter. But I am convinced there is that something in it and that something is demonology and that strengthens my faith in immortality. If immortal spirits disembodied that are bad, then there must be disembodied spirits that are good.

VI. A UNIVERSAL HUMAN DESIRE SAYS THERE IS IMMORTALITY

1st. The desire in man must be satisfied.
2nd. Moral nature and moral obligations demand it.
3rd. Man a worshipper, why?

A Desire Saying So—

There is a universal feeling in the human breast calling for immortality —the Egyptian and his mummy; the Indian and his happy hunting grounds; Nero on death bed, "O, my poor soul, where art thou going?" Socrates with the cup of hemlock (death) in hand, "I think there is a life beyond;" Stephen stoned to death, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit;" Christ on the cross, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

God places this desire in the human breast and he has a corresponding satisfaction—

Thirst—water
Hunger—food
Social nature—friends
Homesick—the old home

The Universal Desire for Future Life—God's Satisfaction—*Heaven.* "Thou hast made us for thee, O God, and our hearts are restless until they repose in thee."—St. Augustine.

1ST. ALL MEN HAVE DESIRED IT

Shall the faith and desire of mankind in this matter go for nothing? Is it reasonable to suppose they shall? We accept of justice and believe in justice because of universal conscience; why not on the same ground accept of the doctrine of immortality, because of universal faith and desire? How did this grand belief spring up? Answer that question satisfactorily. If you should find a horse thinking about living after death, speculating about it

and wondering if it should, and desiring that it should, would you not recast your definition of a horse and attribute to it a higher nature than you ever dreamed it had? Take away immortality from a man and he ends just as the horse ends. But there is a vast difference between a horse and a man. Believe these higher things for man than for the horse. Believe things for him accordant with his desiring, his thinking, his universal faith.

My next argument for immortality is the fact that man possesses certain qualifications, certain desires, certain aspirations and longings that must be accounted for.

An English captain said to a man who had failed in business, "My poor friend, what is there left to you?" "Myself, sir." With a self all right he could reconstruct his fortune. Myself! Just this nature of mine. Just this life of mine, as I stand up amid the mystery of things, is quite as important a remainder for the reconstruction of faith as for the reconstruction of a fortune. I must have a creed that fits me; that develops my better faculties and constructs the finest fabric of a character, and that keeps me in right equipoise, and that brings me to a right end. I have a higher nature as well as a lower nature, and I have the power to cognize the things which fit my higher nature and these higher things I must have. There are certain positive facts which pertain to myself, and my religion must be in harmony with these facts. The questionings of this critical age leave these facts unchanged, leave them just as they were; these facts are mine to handle, to investigate, to reason from, and to build upon.

What will be left us after the grinding of logic, and the questioning of science, and the fires of the crucible of criticism? Will anything be left us? Yes, much will be left us. The essential things will be left us. Solid, everlasting facts will be left us.

For example: Man himself will be left, and man is a fact. Man is no trifling remainder. It may, at first thought, seem a trifling thing to be told, when we feel that religion is slipping away, that man himself is left; but after all man is not a trifling remainder. I myself am a book of God.

Starting with myself, and with my experience, and the facts in my life, and the demands of my nature, and my attainments, and my possibilities, and my growths; starting with these as a basis, by experiment and investigation, finding out the faiths and the principles and the facts necessary to make me a full-orbed, happy, useful, satisfied man, I will have a pretty decent philosophy, and science, and religion; I will have found out much that is in the Bible; that is, if the Bible be a book of the same God that made man. Having myself then, to be understood, to be built up, and to be perfected, and to be satisfied, I have a great deal.

One thing the age in which we live has not done, and that is, it has not

minimized man. On the contrary it has magnified man. Look at man's material conquests!

2ND. A MORAL NATURE DEMANDS IMMORTALITY

Here is a line that must be respected, "An eye socket demands an eye or folly is charged to the Creator."

A moral nature demands immortality. No evolution can explain the origin of a moral nature or a moral obligation. Let evolution take my body and do what it pleases with it and let science reduce my body to carbon and phosphorus and seven ounces is the brain and twenty-one pounds is carbon, although there was once a thinker in the brain and life in the carbon. That, they failed to account for. Yet leaving thought and life out of the question, I throw a line that science is bound to respect. It is this line of moral nature.

This demands a diverse set of laws and a diverse destiny. Science cannot explain the conscionsness of identity. If science refuses, so much the worse for science; she simply admits her inability to explain phenomena. No immortality no morality! See Rome and Greece. The race of men has always moved onward and upward who has believed in a future life. The race has moved backward and downward who denied it.

What are the conditions of human progress? It is impossible for us to stand in this enlightened century and look back upon human progress and see that the conditions of human progress and improvement of our present civilization are brought about by intellectual attainment or the increase of intelligence. We have increased in mental force. We have an intellectuality that is wonderful, but if I am to believe Mr. Wallace, one of the greatest scientists of the age, who has just passed away, who says, "Within the limit of the last fifty years there is no authentic history that we have developed in a real genuine intellectual development," meaning by this, that human mentality has not been increased in force or ability within that historical period.

ILLUSTRATION

Let us illustrate this idea by reference to the Greeks. There was a people living 2,300 to 2,700 years ago, whose intellectuality is so remarkable that they have produced things which lie at the very summit of mental ability. In art, perhaps in music, in architecture, in oratory—spoken and written, in poetry, in drama, in history—name any of the avenues by which sheer intellectuality expresses itself, and you will find that the Greeks reached the highest altitude of any nation known to history. And understand, as Mr. Galton points out, this intellectuality was not that of a chosen few, but the common people of that ancient Greece had a culture unknown to Europeans and Americans of the present time.

At the Olympian games, where the Greek nation gathered, their literary productions were read, art was exhibited to the delight of the people, music

was rendered for which there is no capacity of the man on the street in the common run of the 20th century to appreciate.

This is Mr. Galton's estimate, that great authority on the mentality of humanity. He says that our common people are as far behind the common people of Ancient Greece as the African is behind the common people of Europe and America. He, too, holds that there has been no advancement in mental force.

If the element of progress, if the element of social stability be intellectual force, the capacity to produce, to exercise itself in the output of strong mental effort, then the civilization of Greece should have remained. But it is gone. The ethnologists of today are uncertain whether the Greek people fighting yonder upon the battlefields of the Balkans, have any linking whatsoever with the historic people. The Ancient Greek has been, perhaps, entirely eliminated from the field of human history.

FRANCE DOOMED

The verdict has been passed. France is being ushered off the field of human history, and not many centuries are to go by when some distant speaker will stand on this or another platform and speak of cultured, intellectual France as I have spoken of the cultured, intellectual Greeks. France is doomed, and will pass from among the families of mankind. Why?

No. The element of progress, the condition of stability is not pure intellectuality. It is not mere mental force, nor the ability to invent or produce the things which minister to the embellishment and refinement and joy and comfort of modern life. Not so! Greece and France refute that idea.

Can we find the element of human progress? I think that we can. Let us go back for the key to the national institution, in the inspired record of Israel. Here in this old, historic Book of ages, there is a revelation of the nature of the Infinite, of the mind and purpose of the World-Power of creation and of human guidance.

We must have morality, not mentality, if the nation is to live. We are engaged in this stupendous racial problem with one hundred million people. In this stupendous racial problem, the experiment is of a free democratic people, uncontrolled, undirected by the supremacy of dukes and princes, under no king nor czar. If we are to succeed we must get back to the dynamo from which the spark came and recognize that immortality within us is to develop the mortality without us.

3RD. MAN IS A WORSHIPER. WHY?

The only answer is immortality. It is hid in his breast; a universal principle is a God given one. Nature is an expression of God. Law is His habit.

Another argument for believing in immortality is the worship of man. We find nowhere in all nature where nature has mocked her children. The

migrating birds know when to start south and when to go north. The ant knows how to build its home, and the bee to build its cell, and the beaver to build its dam. Has God been true to the wasp, and birds, and bees and beavers and lied to man, his highest and noblest creature? If not, then why this universal crying out of His children after God and immortality?

Among all savage races there is some sort of worship. With the red man, it may be the green leaf dance because the leaf would heal a sore. He felt a consciousness of sin and he must worship. The monkey has never said his prayers nor instituted worship nor worked with a tool, nor built a fire, but the lowest man has. I say a universally, indelible-stamped principle is a God-stamped principle, and because man everywhere, under all conditions, is a worshiper, that God has hidden immortality in his heart.

The belief in immortality is workable. All men have the higher nature and the lower nature. Conservation of force should make you believe and practice immortality. If you want to make a glorious hereafter, make a glorious here. Paul said, "Let him that hath this hope purify himself."

Here is a chapter of quotations from great men who have believed in immortality:

"Faith of immortality depends on a sense of it begotten, not on an argument of it concluded."—BUSHNELL.

"I cannot believe and I cannot be brought to believe that the purpose of our creation is fulfilled by our short existence here. To me, the existence of another world is a necessary supplement to this, to adjust its inequalities and imbue it with moral significance."—THURLOW WEED.

"It can hardly be gain for us to die until it is Christ for us to live." —BASCOMB.

"For though from out our bourne of time and place the flood may bear me far, I hope to meet my Pilot face to face when I have crossed the bar." —TENNYSON.

"It is no more wonder that I should live hereafter through the boundless ages of eternity than that I live at all."—W. J. BRYAN.

"I am not afraid to die but I wish I might carry on my work. I have only half used the powers God gave me. If there is not immortality, Nature is cold and the Creator has made a mistake."—THEODORE PARKER (on his death-bed).

"I came from God, I am going back to God. I won't have any gaps of death in the middle of my life. God and reason won't allow it."—GEORGE MCDONALD.

Why should such great minds be deceived, that think on other great subjects, and we accept their thoughts and conclusions? Can men like Bryan and Thurlow Weed, Theodore Parker and Gladstone be wise on other subjects and fools on this?

VII. THE FINAL COURT OF APPEAL

To a Christian, this should be enough. To a scholar and thinker, it should demand respect.

JESUS TAUGHT IMMORTALITY

He knows and has a right to speak upon this question. His credentials lie in his resurrection from the dead. If we want to ask the way to a strange place, let us ask it of someone who has been there rather than one who has not and therefore does not know the way.

Christ taught immortality. Those who believe, have everlasting life. Others exist. He came to lift men out of a mere existence into life. He talked little of immortality, using our common word immortality, but he talked of life, life, life. Immortality was his multiplication table and he went on to figure out the greatest problem. Immortality was the basis of his doctrine. Christianity by nature teaches the survival of the fittest. Christianity abdicates its throne when it admits that any part of God's universe perishes or that any part of God's human beings perishes. Christianity contrasts with cold nature and says nothing of God's handiwork shall ever perish.

An Arab chief, whose philosophy and religion prevented him from rearing his female children, while burying a sweet little girl who loved him, shed the only tear of his life. When the little hand brushed the dust from her father's beard while he lowered her into the grave, he shed tears over the child; but where are God's tears for thrusting back into non-existence and eternal silence, the faithful pleading hand of His dear children? Oh, no, this is not my God. Immortality is because God is.

TURNS TO BIBLE

We listened to what great men said on the question. Now, having the arguments of nature, science, and the dictum of reason, let us hear what Jesus and the Bible say. Shall we not all the more believe that the Bible is true when we find true things are in it? Four and five don't make nine because it is in the arithmetic; it is in the arithmetic because it always makes nine. Jesus says, "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." Another place—"Because I live, ye shall live also." Paul says, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."

Immortality is not the special property of the learned, nor can it be monopolized by experts. That is why you smart scientific fellows haven't been able to get any nearer to it than God's poor. Ordinary endowments can speak with confidence as well as you. The query that rises in the heart of man cannot find its answer in the laboratory, library, or in the mounds of the buried cities. It is not there, but in us. It is not a question that science has anything to do with.

PAUL AS A THEOLOGIAN ON IMMORTALITY

When I get to Heaven I want to commend St. Paul for his fine way of building a creed. He did not begin in nature or in logic and work up to Christ, but he began at Christ and worked out his creed. A visitor once in visiting Greece, asked to see Greece. One of her important citizens took him to the office of an eminent Greek lawyer whose name was Solon and he said, "Here is Greece. When you have seen Solon, you have seen Greece. He has made Greece what it is." Paul had the same plan in forming his creed—he introduced Christ and said, "Here is Christ." What difference between Paul and our modern universities. The greatest evidences of a future life and immortality after all are not to be found in *science* nor in *philosophy*, but in *Revelation*. This should be so if God is a God of the weak as well as the God of the strong. The plan should be such that all classes can know. This harmonizes best with any theory of a God of *love*.

Science—Says there *may be a* Future Life.
Philosophy—Says there *ought to be* a Future Life.
Revelation—Says there *is* a Future Life.

Jesus says in my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a *place*, not a condition, a *place* for you. Profound thinking may be within the reach of very few, but profound living is within the reach of everyone.

The Scriptures, which the Christian believes to be true, say: "For after that in the wisdom of God the world by wisdom," or science, "knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching," or Revelation, "to save them that believe" (2 Cor. 1:21). They also assert that, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned" (1 Cor. 2:14). It takes a musician to appreciate and understand music; an artist to understand and appreciate art; and likewise it is only those whose spiritual faculties have been quickened by the Spirit of God who have a real assurance of the future life. Arguments and physical proofs may convince a man's intellect that there is a future life, but only the Spirit of God bearing witness with his spirit that he is a child of God (Rom. 8:16) can give him an assurance of the future life which none of the specious arguments of infidelity can overthrow.

It is amazing how little effect the arguments of infidelity have had in upsetting man's faith in a future life. But the Christian finds the explanation of this fact in the declaration of Scripture that God has sent His Spirit into the world "to convince men of sin and of righteousness, and of judgment" (John 16:8). The Christian believes that the office work of the Holy Spirit, enlightening the minds of men, is the principal cause of so general a belief in the future life. The humblest person who has the witness of the Spirit of God to the reality of a future life can go through the greatest in-

tellectual battles of infidelity without his faith wavering in the least; but if his faith rested entirely on outward evidences it would be shaken or overthrown.

There is a story of an eminent literary gentleman who drank deep of infidel teachings, and who often conversed with an infidel companion in the presence of a religious but uneducated countryman. The gentleman afterward became a Christian and then his first concern was about the illiterate peasant before whom he had so often aired his infidel views. He therefore went to the man and asked him whether the arguments for infidelity he had so often heard had not shaken his belief in Christianity. "By no means," was his reply, "it never made the least impression upon me." "No impression on you!" exclaimed the gentleman, "why, you must have known that we had read and thought on these things much more than you had opportunity of doing." "Oh, yes," replied the man, "but I knew your manner of living; I knew that to maintain such a course of conduct you found it necessary to renounce Christianity." The faith of that humble serving man was founded on the witness of God's Spirit and the knowledge that Christianity produced holy living; and all the arguments of infidels with their loose creeds to support their loose living could not overthrow it.

The skeptic does not believe in the witness of God's Spirit. He excludes from the field of evidence all that appeals to man's spiritual nature, and demands physical proofs of a future life. He does not realize that man has a soul which has spiritual senses, and that when these senses are quickened into life, the evidences which appeal to the spiritual senses are far more convincing than those which appeal to the physical senses.

The doctrine of immortality is woven through scripture as the multiplication table is the science of mathematics. It is the table and rule out of which we get all the rest. Take Christ out of Christianity and you have no Christianity. Take immortality out of the Bible and you have no Bible. The question might well be asked, why come so far and no farther? Why live at all if no life hereafter? But thanks be to the Creator, this Book claiming to be from Him says I shall live again. And this Book has stood all the storms of the skeptic. This Book with its hundreds of fulfilled prophecies furnishes evidences of a Divine hand. For it is beyond human comprehension, hence it must have been beyond human invention in the dark day in which it was written. This Book which makes a perfect diagnosis of man's sin sick soul and offers a remedy for the ills of men, and cures where men follow the prescription. This Book which is a perfect looking-glass of the human soul, this Book which deals seriously with its greatest heroes and that is unlike human authorship, this Book that has never had to change in two thousand years or four thousand years to suit the advancing ages of science and thought, this Book endorsed by the *Lord Jesus Christ* who by

the life He lived, the doctrine He taught, the works and miracles He wrought and by the power of His resurrection from the dead proved himself to be the eternal and everlasting Father and Prince of Peace says there is a life after death and that man *is immortal.* "Dust thou art, to dust returnest, was not spoken of the soul."

VIII. WHY THE MYSTERY?

WHY IS THE VEIL SO THICK?

I have often thought of this and, to my own heart and mind, the question has troubled me more than any other phase of the doctrine. After much study and prayer, I submit the following reasons:

1st. God's plan through ages—FAITH.
If we saw, then no Faith.
Faith is necessary in character building.

2nd. God wants a man in this life to live for all that is in him. If we could see, it would stagnate this poor life.

3rd. This life is fitted up and strung up for a low and earthly existence. The eye and the ear could not stand it. The harp strings would break.

4th. In the nature of God mystery is natural—just what we would expect.

Mystery is the seal of infinite, the proof of supernatural. God made man and man is a mystery. God made the universe and it is a mystery. God has planned immortality and it is concealed behind a thick veil.

Now to return to the first reason stated for the thick hanging veil. The plan is Faith. The requirement of our religion is Faith, the main spring is Hope, very weak is the Science, a babe could master. If God the infinite is to speak to the finite, it must be a plan that is consistent with three requirements. The universal demand of the world—a little child and an old man; a college professor and a laboring man; an untutored juvenile and a Gladstone faith is consistent with such universal demand. Then the plan must be consistent with the free moral agency of man. Man has a free will and if God is to speak He must have respect to the imperialism of the will. Faith does this, and then God is a spirit and he must speak as spirit, and Faith is in harmony with this demand. Now God confronts us with a plan consistent with conditions of growth and development. Abraham was confronted with mystery—an unknown land and an unborn child and a multiple seed from a sacrificed son. All this took faith but faith made character and produced righteousness.

I have often wondered if we could see Heaven and Jesus and the saints in all the full blaze of glory, would we be fit to live? I am afraid we would want to commit suicide and get there. The harp string of this poor existence would not stand the strain of the heavenly music. Our vested Lord in glory

is ten thousand times brighter than the sun. Can you look at the sun for two hours on a hot day? Then multiply it by ten thousand. Could the ear drum stand the voice of the Almighty Jehovah? Oh, no.

MAN UNABLE TO LOOK UPON THE FULL BLAZE OF ETERNAL GLORY

Paul is blinded by the vision.

Peter, James and John taken to Mount of Transfiguration. Others not capable of the sight they saw. They fell with faces to earth.

An old tramp turned into banquet room would become glutton.

An ignorant man given a fully developed education at once would be overbearing. No one could live with him.

Eternal glory and the reality of immortality come gradually as we grow and believe. Some things kept from children that will be revealed as they grow. The Bible opens up to the Christian as he grows in grace.

The mountain top vision comes only to those who climb the rocky sides.

Mystery is an incentive to human effort. So an advantage. It leads the scholar to the library, the physician to his microscope, the astronomer to his glass. Undiscovered land leads on the explorer, heathen lands call out the missionary, hard things in Bible lead to its study, veiled immortality exerts a pull on the soul. In the Old Testament we have the shadow, in the New Testament images, in heaven are the realities.

The scientist finds a key unlocks a mystery and within is another secret with a lost key. So he is led on to wisdom.

Paul despairing to find the bottom, he humbly sits down at the brink and adores the depths.

"Even so, Father, for so it seems good in thy sight."—Jesus.

WHY DOES GOD HANG THE VEIL SO HEAVY AND THICK?

That Man Should Not See Beyond The Divine Purpose—Man Should Do His Best in This Life

Immortality shining through the gate of death is not intended for paralysis, but for inspiration. We are to think much of the life beyond, but not so much as to berate this life. This is what men did in the middle ages when they maltreated their bodies, and withdrew themselves from active service and built hermitages. They had to be brought back again before the world could take its new start to the high things of today.

Two things we are not to do: First, So to plunge into the world beyond as to neglect this world; and, Second, So to plunge into this world as to neglect and forget the world above. One is just about as bad as the other. We know that men may so plunge themselves into the present as to lose the consciousness of the eternal, as a man swept over Niagara, blinded by the

spray, and deafened by the rush, sees or hears nothing outside of the green walls of death that encompass him. Yet the blue sky with its peaceful space stretches above the raging and devouring maelstrom. While we are to avoid such a course, we are also and just as surely, to avoid the opposite course of only half entering into this life. I believe in an intense earthly life. I believe in living here with a relish. I like the man who likes the aroma of his coffee and his breakfast to penetrate his room along with the fine edge of the morning while he is dressing for the day. It is the sign of vigor, and the power of execution, and robust and enterprising manhood.

The men who have written the books that are readable, and have led in music, and in science and in art, and even in religion, have been the men who have lived for all they were worth.

I believe that the dead have taken on a form which cannot report itself to any of these decaying senses tied up in a bundle called flesh and with which we are at present endowed. This may be why Lazarus left no report of what it was to die or where he was after death. Our senses are wonderful, but they have narrow limitations. Our eyes are fitted to carry us only a short distance. There is no positive proof of communication with the dead, spiritualism to the contrary.

Another fact is the difficulty which the imagination finds in conceiving the existence of immortality or an existence which immortality involves. I have dreamed of it and have had several dreams of being in heaven, but when wide awake, have never been able to imagine it or reason it out. Oh, the obstruction presented to the picturing faculty of the mind, and the difficulty is that we cannot conceive of the soul and body existing separately. When the mind attempts to grasp the innumerable, the inconceivable, the unimaginable, it sickens and falls in a swoon. If man is immortal, if there be a God who has access to the creature he made we have no right to assume he cannot use a dream. I have often had a dream of Heaven, I saw things, and heard music for which I had no capacity when I awoke. The next day I could not describe it for the picturing faculty of my soul had no screen adequate upon which to throw the image I saw in the subconscious and superconscious state in the happy dreamland. We shall not be superstitious when we say in olden times God used a dream, I do not and dare not say he could not do it now, from this we see faint glimmers of immortality.

There are two great pillars that bear us up amid the wreck of misfortune and misery. The one is composed of certain noble stubbornness, something in man known by the names of *courage* and *fortitude*, and the other is the operation of the soul in dreamland. There is something there which, however the skeptic may deny or the wild enthusiast may disfigure, I am convinced that original and component parts of the human soul, these senses of the mind, if I may be allowed to compare it this way, would con-

nect and link us to those awful and obscure and sometimes unseen realities called God and Immortality, the World to Come, and Life beyond Death, and the Home over There.

Some may keep the song in their hearts and live without it, but there are mighty few. I shall live best and work best with my heart fixed in the great belief of immortality.

The conversation of Socrates with his friend in the prison, looking out upon the agora in Athens; and with the conversation of Jesus with His friends in the upper chamber at Jerusalem, had been contrasted. Both Socrates and Jesus were convinced that death does not end all, yet note the difference in the tones of the two: Socrates deals in argument, saying, "I expect to live after the deadly hemlock has closed my eyes in death, it is reasonable that I should." But Jesus affirms, "In my Father's house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you," giving expression to an undisputable, demonstrated, scientific fact. In the rich music of the Athens speech, there is a note of question; in Jesus', one of certainty and conviction.

In my mind once I was traveling through Palestine. I stopped to stay a few days in the home of Martha and Mary and Lazarus. I was grieved at the fact that Lazarus after his resurrection was not as companionable as before his death. He sat at the window gazing out at the hills and blue sky. He seemed so lonely and yet his sisters were there. While Martha was busy at her domestic work Mary seemed to annoy her brother. She, with her inquisitive, deeply spiritual nature kept putting to him such questions as these:

What's it like to be dead?
What does God look like?
What kind of bodies do Moses and Elijah have?
How do they travel in heaven—on roads, streets, or rapid transit?
Is there growth and progress, do babies grow older or stay babies?
Do they know in heaven how lonely we are for them?
Oh, what keeps them from being sad if we are sick or lost?
Does first wife feel jealous because second one is there?
Defective bodies, do they have scars in Heaven?
Do they want to get out and come to earth? Tell us, Brother Lazarus.
Why don't you talk more of what it was to be dead?

Oh, Mary, you little inquisitive sister. I wish I could talk to you, child, but I can't.

If it is any comfort to you and if it will help our Lord any in his work, I am willing to suffer this *awful torture,* and bear up for you and Him, of coming back to this little, narrow, wicked world.

Come here, Martha, lay down that pie and roll down your sleeves; for once let me try and fix this thing so you girls will know.

It will be a hard thing to do. It is a wonder, Mary, with all these other questions you didn't ask me what was the timepiece of the Almighty, what kind of a clock does he use? I was expecting you to ask that. I was ready to say God's clock has:

Decades—for seconds.
Centuries—for minutes.
Millenniums—for hours.
Aeons—for days.

You see, girls, that is a faint picture of the Almighty, but faint.

Suppose sisters, you were born into a world where everyone was blind and deaf and suddenly you, just you, Mary, were to get your eyes and ears open and see all the beauty and hear a world of music. You had never before seen all the beautiful flowers, mountains and rivers, the sun and the trees and the light. Your ear was not trained for music, you had never heard anything like it for you had never heard anything at all. Then suddenly your eyes went out and your hearing was lost forever, and you went back to the great mass of your friends back in that blind crowd and back to the poor deaf masses. How would you describe what you saw and heard? Sister, don't you know all knowledge is gained by comparison? What of God's kindergarten? It is a law of all human knowledge that you cannot know and cannot depict to yourself anything of which you have had no corresponding experience before. Do you see, sister?

A blind man cannot picture colors to himself. A deaf man cannot imagine music. It is not that I am unwilling to teach you but, dear girls, your limited faculties prevent me from getting the truth into your minds. When Jesus comes to tea tomorrow, Mary, you ask him and watch him smile and then look at the pity on his face. He knows what heaven is. That eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, and because of our limited faculties there is no screen upon which God can throw the picture. It takes death, sister, to produce that and you don't want to die, do you? Live for all there is in you here and walk by faith for the time is coming once to all of us, only once. Just once. Then we shall know.

CHAPTER II. "EDDYISM"

Christian Science Like the Guinea Pig, Is Badly Named. A Guinea Pig Is Neither a Guinea nor a Pig, and Christian Science Is Neither Christianity nor Scientific!

In delivering this lecture to you tonight there are several things I desire to make clear. First, I am not prejudiced, for I have studied Christian Science, having read through and through all the literature sent out by the Mother Church; have read Mrs. Eddy's book over thirty times backward and forward, and have taken the course of lectures designed for Readers. In considering this new era doctrine, I want to be reasonable, fair and unprejudiced. I must be Biblical and true to my oath as a Presbyterian clergyman. Being a man of strong convictions, I will admit I feel intensely, but such feeling as I have is based upon a clear intellectual perception of the pernicious influence of this Mrs. Eddy, the pretended discoverer and founder of what is known as Christian Science, upon domestic and religious life. I hold that Christian Science is a scheme of life—for it does not stop with the religious activities of its devotees, but extends into all their departments—is pernicious in the extreme; but it is not my purpose to enter upon a discussion of Christian Science as a religion or a philosophy of life, for it is not a church and has no right to wear the badge of the Church. I am not fighting another church, for Christian Science denies all the fundamental doctrines of the Church of Jesus Christ, and I have the right to tear the badge of the Cross and Crown from such a sect.

Then I am not attacking this sect, but simply answering the attack they are continually making upon my church and my Christ. When the Eddyites will sow the town down with their literature and throw their reading matter in at my door; will precede me in towns with their lectures and by writing letters warning the people of the coming evangelist; and will fill every public reading rack with their insidious literature; and then when I get up and answer their attack they will run around crying, "He's attacking us."

Christian Science is neither Christianity (for they do not believe in Jesus Christ as the Divine Son of God, absolute Deity) nor is it scientific (for they know nothing of science or its practices), therefore it is a misnomer, a humbug, a fraud and an imposition. Mary Baker Patterson Glover Eddy stands alone among the charlatans who have misled, deluded and defrauded mankind, being apart from and above them in the proportions of her audacity, her irreverence and her greed.

Christian Science is not a religion according to the Bible and Christ.

In her book, 1911 edition, on page 25, Mrs. Eddy says: "The material blood of Jesus was no more efficacious to cleanse from sin when it was shed upon 'the accursed tree' than when it was flowing in his veins as he went daily about His Father's business." This is a direct blow at the Atonement of Jesus Christ. Then on page 44, same edition, she says: "His disciples believed Jesus to be dead while He was hidden in the sepulchre, whereas He was alive, demonstrating within the narrow tomb the power of Spirit to overrule mortal, material sense." If this is true, Jesus was the biggest hypocrite in the history of the world, for He allowed His disciples to suffer and die for the fact of His resurrection. On page 75, she says: "Jesus restored Lazarus by the understanding that Lazarus had never died, not by an admission that his body had died and then lived again. Had Jesus believed that Lazarus had lived or died in his body, the Master would have stood on the same plane of belief as those who buried the body, and he could not have resuscitated it." Then again on page 84 she speaks of the prophets: "The ancient prophets gained their foresight from a spiritual, incorporeal standpoint, not by foreshadowing evil and mistaking fact for fiction—predicting the future from a groundwork of corporeality and human belief. When sufficiently advanced in Science to be in harmony with the truth of being, men become seers and prophets involuntarily." Mrs. Eddy says Jesus was not God, for on page 361 she says: "The Christian who believes in the First Commandment is a monotheist. Thus he virtually unites with the Jews in their belief in one God and recognizes that Jesus Christ is not God."

Then after repeatedly denying the reality of pain and suffering Mrs. Eddy says on page 464: "If from an injury or from any cause a Christian Scientist were seized with pain so violent that he could not treat himself mentally—and the Scientists have failed to relieve him—the sufferer could call a surgeon, who would give him a hypodermic injection; then, when the belief of pain was lulled, he could handle his own case mentally. Thus it is that we 'prove all things and hold fast to that which is good'." This is just a fair sample of the contradictions that exist in the teachings of Eddyism. I suppose that we are to prove all things and hold fast to the hypodermic. But the most invidious teaching is the conception of God. Christian Science says on page 515: "The eternal Elohim includes the forever universe. The name Elohim is in the plural, but this plurality of Spirit does not imply more than one God, nor does it imply three persons in one. It relates to the oneness, the tri-unity of Life, Truth and Love." This is the rankest sort of unitarianism. The Bible says God is a Trinity and is personality. The attributes of the God of the Bible are real and unchangeable, while the God of Christian Science is unreal and has changeable attributes. The Bible God is a person while the Christian Science God is a principle.

But you say, Why does Christian Science grow if it is not right? Let me ask you, Why did Brigham Young, Mahomet and Russell and all other

sects grow? It is because the devil is back of these sects. These religious sects deny sin and offer a bonus. Mormonism offers the bonus of sensuality; Russellism offers a no hell theory; and Eddyism offers a healthy body.

Christian Science is not a religion; it is not a science; it is not medicine; it is not Christianity; it is not Biblical.

There are some things of local interest which put Eddyism in a criminal class, and why, in the name of God, in this enlightened age we should allow by a perverted form a misconstruction of the Constitution of the United States to apply to the cult is more than I am able to conceive. We do not allow the Holy Rollers to apply their doctrine and to hide behind a perverted form of the Constitution and we do not allow Joe Smith and Brigham Young that privilege.

When you Eddyites insist it is religious liberty and that our insisting on health laws is an interference with your religious liberty you are misconstruing the Constitution, for there are other people's liberties and safeguards which are prior in their claims to your so-called religious liberty.

I will call your attention to a principle that is fundamental: A man's personal liberty leaves off where another man's personal injury begins. When more than one person enters society personal liberty dissolves into civil liberty. You must, therefore, exercise your rights with regard to other people.

Now let me call your attention to the Christian Scientist who died of the "flu" in your own town this winter. She was the mother of two little children and left them in a cruel world without any protection, one five and the other three years of age. I have it from the testimony of two local physicians, a few hours before she died she was trying to put into practice your fool notion that she was not sick at all; that sickness and pain are hallucinations of mind. Her temperature was 104 and her pulse 130 and she was advised by your reader to eat a hearty meal and to walk about the house and do her work, resulting in her sudden death. You Christian Scientists killed that woman.

Take the case of your high school teacher the other day, who for consideration of Christian Science people not believing in quarantine and vaccination, being himself a sympathizer of Eddyism, knowing that a 14-year-old girl was broken out severely with a rash and exceedingly sick, was vaccinated himself at the school but would not report the case to the authorities. Four days later the physician found the girl in a serious condition with one of the worst cases of smallpox ever known in this section.

During the "flu" epidemic in Los Angeles all the churches were ordered closed. Now, inasmuch as in the creed of the Scientists there is no sickness there could, of course, be no death; and if there could be no death there could be no need of a ban, consequently they were greatly humiliated. They were forced to admit that the city authorities believed in sickness and death

and by closing their churches compelled them to subscribe to such a law. They sought to violate the law by opening their churches, and one church did make a test of that law. It was a lesson for that city to learn of the possibility of disaster that would arise if the Scientists should be in the majority in the city government. Very many of the Scientists died, however, and many strange stories have been told of practitioners who have been down with the "flu," attended by physicians who were urged to come to their homes at night, leaving their machines a block away so that the dear people would not know that the practitioners were sick.

One physician reported that he visited a practitioner and upon entering the room was asked by the Scientist if there was any chance at all of the doctor's pulling him through. The doctor replied there was if the patient would take the medicine. Well, the patient took the medicine and remained under the physician's care for three weeks and after regaining his health went to the Scientist church and reported how wonderfully he was healed by "absent treatment," without a drop of medicine. I tell you, the Scientists are the subtlest liars and deceit is one of the basic principles of their cult, for a "lie" is but an error of mortal mind, so—let it lie.

MIND OVER MATTER

I have spent much time looking up the so-called cures and I can positively declare that in Chicago and Des Moines and Los Angeles and numerous other places men and women by the score that have been benefited by the one principle which Christian Science has revived and in all these cases the patient was inclined to be hysterical or hypnotic, and in anchoring the mind to something and stopping drugs they were cured. But why call this Christian Science? Why not mental Science? And let everybody practice it and not make a religious system founded on a mere health psychic suggestion.

AN EXAMPLE

Much that has been attributed to Christian Science in the way of cures is like the dear old English woman in Los Angeles, not, however, well posted in natural science, who tried to convert me by the wonderful miracles she had seen worked by the system; said her husband had a bulldog which had nine little babies, and would you believe it, the dear little things were born without eyes. She said, "I began immediately to work Christian Science and mental power on the dear little dogs. I placed my hands on them daily and used psychic suggestion, closing my eyes to concentrate all my power of mind on the little heads, and you may not believe it, but in nine days they all got eyes in their dear little heads. Now, in face of such facts, Dr. Bulgin, will you still doubt the power of Christian Science? Oh! how cruel you are."

Let the church rise to higher ground and do her duty and give the world the real Christ and Christian Science cannot live. Neither can men and

women get a few heathen theories together and put a little of the teachings of the blessed Christ within it and call it a new religion. It will not be possible for such things to exist; and with good they will get no error. Let us earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE FOUNDER

I shall first attack the doctrine, then its founder. This is but the fair way of procedure. If the doctrine be false, what of the woman who claims that she received the doctrine as a direct revelation from God? If I were a child of God living in the faith of my fathers and the church, before allowing myself to be carried away by any new wind of doctrine, I would at least want to know something of the contents of the book containing its supposed revelation. This being the speaker's sole purpose to make known the doctrine as stated in its own revelation, it is to be hoped that a fair and dispassionate treatment will deserve the respectful and unbiased attention of all who are here to listen.

Never, I believe, has the world been in such a state of religious ferment as that which exists today. Pathetic, indeed, the struggle of human mind to know God and to understand the issues of life, and curious the vagaries and eccentricities of thought into which its searchings have ofttimes culminated. There have always been plenty of foes of the faith, combatting the truth with error, plenty of those whom Peter calls "unlearned and unstable," who wrest the Scriptures into perverse doctrines. The disciples and the early Church knew what it was to battle against religious untruth. In their day it was Agnosticism and Neo-Platonism and other theosophic speculations, and at no time has the truth flourished unhindered by eccentric and perverted forms of belief and practice, but it remains for this age to show this tendency for new departures in its strongest and strangest development.

THE MANY ISSUES

Spiritualism, Theosophy, Hypnotism, Dowieism, Faith Healing, Christian Science, Mental Healing, Magnetism, and many others are all manifestations of this spiritual ferment and uneasiness pervading the religious life of man to such an alarming extent that one is almost tempted to venture the interpretation that such is a sign of the times that are to precede the coming of the man of sin.

Mrs. Eddy established what she called the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, which was an institution for the turning out of Christian Science healers. Her adopted son and husband, with herself, constituted the faculty of this remarkable institution and the entire college course consisted of twelve half days. The following is an advertisement taken from the Christian Science Journal, referring to the Massachusetts Metaphysical College:

"The collegiate course in Christian Science metaphysical healing includes 12 lessons. Class convenes at 10 a. m. The first week, six consecu-

tive lessons. The term continues about three weeks. Tuition $300. Tuition for all strictly cash in advance."

STRICTLY CASH

Mrs. Eddy's was a strictly cash business. No revelation C. O. D. No revelation on credit, or on the installment plan, and no money returned, no matter however dissatisfied with purchase. "When God impelled me to set a price on Christian Science mind healing, I could think of no financial equivalent of that divine power which heals; but I was led to name $300 as the price for each pupil in one course of lessons! a startling sum for tuition lasting barely three weeks. This amount greatly troubled me. I shrank from asking it, but was finally led by a strange Providence to accept this fee. God has since shown me in multitudinous ways the wisdom of this decision."

If we may judge by results, it may be admitted that the wisdom, the commercial wisdom at least, of this decision, whether shown by God or not, was quite clearly demonstrated, as Mrs. Eddy admits, that, during seven years 4,000 students "were taught by me (her) in this college." Four thousand students at $300 per student for a "college" course of 12 lessons! Four thousand times 300 equals $1,200,000, and $1,200,000 may be said to be a fairly reasonable compensation for instruction, even in Christian Science, covering a period of seven years, especially as it was in the family. A family of three, even of three frugal adults, could comfortably provide themselves with the necessities of life on an income of $170,000 a year.

MUST PEDDLE BOOKS

"It shall be the duty of all Christian Scientists to circulate and to sell as many of these books as they can. If a member of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, shall fail to obey this injunction, it will render him liable to lose his membership in this church."

Think of that, my friends. Think of it! Here is a woman claiming the succession to Jesus, claiming to have received an exclusive revelation from Almighty God necessary to salvation and having organized a church ostensibly to lead unto the Father, she imposes, as a condition of continued membership in the church, that its members shall circulate and sell as many of her copyrighted books, on which there is a profit of 500 per cent, as they can. Is there any doubt of the basic motive of the woman? Did you ever hear of anything approaching this proclamation of command, for limitless audacity? Is it not now clear that all of Mrs. Eddy's absurd pretensions have been merely unique business methods utilized to the utmost to give a fictitious value to her foolish teachings, and to extend the sale of her foolish and harmful writings? Is there any hypocrisy beyond the hypocrisy of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy? Is there blasphemy beyond hers? Or a greed beyond hers?

THE TITLE OF MOTHER

"September 1, in the year 1895, loyal Christian Scientists had given to the author of their text books, the founder of Christian Science, the individual endearing term of mother. Therefore, if any student shall apply this name either to herself or to others, except as a term of kinship, according to the flesh, it shall be regarded by the church as an indication of disrespect for their pastor emeritus, and unfitness to be a member of the Mother Church."

MRS. EDDY'S POWER

We have seen Mrs. Eddy's announcement that failure to sell her books would render members of the church unfit to continue in the communion of the saints, and it now appears that, under Mrs. Eddy's rules, the sacrilege of calling any other woman than Mrs. Eddy "Mother" constitutes a similar unfitness.

Mrs. Eddy's rule conferring upon Mrs. Eddy the power to remove officers of all Christian Science churches is as follows:

"The pastor emeritus of the Mother Church (Mrs. Eddy) shall have the right through a letter addressed to the individual and church of which he is the reader, to remove a reader from this office in any Church of Christ, Scientist, both in America and foreign nations, or to appoint the reader to fill any office belonging to the Christian Science denomination."

What does Mrs. Eddy claim to be, and what is she believed to be by many thousands of people who have made her their religious leader and guide, and who reverence her as the devout Christian reverences Christ? Mrs. Eddy, in express terms, claims to have received from Almighty God a revelation which she has incorporated in her book entitled "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures." Speaking of this book, Mrs. Eddy, in January, 1901, said: "I should blush to write of 'Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures' as I have, were it of human origin, and I, apart from God, its author; but as I was only a scribe echoing the harmonies of heaven in divine metaphysics, I can not be supermodest of the Christian Science text book."

MRS. EDDY AND GOD

Nothing could be plainer than that. Here is a distinct avowal that the book entitled "Science and Health" was the work of Almighty God, and preposterous as the claim may seem to any rational being who has ever undertaken to read the book, slanderous as it is upon Omniscience, some 50,000 people in the United States today believe it precisely as made by Mrs. Eddy. They believe that God literally dictated the contents of this book to Mrs. Eddy, and that it is in every part as much the word of God as the Bible is in any part the Word of God. This is the sacrilegious lie upon which Mary Baker G. Eddy has reared her whole fraudulent superstructure. In 1864, at Portland, Me., she made the acquaintance of a man named Quimby—Dr.

Phineas P. Quimby; and being in poor physical condition, she received from him a treatment which consisted solely in some form of mental application. I can prove that all Mrs. Eddy knows of what she calls the divine revelation of Christian Science she got from this Dr. Quimby, while living, and his old voluminous manuscripts after he died. And furthermore, and worse for her, James Henry Wiggin, a Unitarian minister, recently deceased, was for years Mrs. Eddy's literary expert, putting all of her productions, including her books, into good English and into as coherent a form as she would permit. He wrote a sermon for Mrs. Eddy to preach, which she preached as her own, and which she subsequently incorporated in some of her inspired literature. But of all the harmful influences of this alleged science, which is unmitigated nonsense or deviltry, and of this alleged Christianity, which, as far as its founder is concerned, is the quintessence of irreverence and hypocrisy, of all the evil consequences of life and work of this monumental impostor, the unrelieved suffering of helpless children is the worst.

GOD'S REVELATION

Mrs. Eddy teaches, and her followers believe, that God has revealed to her as absolute truth that sickness, pain and suffering do not in reality exist; and many are the mothers upon whom this belief has taken so fast a hold that they permit their children to suffer without the slightest effort to alleviate the suffering and with the continued iteration and reiteration of the insane notion that the child cannot be sick and cannot suffer, because sickness and suffering are unreal. Meantime, the sickness is real, the suffering is real, and after protracted suffering the child dies, without the turning of a hand to relieve its pain. If the adult prefers foolishness to wisdom, if he prefers suicide to life, he may enjoy his preference; but no man and no woman has any right, whatever be the motive or the relation, to stand silently by and permit a child to suffer and die. "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones . . . it were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." Again—in an illustrated book called "Christ and Christmas," written by Mrs. Eddy and published and copyrighted by her in 1894, there is a picture entitled "Christian Unity," in which Jesus is represented as seated upon a stone holding the right hand of a standing woman. In the left hand of the woman is a scroll bearing the legend, "Christian Science." About the head of each figure, that of Jesus and that of the Christian Science woman, there is a halo, and the picture is illustrative of these lines on the opposite page:

"As in blessed Palestine's hour, so in our age
'Tis the same hand unfolds His power and writes this page."

Should I hold my peace because this creature is a woman? Knowing these facts should I permit her longer to masquerade as like unto the pure and holy Jesus?

JESUS AND FINANCES

Did anyone ever hear that Jesus fixed upon a "financial equivalent" for an impartation of the knowledge of the divine power that heals? Or that Jesus sought to monopolize His revelations from God for coin of the realm? Or that Jesus excluded from access to the Father all who would not pay tribute to Him? Or that Jesus made Himself the autocrat of an organization formed for His own enrichment and glory? Or that Jesus resorted to tricks and devices to hoodwink His simple followers? Or that Jesus resorted to tricks and devices, sought to punish His enemies by directing His friends to employ their minds to cause disease and suffering and death? Oh! No! Now having looked at the doctrine from the standpoint of science and philosophy it is weighed and found wanting. We look at it from the standpoint of theology, and worst of all, it is out of harmony with God.

Mrs. Eddy lays down four fundamental reversible propositions which would not be understood if mentioned, and which to her are all the more incontrovertible because they make equal sense if read backwards. They certainly do; as for instance: "Good is Mind," and "Mind is Good." She also proves her metaphysics by the rule of "inversion," as for instance, "There is no pain in truth and no truth in pain," "There is no matter in good and no good in matter," but how much more surprising and nonsensical assertions prove anything is too enigmatical for me. The entire volume appeals to one as a monotonous rehearsal of disjointed and ofttimes meaningless propositions, much of which, as well as her fundamentals, may be read in both directions with equal ease and perspicuity, when with a perseverance worthy of the saints, one has labored unto the end, he finds himself in possession of only the "general idea" which he could have found on almost any page of the ponderous volume.

A THEORY OF HEALTH

Christian Science, in a word, is a theory of health, using for its basic principle the old philosophic conception of the non-existence of matter. "Mind is all and matter is naught," and "erring mortal, misnamed mind, produces all the organism and action of the human body." All disease, she declares, is an affectation of the mind, and the blood, the heart, lungs, brain, etc., having nothing to do with life," and consequently food neither strengthens nor weakens the body. Any cure wrought apparently through drugs is really effected by the patient's faith in the drug and not by any inherent power of the drug itself. As a system of therapeutics therefore it comes to this: "Believe yourself well and you will be well." Oh! I wish it were true, but, alas! 'tis not, and Mrs. Eddy and all her host fail to prove the theory. Mrs. Eddy repeatedly disavows Pantheism, but if Pantheism is what all philosophical thought has reputed it to be, then the statement that "all is God" is Pantheism of the boldest type. Certainly if Mrs. Eddy be

permitted to formulate her own definition, changing time-honored and world-wide accepted concepts, she may be exonerated from the charge of Pantheism, and all other religious untruth, as there remains then no room for even the frankest discussion. Consequently, with Pantheism she denies the personality of God. "God," she says, "is not a person who can say 'I,' or be addressed as 'Thou,' but the Bible reveals Him as speaking in the—addressed in the—second person." Which is right? This book "Science and Health," or this book (the Bible)? God is more than an "It." Christian Science says God is love and so does the Bible. How could He love were He not a person, i. e., possess the characteristics of personality? Accordingly Mrs. Eddy says that "Prayer to a personal God is a hindrance," and that pleading with the divine mind as a personality "is an error which impedes spiritual growth." The Savior said, "After this manner therefore pray ye; 'Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name.'" Which is right (Christian Science) or this one (the Bible)?

A FALSE PHILOSOPHY

As a philosopher, she is false. "The old statement that the pendulum swings from one extreme to the other." This is being proved today. A few years ago the enemies of our religion said, material! material! material! It is everything and it always existed and so the materialist had his day. But Eddyism swings to the other extreme and false position. Spirit mind is everything, and there is no matter, no material, no pain, no sin, all are delusions of the mortal mind.

The influence of mind over matter was a recognized principle long before Hippocrates introduced medicine into the healing of disease, but it remained for Bishop Berkley to construct manifestly to oppose the gross materialism of his day, the theory to the extreme absurdity to which it leads without a subtle distinction which Mrs. Eddy has failed to make. Mrs. Eddy says, "Spirit is real, matter is unreal." Thus we believe, if permitted to define: Spirit is the real reality, and matter is unreal, if by that you mean it has no permanent existence. Huber Newton distinguishes wisely between real and actual. My hand is not real in that it is non-eternal and subject to decay, but it is actual, i. e., it is actually here joined on my wrist, but Mrs. Eddy says it is actually non-existent. She would make a notable advance toward reason if she contented herself with saying: "Mind has power to think matter away," but to deny the actual existence of matter is the philosophy of fatuous fancy, and to say in one breath out of her own lungs that lungs which do not exist have nothing to do with life and in another breath affirm "the lost substance of the lungs" to have been frequently restored by Christian Science; to affirm repeatedly that disease never existed and then declare that with a little salt and water she cured a patient sinking in the last stage of typhoid fever; to declare that "fear never stifled being and its action," and yet to speak elsewhere of "fear creating the image

of disease," and proving her assertion by the case of a man who died out of fear caused by the false belief that "he had occupied a bed where a cholera patient had died," is too absurd to call for any comment. In an eastern city an old Christian Science reader in a city drug store said "Mind is everything, matter is nothing."

BELIEVE STRONGLY

"Arsenic will not poison you if you only believe that it is wheat flour and not arsenic." A young physician said, "I'll purchase the drug if you will lick it down." After the challenge was repeated a few times the Christian Scientist was told to "withdraw your challenge or prove your theory." The old man took the arsenic; after looking at it awhile, he said, "This is wheat flour, it is not arsenic. Now believe it." He repeated it a few times, then swallowed the drug and died in twenty minutes. It was not the mind that killed him, but the matter. Well, no matter, you cannot by a new false philosophy get rid of sin, sickness and disease by defying their existence; they are all here.

To demonstrate my charge of false philosophy against this wonder, this marvel of science, this Mother Mary Pastor Emeritus Baker-Glover-Patterson-Eddy-Frye—these are some few of her names, by marriage and association—let us look at some of her philosophy again.

FOOD AND DRINK

She says "thirst is only a thing of imagination." Why does she drink? She declares that food neither weakens nor strengthens the body, but we have never heard of anyone dispensing with its use, and indeed "until a more perfect day of understanding," this phenomenally minded woman says it would be foolish to "stop eating." For present convenience we most heartily agree with this wise conclusion. If we are not dependent upon the eye for sight and if the eye is a "delusion," why do so many of the believers wear spectacles? This material life she calls an "illusion of the soul to sense," and of no advantage, and yet if nine-tenths of Christian Science proselytes are not made so by the very hope of disease cure, and a consequent prolongation of life, as it is here now, we have failed to interpret the real cause of its popularity and growth. One of its own professors declares nine-tenths of its converts come out of the grave. Mrs. Eddy declares seed unnecessary to the raising of wheat and speaks of a time when the farmer will raise his crops independent of the seasons, and even declares that generation does not exist on a sexual basis. Such unwarranted unintelligibility calls for no comment.

ONE-SIDED PHILOSOPHY

Christian Science is nothing more than a one-sided philosophy carried out to false and absurd conclusions, and in the words of another, "every bit of matter in the universe brands it as untrue. Every aching tooth, every case

of disease carries with it this utter unlack of proof, and every bereaved heart and every grave in the great world of sorrows, which is at the same time little more than a vast cemetery, denounces it as the most baseless of all unsubstantial assertions." So much for false philosophy and science falsely so-called.

Now, what shall we say of it as a religious system? From the standpoint of theology Mrs. Eddy and all her followers certainly must be poor theologians. If theology be the doctrine of God, bibliology be the science and inspired of the book, soterology, the science of a Savior on claiming Christ be true doctrine, Mrs. Eddy must be false. Theology says, "God is my Father and He loves me." Mrs. Eddy says, "God is not a person, but an influence; I can't love a whirlwind nor a thunderstorm, I can love only when there is a personality." Mrs. Eddy says no need of sacrament. These are mere delusions of mortal mind. Baptism and the Lord's Supper she laughs at, but listen to a higher authority. The Great Teacher said, "Go baptize," but this system knows nothing of baptism. He said, "This do in remembrance of Me," but this system knows nothing of a Lord's Supper. It is without a heavenly Father, without a sense of sin or need of any atoning Christ. "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."

DENIES CHRIST'S SUFFERING

Christian Science denies the fact of pain and suffering, hence it strikes the fatal blow at the very foundation of our religion, the Atonement: Christ suffered the just for the unjust, a suffering Savior for a suffering sinner. If Christian Science is true, no pain, no suffering, the Atonement is a farce. Not only does this new old sect deny the Atonement, but it denies the Deity of my Lord. If Jesus Christ was not God, He is nothing. This deceitful play of words, "Christ was divine, but we are all divine." Yes, Mrs. Eddy was more divine than most of us, but Christ had a larger spark of divine nature than most men, but Mrs. Eddy has about as much, I am often led to cry out, "Oh, God, how long will you permit such sacrilege and blasphemy?"

OCCUPIES A LOW PLACE

If pain is only an illusion of mortal mind and Christian Science tends to dispel that illusion, it follows that the further one is advanced in Christian Science the less sensitive he will be to pain. Now, every school boy knows that the higher the physical organism the more sensitive it is to pain. The rude forms of sea life quiver scarcely at all under the knife. The crustacea suffers more than the semi-brute whose mind is as sluggish as a mud pond. Indeed, as things go up in the scale of being they go toward the possibility of pain. It follows then that the Christian Scientist who is insensible to pain occupies a very low place in the scale of being.

PAIN A GOOD TEACHER

We may well ask: Would this world be as much or as good as it is if there were no pain or trouble? I believe that pain is one of the best teachers in the school of life. We may at times wince under her instructions, but her instructions are valuable. The little child tottering over the floor is attracted by the bright, glowing coals in the grate; it puts its fingers on one of the bars and the blistering pain that nature inflicts teaches the child to dread the fire. The sharp pains that follow over-indulgences in eating teach the folly of gluttony. These thorns called pains and troubles pierce our feet and drive us back into the smooth, safe pathway of obedience to nature's laws. "Ah, yes," said a great musician, in speaking of a beautiful prima donna who had just appeared before the public. "Ah, yes, she has a beautiful voice, but there is just one thing she lacks and that is trouble. If I were single I would court and marry her, and abuse and maltreat and desert her, and break her heart, and when she would sob out her bitter sufferings, then she would become the greatest singer in all Europe. We know that Beethoven's immortal music was produced when sorrow was crushing him."

SICKNESS AND DEATH ILLUSION

Again in this wonderful book, on page 182, we are told that sin, sickness and death are illusions. If this be true, then crime, which is only another name for sin, is an illusion, a belief of mortal mind. It follows, therefore, that all the criminals in the penitentiary are there, not because they have committed crimes, but simply because they themselves or somebody else believe they have. Can we bring ourselves to believe that sin is only an illusion? Surely it was something more than an illusion, a dream of mortal mind, that David had when thinking about his double crime of adultery and murder, he cried: "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned and done this evil in Thy sight." Surely it was something more than an illusion that caused the conscience-stricken Judas to fling down the price of his infamy in the temple and cry: "I have sinned in that I have betrayed innocent blood." This teaching of Mrs. Eddy is very soothing to the conscience of the sinner, for let him believe that sin is only a dream of mortal mind, only an illusion that floats before the thought, and more than ever he will be inclined to indulge in it. Why should you and I bother about sin when it is only a dream, a will-o'-the-wisp flitting through the marshes of mortal mind? But to those who study their innermost needs and the Word of God, the thought comes irresistibly that God gave His only begotten Son to die for something deeper and more deadly than a mere figment of the mind. Inasmuch as the agony of Calvary was such a tremendous fact, man's sin for which it made atonement must also be a tremendous fact. It is a master stroke of genius when a philosophy can be devised that can reduce sin to

practical nothingness. For then the query arises: "If sin is nothing but a figment, wherein lies the utility of the cross of Christ?

In this same paragraph, on page 182, Mrs. Eddy declares that sickness is but a belief, a dream of mortal mind. If this be true, it follows that Christ was either a trickster or an ignoramus, pretending to heal diseases which had no existence, to soothe sorrows which were imaginary, and to forgive sins which were impossible.

SENSES UNWORTHY OF BELIEF

In my perusal of this book, I have found many strange things, and to a few of these I wish to call your attention. On page 284 Mrs. Eddy teaches that the evidences of the five senses are unworthy of belief and must not be accepted. This is what she has to say:

"Any supposed information coming from the body or from inert matter, as if they were intelligent, is an illusion of the mortal mind—one of its dreams. Realize that the evidence of the senses is not to be accepted in the case of sickness, any more than in the case of sin."

This certainly is strange teaching. We know that sin is only another name for theft, fornication and murder. Let us suppose that a murder is committed on the street and there are two and a half dozen men who saw the murderer fire the fatal shot. After awhile that man is arraigned before the bar of justice, and these witnesses testify that they saw the prisoner at bar commit the foul deed. But the jury cannot convict on such evidence as that, for according to Mrs. Eddy, the evidence of the sense of sight is unworthy of belief. In this connection it may be asked: When a Christian Science healer declares that he has cured a person afflicted with a carbuncle, how does he know that it was a carbuncle? It will not do for him to tell us that he saw it, or even felt of it.

CLAIMS TO HEAL THE SAME AS JESUS HEALS

Now, everyone who knows anything about the miracles of healing performed by Christ, knows that the claim is false. We know that Christ and His apostles cured instantaneously. Christ touched blind eyes and immediately the sight was restored; He touched the leper and immediately the man was made whole; He said to the one afflicted with palsy: "Arise, take up thy bed and go into thine house," and the man immediately arose and went into his house; He stood by the side of the grave and cried, "Lazarus, come forth," and immediately he that was dead came forth. In every instance the miracle was performed in such a way as to leave no doubt in the minds of those present that it was a miracle. Now, we know that Christian Science does not heal instantaneously; we know that its alleged cures are not wrought in such a way as to convince an intelligent and reasonable person that there is anything supernatural about them. In other words the alleged cures by Christian Science are utterly lacking in the miraculous element so

conspicuous in the cures wrought by Christ. It should also be remembered that Christ did not ask for or receive or accept any remuneration for His miracles of healing, nor did He inform the poor sufferers that their chances of recovery would be enhanced by the payment of fees in advance.

PROFESSIONAL HEALERS MANUFACTURED

And, besides, how can we accept a healer's diagnosis of a case when we remember that he knows nothing of physiology, anatomy and bacteriology. The average healer can't distinguish between a case of indigestion and a well-developed case of love sickness. I know of one professional healer who thought a person died of malarial fever, when in reality the person died of peritonitis. During the trial of a case before a New York judge a Christian Science healer testified that she had learned to be a healer after a two weeks' course under Mrs. Stetson. Now a reputable physician must study four years in a medical school, and serve if possible two years in a hospital before he is deemed competent to begin practice, and frequently he has four years' training before taking up the study of medicine, but a Christian Science healer is a full-fledged practitioner after a course of eight lectures. Now is it right that one who has not studied anatomy, physiology or bacteriology, and is not able to name a disease when he confronts it, should be permitted to trifle with life and health merely because he has taken a course of eight lectures? When you undertake to build a house you want a skilled mechanic; when you send your child to school you want a properly trained teacher, and when you order a new gown you want the work done by a skilled fitter and dressmaker, but when it comes to treatment of your suffering and diseased body, some of you are satisfied with the service of an inexperienced, untrained, unqualified practitioner.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CLAIMS TOO MUCH

Christian Science claims to have cured pneumonia, scarlet fever and smallpox. Perhaps the fact is not generally known, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that 80 per cent of what are known as acute diseases (pneumonia, scarlet fever, smallpox, etc.), are self-limited and tend to recovery. That means that 80 per cent of those who are victims of these diseases would recover without any special treatment. How then, can the Christian Science healer claim credit for curing a man of pneumonia when we know by actual statistics that 80 per cent of such cases tend to recovery?

FUNDAMENTAL PROPOSITIONS

The following are a few of the fundamental propositions of Christian Science:

1. Everything is mind, and in all the universe there is but one mind, which is God. (See Science and Health, page 7).

2. Since all is mind, matter is not; there is no such thing as matter. (Matter will finally be proved to be nothing but a mortal belief, wholly

inadequate to affect man through its supposed organic action or existence. (Science and Health, page 19.)

All is mind, there is no matter. (Page 461.)

Mortal body and material man are delusions which spiritual understanding and science destroy. (S. and H., page 19.) That is, there is no such thing as matter; trees, stars and stone walls have no actual existence, but are simply ideas of mind, illusions which float before the thought, and nothing more.

3. Sickness is only an error of mortal mind. (Sickness is an illusion to be annihilated by mind.—S. and H., page 489.) (Man is never sick, for mind is not sick and matter cannot be.—S. and H., page 392.) That is to say, sickness is only a belief; believe you are sick and you are sick; believe you are well and you are well, even though you have one foot in the grave. A man is sick, lame, deformed, cross-eyed, consumptive or baldheaded just because he thinks so.

4. The way to get rid of pain, disease, suffering and sin, is to destroy the belief in these unrealities.

FAVORITE TEXT WITH SCIENTISTS

Mrs. Eddy and her disciples are very much given to quoting the instructions which Christ gave His disciples: "As ye go, preach, saying the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead." Christian Scientists claim that inasmuch as Christ gave this command, there can be no valid reason for believing that it cannot be fulfilled by His disciples of the twentieth century as well as by those of His own day. My answer is that the peculiar power of working miracles was limited to Apostolic days. The very fact that no such miracles of healing as those wrought by Christ and His immediate disciples have been wrought since that time is one proof that the peculiar power was limited to that period. The cures effected in subsequent ages, whether by religious relics, charmed amulets, Indian medicine men or by Joanna Southcoatt, P. P. Quimby, Mary Eddy or John Dowie can be explained by the law of suggestion and are utterly lacking in the miraculous element so conspicuous in the healing of Apostolic times. And in this connection it may be stated that the power of working miracles was given for a special object, which was to prove the divine origin of the gospel. Later, when the kingdom had been well established, and other and greater proof came in, such as the moral and spiritual transformations wrought by the gospel, the age of miracles was left behind. Christian Scientists show the weakness of their argument by usually leaving out the phrase "raise the dead," which is included with the instructions which Christ gave His disciples. If they have reintroduced the healing of Apostolic times, let one of them raise the dead and then there will be some foundation for their claim.

WHEN ACCIDENTS NEVER HAPPEN

On page 421 of Science and Health, Mrs. Eddy says: "Under Providence there can be no accident, since there is no room for imperfection in perfection." And yet, strange to say, she gives us on page 396 instructions in regard to accidents. Her words are: "When an accident happens, you think or exclaim, 'I am hurt.' Your words, more powerful than the accident itself, make the injury real. Now reverse the process. Declare you are not hurt, and understand the reason why and you will find the ensuing good effects to be in exact proportion to your disbelief in physics, and your fidelity to God as all which the Scriptures have declared Him to be."

This is the kind of philosophy to which so-called intelligent people subscribe. If as the result of a runaway you are lying on the street with a broken leg, a gash in your head, and your life-blood gushing from a severed artery, all you have to do is simply to "declare you are not hurt and know the reason why." Why, if you are so far gone that you cannot say that, perhaps some accommodating Scientist will say it for you.

BOILS, AND HOW TO GET RID OF THEM

On page 46 Mrs. Eddy gives instructions for the removal of a boil; she says: "You say a boil is painful; but that is impossible, for matter without mind is not painful. Now administer mentally to your patient a high attenuation of truth on this subject and it will soon cure the boil." That is Mrs. Eddy's remedy, but it is very different from the remedy employed by Isaiah, one of God's own prophets. When Hezekiah was sick with a boil, Isaiah did not ignore the disease; he did not say: "Now, Hezekiah, you stop your grunting, you have no pain, you only think you have." Nor did he expect that God would cure the patient by means of a miracle; nor did he mentally administer a "high attenuation of truth." Isaiah took a lump of figs, which was the method in those days of hastening the swelling and suppuration, and laid it upon the inflamed place. And then Hezekiah turned his face to the wall and prayed for health. That is the Bible way. It is the Christian way. It is the common sense way.

"MY NEIGHBOR"

You will remember that on one occasion a man asked our Lord: "Who is my neighbor?" And this question called from the lips of the Great Teacher one of His wonderful parables. In order to show the man that a true neighbor must exercise common sense as well as a spirit of compassion, He related the parable known as the "Parable of the Good Samaritan." You are doubtless familiar with the story—how the traveler on the road to Jericho was waylaid, robbed and beaten by highwaymen. And in this pitiable condition he was found by a Samaritan who took compassion on him and dressed his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, the common remedies in those days for cleansing and mollifying. It would seem from this that the Savior was not

averse to the use of remedies which had a tendency to relieve and restore. In this case the Good Samaritan gave evidence of his compassion, not "by administering a high attenuation of truth," but by bathing the man's wounds in oil and wine. I presume Mrs. Eddy would have us believe that what the Samaritan poured in was neither oil nor wine, for in her glossary to which I have referred, she defines oil as "gentleness, prayer," and wine she defines as "error, fornication." According to Mrs. Eddy the Samaritan poured in a mixture of gentleness, prayer, error and fornication. Now I am very strongly of the opinion that if such a concoction as this had been poured in, the man would never have lived to reach the wayside inn. Compared with this the highway robbers' treatment would seem like an exhibition of tender mercy.

We have viewed it from the point of its founder's life and find greed and selfishness and criminal negligence at least in the death of so many little children deprived of their God-given rights—medical aid when sick.

CHARGES INFIDELITY

We have seen this woman set herself up as a little god or equal with Christ. Now in closing I desire to show this woman's book and the woman herself to be guilty of infidelity. Who is the anti-Christ but he that denieth Jesus is God? Who is an infidel but the one who denies the Bible or like Jehoiakim who sits and cuts the Bible with a penknife? I will put the Word of God against this woman's book, but leave you to judge. To quote from one of her first books. I am greatly indebted to Lawyer Peabody of Boston, Massachusetts, who delivered a lecture and from which I took shorthand notes, in his exposure of Christian Science and Eddyism; also to my beloved brother and powerful preacher, Rev. Biederwolf, who also delivered a sermon in my presence, but to God be the glory and now listen to this book:

MRS. EDDY'S BIBLE

The opening words of her book are as follows: "In the year 1866 I discovered the Science of Metaphysical Healing and named it Christian Science. God had been graciously fitting me for many years for the reception of a final revelation of the absolute Principle of Scientific Mind-healing." Now, here is a book called the Bible, which we believe was given by divine inspiration, and here is another book called "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," which Mrs. Eddy claims was written in the same way. When two books come to us claiming divine inspiration, we naturally expect to find some points of similarity and agreement; but what do we find? Let us look first at the Bible. One of the many proofs of the inspiration of the Bible is the fact that it is a harmonious revelation. It is composed of 66 separate books written by 38 different persons, the first and the last living nearly 1,500 years apart. These writers were living not only in different ages but in different parts of the country and had no connection one with the

other. They differed also in occupation, character and disposition, and yet when their books are brought together they are found to harmonize in every particular and to constitute a revelation symmetrical in its proportions and logically perfect. Now let us look at "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures." It was written, not by 38 different persons, living in different periods of the world's history, following different occupations, and having no connection one with another, but it was written by one person (Mrs. Eddy); and being the work of one person we might naturally expect that each part would harmonize with all the rest, but what do we find? We find from A to Z contradictions, and to show you that I am not misrepresenting, I will call your attention to a few of the many contradictions that find a place here.

SIN, SICKNESS AND DEATH

Referring to sin, sickness and death, Mrs. Eddy says: "Sin, sickness and death are comprised in human material belief and belong not to divine mind. They are without a real origin or existence. They belong to the nothingness of error, which stimulates the creations of truth." (S. and H., page 182.) And yet on page 14 Mrs. Eddy tells how disease is caused, in spite of her denial of its existence.

On page 392 Mrs. Eddy says: "Man is never sick; for mind is not sick and matter cannot be." Surely Mrs. Eddy was napping when almost in the same breath she declared: "It is well to be calm in sickness, to be hopeful is still better."

CONDUCT THAT BORDERS ON THE CRIMINAL

I am always grieved when I find grownup men and women subjecting themselves to Christian Science treatment, but it makes my blood boil when I find parents withholding from their helpless children, who are suffering agony through burns or accident or disease, the relief which medical science can afford.

One of the grandest things about the practice of medicine is the relief that can be afforded the patient in time of suffering. The doctor may not be able to save his patient's life, but he can in every case relieve him of agonizing pain. We have a distinctive recollection of the fire that swallowed up the Pavilion and many homes in that part of town. And we remember that one of our brave firemen lost his life on that fatal night. When he was brought to the receiving hospital it was seen at once that he was so badly burned that he could not live. He was in terrible agony and his suffering was so great that he begged those around him to take his life. The doctors, as soon as possible, administered an opiate, and in a few minutes he was relieved, and when asked if he suffered, he answered, "No, I feel quite comfortable now." Suppose the doctors had stood by and said to that poor fellow: "You are not in pain, you only think you are." Or suppose they had administered a "high attenuation of truth" instead of an opiate. I believe

the justly enraged citizens would have fixed them up in a coat of tar and feathers and sent them out of town on a rail.

WHAT THEY MIGHT DO

Let us try to imagine what the result would be if Christian Scientists were in control of municipal, county, state and national affairs. All health laws would be repealed and all quarantine commissioners would be legislated out of office. The emigrant afflicted with smallpox, yellow fever and bubonic plague would come in and settle wherever his fancy called him. There would be no such thing as vaccination, anesthetic, and no disinfectant. The overflowing cesspool being nothing more than a dream of mortal mind, would remain undisturbed, and doctors, surgeons, health officers and milk inspectors could seek other employment. Now, under these conditions, which Christian Scientists would impose, how long would it take the population of the country to disappear?

The proprietor of a German menagerie keeps caged together a lion, a tiger, a wolf and a lamb, which he labels "The Happy Family." And when asked confidentially how long these animals had lived together, he answered, "Ten months, but the lamb has had to be renewed occasionally." Now I think you will agree with me that if the unhealthful conditions to which I have referred, should prevail and the disease germs, worse than the savage beasts of the forest, should be allowed to spread themselves in every direction, the population of this country would have to be renewed about every three months.

EFFECT OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE ON CHURCH

The germ of this fad has found its way into some churches, but in every instance it is the chaff that is carried off, not the wheat. In all churches there are those who are Christians in name only; they have never made a full surrender of themselves to Christ and are satisfied with playing at religion. From this class, as might be expected, there are occasional defections, but it is a question whether the church is in any sense weakened by their withdrawal. If it could be made clear to me that power to find the bottom of the old religion and work its lessons into life before turning their backs upon it, I should have no word of criticism to offer because they left it for the new. But in the ranks of those who have turned aside, I have not seen anything of the kind. A member of one of our churches informed the pastor that she had been inoculated with the germ of Christian Science, that she had been to some meetings of the Scientists and was very much interested in what she heard. It became evident to the pastor that she was about to sever her connection with the church, and he offered the suggestion that she try the religion of Jesus Christ before taking up Eddyism. Professing to be astonished at such a suggestion, she reminded him that she had been a member of the church and a fairly regular attendant upon the services of the

church for many years. It must have been somewhat of a shock to the good lady when the pastor replied: "Oh, you misunderstood my meaning; my suggestion is that you give Christianity an honest, earnest, whole-hearted trial, that instead of playing at religion as you have been doing, that you try for six months to work its lessons into life, that you make a surrender of yourself to Christ and consecrate your life to His service; that you spend as much time in active Christian work as you now spend on card games, receptions and theaters." The pastor's suggestion was a good one, and we hope that the lady was wise enough to adopt it.

WHAT IT DOES

Christian Science substitutes another book for the Bible and, point by point, denies every fundamental statement of Holy Scripture.

Christian Science denies the creation of a material universe.

Christian Science denies the existence of sin.

Christian Science denies the facts of sin.

Christian Science denies death.

Christian Science denies that God formed man from the dust of the earth.

Christian Science denies that God is three persons under one God-head.

Christian Science denies that the Holy Spirit is a person.

Christian Science denies that God is a person.

Christian Science denies that Mary gave birth to a corporeal Christ.

Christian Science denies that Jesus ever had a real body.

Christian Science denies that blood of Christ shed on the cross is of any avail to cleanse from sin.

Christian Science denies that Christ bore our sins in His own body on the tree.

Christian Science denies that Christ died for our sins.

Christian Science denies that Christ offered Himself as a sin offering.

Christian Science denies that in His death Christ endured the wrath of God and was forsaken of Him for our sins.

Christian Science denies THAT CHRIST DIED AT ALL.

As Haldeman says:

Christian Science denies that for three days the body of Christ was dead in the tomb.

Christian Science denies that Jesus arose in flesh and bones.

Christian Science denies that Jesus continued to exist after the cross.

Christian Science denies that Jesus ascended up into heaven and is now sitting on the right hand of God.

Christian Science denies the priesthood of Christ.

Christian Science denies a personal devil.

Christian Science denies justification by faith.

Christian Science denies regeneration or a second birth.

Christian Science denies an intermediate state of the dead.

Christian Science denies the resurrection of the body, either for the righteous or the unrighteous.

Christian Science denies the second personal corporeal coming of Christ.

Christian Science denies a final judgment.

Christian Science denies the efficacy and value of prayer.

Christian Science denies the necessity of marriage as the basis of generation.

Christian Science denies that motherhood is the highest privilege of a wife.

Christian Science denies that the Bible is the fully inspired Word of God.

Christian Science denies that the name of Jesus should be exalted above every name and His personality worshiped.

Holy Scripture, speaking through the Apostle Paul, declares that the Word of God must not be handled deceitfully.

Christian Science handles the Word of God deceitfully by quoting its doctrines and changing their intent.

Holy Scripture warns that in the closing hours of this age many deceivers will come in the name of Christ and deceive many.

Holy Scripture says there will be oppositions to the true Christianity from a SCIENCE FALSELY SO-CALLED.

Holy Scripture says false Christs are preludes and shadows to the great anti-Christ.

Anti-Christ will deny the Father.

Anti-Christ will deny the Son.

Anti-Christ will do many wonderful works, marvels to deceive.

Anti-Christ will do his works in the power and energy of Satan, whose incarnate son he is, being the "man of sin."

Christian Science comes in the name of a false Christ.

Christian Science comes in the name of a Christ who is incorporeal.

Christian Science comes in the name of a Christ who is impersonal.

Christian Science comes in the name of a Christ who is nothing more than an idea.

Christian Science comes in the name of a Christ OF WHOM HOLY SCRIPTURE HAS NO RECORD.

SUCH A CHRIST IS A FALSE CHRIST.

Christian Science comes therefore IN THE NAME OF A FALSE CHRIST.

Christian Science comes in the name of science, a science that is false when measured by the standards of men; a science that is false when measured by the standards of God's Word.

Christian Science denies that Jesus is the Christ.

It says Jesus was material and fallible manhood, a finite personality, disappearing after the cross, and ceased to exist; and that this existence is nothing more than an invisible, impersonal idea.

Christian Science denies the Father.

The Father of Holy Scripture is a personal God.

The Father of Christian Science is an impersonal God; therefore Christian Science denies the Father.

Christian Science denies the Son.

The Son in Holy Scripture is the personal Son of a personal God. His name Jesus. He sits at the right hand of God the Father in an individual body of flesh and bones.

Christian Science denies that Jesus is an immortal body who sits at the right.

Christian Science denies that Jesus is the Christ and, therefore,

Christian Science denies that Jesus is the Son of God; thus Christian Science denies the Son.

Christian Science does many wonderful works.

It does these in the name of a false Christ.

As Christian Science does these works in the name of a false Christ, it does not do them in the name of the true Christ.

As Christian Science does not do these works in the name of the true Christ, who is the Son of God, it can not do them in the name of the Father, who is one with the Son.

As Christian Science does not do these works in the name of the true Father or the true Son, it can not do them in the power of the Spirit, who comes in the name of the Father and the Son.

As the power of Christian Science is not the power of the Spirit it is therefore neither the power of the Father nor the Son as the power of Christian Science is not the power of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit; it is the power of Satan, the old serpent which is called the devil and Satan.

As anti-Christ is the substance of the false Christ, then the false Christs are shadows of the anti-Christ; and as Christian Science comes in the name of a false Christ, and does what the anti-Christ is to do, then Christian Science is a shadow of anti-Christ, THEREFORE FALSE.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SAYS:

1. That Spirit created matter is an erroneous premise. Page 15.
2. Mortals are not made as created in God's image. Page 33.
3. Adam is a product of nothing, an unreality. Page 526.
4. Your mortal body is a mortal belief of discord. Page 296.
5. Christ is a divine principle, not a person. Soul outside the body. Page 530.

6. Jesus never ransomed man by paying the debt that sin incurs; whosoever sins must suffer. II, 189.

7. Sin is not forgiven; we cannot escape its penalty. II, 165.

8. The Holy Spirit is divine science; the development of eternal life—impersonal. Page 538.

(It is not without design that seven times is the personal pronoun used in a single verse where Christ is prophesying of the coming of the Holy Spirit).

9. Sin, sickness, is a belief only. Page 25.

(If sin, sickness and death are delusions, Christ was either imposed upon or an impostor).

10. It is the sense of sin, not the sinful soul that is lost. Page 34.

11. As long as we believe the soul can sin, we can never understand the science of being. Page 38. Error is a false supposition of a false sense. Page 542. Men cannot depart from holiness. Page 541.

12. Death is an illusion, for there is no death. Page 531.

13. Heaven is not a locality. Page 44.

14. No final judgment awaits mortals. Page 44.

15. Angels are pure thought . . . not messengers. Pages 69 and 70.

16. There is but one way to heaven . . . harmony. Page 292.

17. Atonement is not blood. It stands for mortality disappearing, for Jesus' deathless life, which He left for an example, and ransoms from sin all who follow it. Page 528.

HOLY SCRIPTURE SAYS:

1. God is a Spirit (John 4:24). God created the heaven and the earth (Gen. 1:1).

2. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him (Gen. 1:27).

3. The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground (Gen. 2:7). He called his name Adam (Gen. 5:2).

4. Your body is the temple of the Holy Spirit (1 Cor. 6:19).

5. He took on him the seed of Abraham (Heb. 2:16). A spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have (Luke 24:39).

6. In whom we have redemption through His blood even the forgiveness of sins (Col. 1:14).

7. If we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness (1 John 1:9).

8. When he, the Spirit of Truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth; for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear that shall he speak; and he shall show you the things to come (John 16:13).

9. Jesus says: "His own self bare our sins" (1 Peter 2:24). "Himself . . . bare our sickness" (Matt. 8:17). "He . . . should taste of death" (Heb. 2:9).

10. The soul that sinneth, it shall die (Ezek. 18:4). What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the world and lose his own soul? (Mark 8:36).

11. There is none righteous, no not one. For all have sinned. (Rom. 3:10, 23). If we say that we have not sinned, we make him a liar, and his word is not in us (1 John 1:10).

12. The last enemy is . . . death (1 Cor. 15:26). Sin . . . bringeth forth death (James 1:15). Who delivered us from so great a death (2 Cor. 1:10).

13. Jesus says: "I go to prepare a place for you" (John 14:1).

14. We must appear before the judgment seat of Christ (2 Cor. 5:10; Rev. 10:12).

15. Angels are "ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation" (Heb. 1:14).

16. Jesus says: "I am the way" (John 14:6).

17. Without shedding of blood is no remission (Heb. 9:22). Washed us from our sins in his own blood (Rev. 1:15).

CATECHISM FOR CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS

Was Jesus of Nazareth God?

Did Jesus really suffer pain?

Did He die upon the cross an actual physical death?

Did Jesus rise from the dead? Yes or no.

Was He actually dead or in a swoon?

If Jesus was not dead in the tomb, did He know He was not? If so, why did He permit His devoted disciples to suffer martyrdom of the most terrible kind because they preached He arose from the dead?

If He was not dead, did He not unfairly deal with His disciples in allowing them to preach His resurrection from the dead?

Did Jesus raise Lazarus from the dead, and was Lazarus actually dead?

Was Jesus tempted? If so, was He tempted from within or without? In the one case He must have had evil in Him, in the other case there must be a personal devil.

Did Jesus shed His blood upon Calvary?

Was the blood thus shed efficacious for sin?

Is God the Holy Spirit absolute Deity?

Did Mrs. Eddy encourage Christian Scientists to call her Mother? (Read Glossary where she says, "Mother means God").

Did Mrs. Eddy pray to a personal God or to an influence?

Why and by what authority did Mrs. Eddy and Scientists give up baptism and the Lord's Supper?

Why admit Jews and Unitarians to this sect if it is Christianity?

Do Christian Scientists or Mrs. Eddy believe in literal Hell?

Did Jesus tell the truth when He said, "I was there and saw Satan cast out of heaven," using the word "*Ho diabolis*," meaning personal devil?

Did God create man or was man coexistent with God?

Did Jesus admit that disease and sin were realities?

Did Jesus cure disease instantly or progressively, which? If instantly, why does Christian Science fail to do the same?

Did Jesus found His church on the cures of the mortal body or upon the resurrection from the dead and His power to heal the soul?

Did Jesus cure through mind or the Almightiness of God, which He claimed to be?

Did Jesus actually raise the dead? If so, why does Christian Science say death is not a reality?

When Jesus said, "Greater works than these shall ye do because I go unto my Father," did He refer to healing diseases of the body or the church's power to spread the gospel throughout the world?

(Note—His disciples were already curing diseases and raising the dead when He made the remark; therefore, evidently it referred to something greater than that, for they were already doing these things. Christian Science, please tell me what you refer to.)

Christian Science says they have advanced further than the orthodox church. Will you please define orthodoxy?

Has Christian Science ever raised the dead, and why not, since your key text is "Go into all the world and preach the gospel, heal the sick and raise the dead"? Why have you omitted the latter?

Is not Christian Science purely a school of medicine and not a church at all—a system of drugless healing like the chiropractics who work on the spine, or osteopaths who adjust the bones, while Christian Science works on the head by mental suggestion?

Are not the fruits of Christian Science purely mental and physical healing as testified to in the chapter entitled "Fruitage," in Mrs. Eddy's book, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures"?

Why do Christian Scientists claim to be religionists instead of healers? Is it not because their practitioners are less amenable to law under the guise of religion rather than under medical laws which require preparation in colleges and examinations as to their fitness to practice?

If Christian Science is not a church but a school of medicine, have not I, as an orthodox minister of the gospel, a right to attack the cult?

THIRTY INDICTMENTS AGAINST CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

1. *It is unscientific.*
2. *It is ancient Pantheism.*
3. *It denies pain and suffering, hence it denies the atonement.*

4. *It denies the personality of God: if God is not a person, there is no prayer.*
5. *It denies a personal devil: hence not biblical.*
6. *It makes Christ an evil man; for His temptation was from within or from without; if from without there is a personal devil, if from within then He was a sinner; therefore if Christian Science be true Christ Jesus was either an impostor or imposed upon.*
7. *It denies baptism by water, hence disobedient to the Divine Command.*
8. *It refuses the Lord's Supper: "This do in remembrance of me." Who is right?*
9. *It is Eddyism.*
10. *It has good, but stolen from consecrated ground.*
11. *It works on the principle of mind over matter.*
12. *It claims to do what nature does, hence false pretense.*
13. *The doctrine and founder not from God.*
14. *Business methods unlike God.*
15. *Strictly cash; C. O. D.*
16. *Some of Mrs. Eddy's titles unChristianlike.*
17. *Jesus never charged, Christian Science does. This is not Christlike.*
18. *Strong statements unproven, impeaching her inspiration.*
19. *One-sided philosophy.*
20. *Their false science occupies low place in scale of being.*
21. *Pain a good teacher. They rob God of refining furnace.*
22. *Senses unworthy, then there can be no definition of science.*
23. *Claims to heal, same as Jesus; this is blasphemy and false.*
24. *Claims too much, for 80 per cent of its class pretend to cure themselves.*
25. *Contradicts itself on accidents; says they do not happen but tells you what to do when they do.*
26. *This doctrine is infidelity; denies the Holy Bible.*
27. *They would turn crazy people out of the asylum.*
28. *They know no anatomy, therapeutics, bacteriology. Lacking in proof because of their own diagnosis and as they are ignorant of the science of medicine they are without demonstration.*
29. *They are anti-Christians.*
30. *No well-founded indoctrinated church member will go after them or into it.*

CHAPTER III. CONDITIONS DEMANDING HELL

Acts 1:25—*Judas by transgression fell, that he might go to his own place.*

The subject I want to preach on tonight is this: Hell is the sinners' own place. It is not a very pleasant subject for me to talk on, and it is not a very pleasant subject for you to hear; but as certainly as there is a God, a Christ and a heaven, there is a Satan, sin and hell. The most appalling fact in human history is the fact of sin.

We are living in an age when men claim to be outgrowing the doctrine of hell. They make fun of the old, orthodox minister who still believes in the doctrine of eternal punishment. Many of our college professors and some preachers of the liberal type laugh at a hell, but let me say that none of them ever held a great revival that trampled on Bible teaching. Whenever I get to where I don't believe in the doctrine of hell I am going to burn up my Bible and throw it all up and quit. But as long as I believe this Bible to be the inspired Word of God I am going to preach the doctrine of hell because I find it in the Bible.

Tom Payne was a consistent man, at least in that point that he didn't believe in a hell, and would not therefore accept the Bible and the church, for consistent with the belief in the Bible is the belief in the doctrine of future punishment.

I want to say that I believe that the punishment of the wicked comes not alone in this life, though I believe that the wicked get punishment in this world for the wrong they do, for just as virtue has part of its reward here, so sin and crime have a portion of their penalty in this world. When the Jews came and asked our Lord if they would have a chance to repent in the next world, He said, "As a tree falleth, so must it lie." If it does not bear fruit in the green how will it do so in the dry?

Suppose you had an apple tree in your orchard and for fifty years it never bore, and it died last year and you were about to burn it up, and a neighbor says, "Brother, don't burn it up, give it another chance." You would say, "For fifty years it has borne nothing, it lived, had sap, leaves and blossoms but never bore a single apple; you are foolish to expect it to bear now since it failed to produce fruit when it was green." If a man can repent in the next world, what is the use to help him to repent here, what is the use to try to save his soul in this world? It would be a mockery to God. What would be the use to develop character? It would be foolishness and a subject for ridicule.

In my preliminary remarks I want to say another thing on the doctrine

of hell before I come to my real sermon. Universalism is dying out all over the country, for it is whitewashed infidelity. I was holding a meeting in Illinois a few years ago; my train carrying me there was twenty minutes late, and I went straight from the carriage to the pulpit. A large audience greeted me there and I introduced my sermon on the subject of "The Great Judgment Morning." In the course of my remarks I said, "In nineteen towns where I have labored in Iowa and Illinois the Universalist church is gone out of business and is either used for a town hall or an implement warehouse. Everyone laughed. I turned to Rev. Dr. Clark, and said, "What are they laughing at?" He said, "Bulgin, you don't know it, but the Universalist church in our town is a town hall upstairs and an implement factory downstairs." I hit the nail on the head and didn't know about the local condition. You have perhaps read in the Literary Digest those articles on Universalism where the writer said, "Universalism is a house divided against itself as are all the infidel churches in the land."

You don't need a church to teach that there is no hell; the devil has always done that and you can't build a church to beat the devil on that theory, for if you want to beat the devil you have to take opposite sides from the gentleman, and Satan has always argued there is no hell; he likes to put his anesthesia on your conscience, if he can, and put you to sleep by saying, "There is no devil and no hell."

Now, another thing I want to say: Hell is not incompatible with God's love. If I went home tomorrow and found my little boy William or Arthur sitting on the step crying, and I say, "William, what is the matter?" and he says, "Papa, I've got to take a whipping today at the grammar school. I did wrong, I know I did, and the professor says I must be whipped." Then I say, "I don't want you whipped and I won't allow it," and I go down to the school and say, "Professor, I don't want my boy whipped." The professor says he must maintain discipline, that my boy violated the law three times and I must either take him out of school or let him submit to the discipline. Then I say, "No, I won't take him out of school; what will you take to let my boy be exempt in this case?" He says, "Bulgin, you have a farm worth $1,000 an acre; deed that thirty acres to me and the School Board (you know that is just a supposition and a mighty wild one—but suppose I had it), and I will not punish him." You would say I was a fool; and I would pretty near be one. But suppose I go home tomorrow and find my little boy sitting on the front door step squeezing his hand. I say, "What is the matter?" And he says, "A mad dog bit me." I rush immediately to get medical aid, and the doctor says there is only one hope for my child and that is the mad stone. I say, "What is it worth?" And he says $30,000, and it is owned by a certain man; and I go to the man and say, "Give me that remedy for my boy," and I offer him $30,000, and deed him every acre of land I have and save my boy. Do you call me a fool now? No sir. Why

not? Because while I have paid an enormous sum, it is a sum proportionate to the value of the life of my child and to the danger I knew was before him in the awful disease of hydrophobia. Application: If sin and hell are not awful realities, as God says they are, what under heaven was God at when He robbed heaven of its priceless jewel and paid the price of Gethsemane to save men from hell? Get out of that if you can. You "no hellers" that want to throw over the doctrine of hell, and say you have outgrown it, you make God a fool for doing something that is unnecessary—to save them from a hell when there is no hell to save them from.

Another thing I want to say about this doctrine of hell: I believe in hell because I believe in God. Whenever I get to where I don't believe in hell I won't believe in God. Why? Because the holiness of God demands a hell. Now, listen to this argument very closely, for I believe it is the strongest that can be brought forth for the doctrine of hell. Listen: Everybody this side of foolhood believes in God. The fool only says there is no God. Now, believing in a God, in what sort of God do you believe? Bob Ingersoll went all over this country making fun of what he called our old church creeds and doctrines. I want to tell you that St. Paul had a creed, he believed in a doctrine. I don't believe in loading religion with a lot of creeds. I believe in the New Testament for my creed. A creed is a certain argument or belief set forth for the children of men. What about God? Do you believe in the same sort of God that Bob Ingersoll did, when he said that God was what man made Him, merely a being to whom had been added the attributes of a God, and that the attributes of God were the things men attributed to Him and that we set Him up and worship Him? But he never told a bigger falsehood. The attributes of God are not things that Bulgin gives God, but they are the things that God must have before Bulgin could ever frame his mind around it. What are the attributes of God? I don't know any better definition than that which came to a noble body of men 270 years ago when they met in old Scotland. One old veteran was called upon to pray. He dropped his old gray hair down to the floor and said: "O God, infinite and eternal and unchangeable, in thy Being are wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth; smile upon us." One of them said, "Stop, let us get it down verbatim as a definition of God," and the churches have never found a better one.

What is God? God is Jehovah. What is the meaning of that word, Jehovah? It comes from a compound of three Hebrew words: Je—ho—vah —God always was. God now is, and God always will be. He was, He now is, and He always will be God. Now these are three Hebrew words for the past, present and future tenses. Out of these three Moses gave us our grand and glorious word Jehovah—The God that Was, Is and Always Will Be. Can you infidels trot out anything better than that? If you can't you had just as well keep your mouths shut.

Do you believe in a God? You say "yes." Well then, what sort of a God must He be. Could God tell a lie? No. Well then, truth is not something that I give to God, but it is something that God must have had before I ever knew Him. Can God be God and yet be a fool? No. Well then, wisdom is something He must have to be God. Can God be God and be unholy? No. Then God must be holy, and holiness is not an attribute that I give Him but an attribute that He must have in order to be God. If God is holy—and that is one of His great attributes, His environment and surroundings must be just as holy as He is, for He cannot be holy and live in a bad atmosphere. All right! Then the sinner that lives for the devil and cheats and steals and lies and gets drunk, is impure, an unbeliever that has none of God's love in him; if you are such, you must die—for you cannot stay here forever. By virtue of your sin you are not fit to go into the presence of God. If God is holy, then the holiness of God demands a hell, for there must be a place for you to go to; then the doctrine of the holiness of God demands a hell.

Another reason: Looking at the doctrine still from the sociological angle, from the angle of the needs and demands of society, I believe in a hell because I believe in law and maintaining law by penalty. There is not a lawyer with any brains in the United States of America that believes that Uncle Sam could run this land of ours and govern it and take off all penalty for the maintenance of law. Listen to me: All I ask of you in consideration of this doctrine of hell is to allow God the very same requisites you demand in Uncle Sam's courts of justice, namely, the right to make laws and the right to attach penalties; and thirdly, the right to make the penalty as big as the thing the law is to govern. A man steals a pair of shoes on a frosty morning; he has bare feet and needs the shoes. Would you put him on the gallows and hang him as for a premeditated crime? And if a man murders a helpless woman tonight to "get even" with her husband for whom he holds a certain grudge, would you put him in the penitentiary for six weeks and then let him out? No, Mr. Bulgin, we don't do that way. Why, if we were to attach the penalty of capital punishment for stealing a pair of shoes, we would show by the amount of penalty we attached to the law that we thought more of the law of human property than of human life. How do I know we think more of human life than we do of a pair of shoes? By the amount of penalty you attach to a man who monkeys with that law, that is the only way. I am now getting to my point. We must make a law and we must attach a penalty, and must make that penalty as big as its corresponding law, and we must remember that that law is to govern what is the greatest principle of God Almighty, that stands the biggest and highest—the principle of Eternal Life. What is the penalty? Eternal death; and if there is no eternal death there is no eternal life. You can't get out of that

one either. The foundation is getting stronger as we proceed in the investigation of this doctrine from the legal aspect.

My next argument for believing in hell: I believe in it because I believe in the justice of God. God must be just. John looked into the throne of the Celestial City and said: "There is a rainbow round about the throne;" the throne is justice and the rainbow is mercy. God is just because He loves, and He loves because He is just. You talk about these men that stand on the street corners with their thumbs in their vest-holes, with a great big wise theological argument. One of them today in your own town said that he was the father of little children; he brought these little children into this life without their consent, "and now if they displease me I can put them in a big lake of fire and brimstone and burn and burn them through eternity, and still be a father? No," he said, because he could not do that he did not believe in the doctrine of hell. There is no reasoning with a fellow like that. I have not seen anybody like him since I was at Barnum's museum and saw old Jumbo the elephant. The day I went to see old Jumbo a little bit of a newsboy selling newspapers walked up to Barnum's car bareheaded, and said, "Mr. Barnum, take a 'comp'." Mr. Barnum said, "No, I don't want a complimentary paper today—I have read them all." But the boy said, "You haven't read mine," so Barnum took the paper and sat down on it, and said to the boy, "I am in the business—take a comp on me." I watched for an hour to see what that little fellow would do. He walked up closer to Jumbo than I am to that piano. Old Jumbo was drinking water out of a bucket. He drank it all until he got down to the bottom, and the little boy was close up against him, when old Jumbo, who was full of mischief, spurted it back and gathered a lot of mud and sand and mixed it with the water, and then threw that water all over the boy, and splashed him from head to foot. I wondered what the little boy would do; but he just took two steps back and wiped the dirty water out of his eyes and ears and nose, and out of his black hair, and says, "Look here, Mister Jumbo, if you ever do that again I'll knock the stuffing out of you." I have never seen anything that made me think of that little boy kicking the stuffing out of Jumbo till I came to Clovis and heard that business man telling God what to do about hell. The idea! Because I am a father of little children and can't do so, to say I won't let God do so and so. Suppose you have a boy on the gallows to be hung on Friday at ten o'clock; he has outraged society, robbed a woman of her purity, murdered a girl to hide his tracks; that is your boy condemned to die, and if by hook or by crook you could go and get the boy off the gallows and set him scot free, would you do it? Why would you do it? Because we are so contemptibly narrow that human love or anger urges us to sacrifice all principle and respect for the purity of society. You can't measure God then by your contemptible little heart; God is too big to be measured that way. We measure men by one grace of their character; you size up

people and you read of people who may have every grace except one, and you gather up one grace of character, but there is no man strong in all points of character. Abraham was faithful—the Father of the Faithful. Paul was most zealous, zeal became his predominating grace. John was loving—the "beloved disciple;" David excelled for his brotherhood, with his love for Jonathan, therefore brotherly love in David; impulse with Peter, courage with Daniel. But you never heard anybody say that Jesus Christ was zealous, yet He never lacked zeal did He? Did you ever hear anyone say that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, was a faithful man? No, yet He never lacked faith. Why don't people speak of Christ as being zealous and faithful? Because He was the only character that ever lived where all the graces were rounded out to that complete whole; you can't measure Him by one grace. God is love, because love is just, and because He is just He must punish crime.

The law of Colorado is the laughing stock of the united bars of the world. Every lawyer laughed at the Legislature of Colorado a few years ago. They called a meeting of the legislature to make a law relative to a certain kind of mining; they made the law but attached no penalty, and the people went on and did as they pleased, and laughed at the law. Why, a law without a penalty is a worthless thing, and God Almighty makes laws and attaches penalties. If you don't want the penalty don't break His law. Then in place of saying God damns anybody when you have broken God's laws, and insulted God, don't say anybody damns you but yourselves! I am coming next to my text where it strikes strongest: "Judas by transgression fell that he might go to his own place." I want now after looking at the five arguments from a sociological angle to take five on the theological angle: Hell is the sinner's own place by choice and by preference. Secondly, hell is the sinner's own place by fitness; he is fitted for it. Thirdly, hell is the sinner's own place by wages; you earn it, ought to have it; the devil is your paymaster and will see that you get it. Fourth, hell is the sinner's own place by birthright; he is born for it; he is born with propensities and desires for evil within him. Conclusion: Be born again and stay out. This is the argument for the necessity of a new birth. Now the rest of my time shall be taken up looking at it from this angle. If I can maintain the theory that hell is the sinner's own place by his own deliberate choice no man can blame God for a hell. It is a fact that if any man in New Mexico ever gets to hell he has got to get there by his own deliberate choice; I can prove it to you. God chooses the other side for you; God has chosen for you heaven—you know it. The fact that He robbed heaven of its priceless jewel, His only begotten Son, to bridge the great gulf that spans between the finite and the infinite—that bridge is the cross of Jesus Christ, and if you spurn that bridge and walk down hell's sweet stream of life, don't blame God for it; it is you that did it. You hear people say that God made it easy to do wrong

and hard to do right. There never was a bigger lie uttered. God has not made it easy to do wrong and hard to do right and I will prove it to you. How did God start you out in this world? He started you out innocent from your mother's arms, and gave you that lamb-like, sweet nature. In order to get to hell and damn your soul you have got to mar that original innocence. Another thing, God gave you love—started you out with love. How natural it is for a little boy or little girl at mother's knee to love mother, to love God and the Bible and everything that is good. You have to mar love and grind it into powder under your feet to damn the gift of love. God started you out in this world pure as a little girl should be. But O, my God, how sad it is that some of our little girls in grammar school learn more real rot and dirt at 14 years than a woman used to know at 25. How many little boys go out from their mothers' knees and learn more dirty, smutty stories that the older boys tell, and from cheap and poisonous literature often harbored in saloons to perpetuate their business, how many are damned in impurity!

Then take another reason. God gave you the gift of faith; it is a gift, and in order to damn your soul and go wrong you must mar your original innocence; you must mar love and crush it under your feet; you must mar the purity with which God started you out; and lastly, you must damn a conscience that was given you as a means to distinguish between right and wrong. God gave you a conscience; God has made it easy to do right and hard to do wrong.

I was asked by Mr. Moody to go and pray at ———, Oregon, Penitentiary for a man to be executed. I hated to do it. I said: "Mr. Moody, I have never seen a man hung or electrocuted and I don't want to; I can't go." When they led the prisoner off, up over the door of a great big archway of Oregon penitentiary was inscribed the words: "The way of the transgressor is hard," and the sheriff and the constable and the police leading the man out made him stop and read it. He looked up and read the inscription and said: "Mr. Sheriff, they have told the truth there, 'the way of the transgressor is hard,' the way to God in heaven is easy; it is the best way to go, and if at last you damn your soul in hell don't blame God; it is your own deliberate choice." "But Mr. Bulgin, I would like to talk with you at least on one point: You say that hell is the sinner's own place by choice, and I say 'self preservation is the first law of nature.' No man would deliberately choose hell rather than heaven. Don't you think so?" No, I don't. You say hell is the sinner's own place by choice; do you mean to say any man would just take a chair and say, "Let me alone, I want to go to hell; I expect to be damned and don't want to be bothered"? No, you haven't a man in Clovis that expects to be damned; not one. Every one of your saloon keepers and the scarlet women expect some time to be saved; they don't expect to be damned. "Then, Bulgin, how do you mean to say that hell is the

sinner's own place by preference?" I mean this. Like Pilate of old, choosing not to choose is choosing. Get it, will you? Have you ever read Butler's Knowledge Analogy of the Human Will? Every man and every woman who does not choose, is choosing. Let me illustrate that. Here is Pilate, the old Roman governor. Before Pilate they brought the Man of Galilee, the man of marvelous character, sweet spirit and wonderful love, and they say to Pilate, "What will you do with Jesus?" Pilate says, "I will do nothing; send him to Herod the Tetrarch." But Herod says he has no jurisdiction in the province of Judea, therefore they bring Him back to Pilate, the military governor. Again Pilate says he won't do anything, "Take him to the Sanhedrin." But the Sanhedrin is a Jewish court and therefore cannot inflict capital punishment. They bring Him back to Pilate and say, "By virtue of your office you have got to deal with Jesus." What did he do? He turned Him over for political reasons to the people after saying he believed He was innocent. When I was in England I saw that wonderful picture of Pilate standing knee-deep in the sea, where he is bending over trying to wash the blood-stains off his hands, and he lifts them up and the blood is still there, and there is an awful expression on his face, as if he were saying, "My God, will it never wash off?" and the sea turns to a sea of blood. And like Pilate of old, every man in Clovis, New Mexico, has got the Son of God on his hands and he has got to dispose of Him. If you say, "I will crown you Lord of lords tonight," you have chosen. If you go out and say, "No, Son of God, I am neutral," then you have dealt with Him. Not to choose is choosing. Not to say, "Lord God, I will take the cross and heaven," means "I will now take hell;" that is the way you get it.

Hell is the sinner's own place by fitness—my second argument. He is fitted for it; he is not fitted for heaven, for a sin-tainted man can't go there. You can't stay here forever on the terra firma that holds us now, for we must leave earth and we have got to go from here to one of two worlds, a better or a worse. You are fitting yourself right now tonight for one or the other. Which is it? Whom are you serving? If you are in the service of Satan you are fitting your soul for the abode of Satan; you go with Satan, that is hell. If you are in the service of God you may be simply a faltering child. I would rather be the weakest of God's little children, sir, for a day than to be a rank rebel against the government of God. I know the best of Christians do wrong; the best of church members make mistakes, but—and we will discuss that later—it is the motive underlying that counts. But I say I would rather be the weakest of God's children than to be a rank rebel against the government of God. But you have to approve one or the other, and the preference will prove your fitness. Are you fitting yourself for God and heaven, or are you fitting yourself for Satan and hell?

There was a wealthy German Methodist lady in Chicago. She gave $20,000 to a college as an endowment for scholarships. She had two charm-

ing young girls and sent them to college to take special courses. The girls, in place of studying, would fool away their time, going for rides and gathering flowers and getting "boy struck"—and God Almighty pity the girl of 17 or 18 years that gets "boy struck." She had better attend to business and try to make herself a true girl and woman. God bless the girl that is tied to her mother's apron strings. When the graduating day came, the professor said to their mother, "I don't want to offend you, but they are behind on languages and their mathematics are exceedingly low; shall we ride them through and cover it up because of the money?" The proud German woman said, "Let them fall to the bottom." They got a tumble. They were notified to go home. They went home begging their mother to let them go abroad, as they had told their friends they were going to Europe, and didn't want to be disgraced. The mother said, "You have already disgraced me by not attending to your studies." One of them said, "Oh, Mamma, if you will let us go to the old country we will come back and then graduate with honors." She replied, "No, I will never send you to France or Germany until you can speak the languages, for I have told them when you come you will be able to speak the language fluently." So they didn't go.

Brother, God Almighty is trying to make a character out of you, but is not fool enough to stick you into heaven until you learn the language. Wouldn't some of you be fools to get there and not know what to do, like a blind horse. God is a God of love, and wants to put you in heaven, but because He is a God of love and justice He will let you put yourself in hell if you won't have heaven.

I saw a scene in my great meetings at Berkeley, California; they were piling into my big tent and listening to my gospel every night, and I saw a scene enacted that made me think of a poem you may have heard before. Here it is:

Three men went out one summer night.
No care had they or aim, and dined and drank.
Three girls began that summer night a life of endless shame;
And went through drink! disease!! and death!!! as swift as racing flame.
Homeless, friendless, foul they died.
Rich, loved and praised the men.
But when they ALL shall meet with God and justice speaks—what then?

Do you tell me that you can damn a young woman today and rob her of all a woman holds dear—her purity, a thing you can never give back, and if you die in the act of doing that and go in the presence of God, that God has got to stick you in heaven for all eternity? You will never get me to believe we have that sort of God. God is just, and you are going to get exactly what you fix yourself for. A Universalist mother, one of those "no hell" women, told her little girl to be good because the bad man in the story ate up naughty little children. The little girl said, "Mamma, if I am a good

little girl, will I go to heaven where the bad man can't eat me up?" "Yes, dear." "Will the bad man go to hell?" "No dear, there isn't a hell." "Well, Mamma, if I go to heaven and the bad man goes there too, he will eat me up just the same." That little girl had sense; she had brains, and I would like to hear any Universalist mother that doesn't believe in hell patch up that doctrine to suit the child. My point is this: That the conditions of society demand that there should be a hell, and sinners make their own hell, both now and hereafter.

Fourthly: Hell is the sinner's own place by wages—he earns it and ought to have it, and the devil has promised that he is going to see that you get it. I tell you there is one kind of wages you are going to work for—you are going to get every red cent. I have gone to the shop windows of the great sweat factories of Chicago and seen dozens of girls sweating there for a few dollars a week to support a widowed mother and little baby sister and take care of a brother. I have seen them on Saturday nights when those that hire them tell them they can't pay them all of their wages—can give them half of it, when at the same time they have got plenty of money in the bank, but they plead "the panic." Yes, I have seen these men (!!!) putting their dollars in the bank while they are trying to crush out the lives of their poor slaves! It is no wonder that, while capital is combined, labor should combine to protect itself. There will be one day when you will never want all your wages, when you will be willing to take less than half; that will be pay-day at the little red window at the gates of hell, the judgment day. In order to get hell you have to earn it. In order to get heaven you have to take a present. No man can get heaven and eternal life by working. Therefore, people in the church don't work to get saved, but work because they are saved. A man that gets hell has got to work for it. I will prove it by the Scriptures: "The wages of sin is death." Who is your paymaster? Either King Jesus or the old devil. Which one are you serving? I want to tell you now, and for you to hear it now; take out your pencils and a piece of paper and put it in figures and don't forget it. It costs you more dollars and cents in one year to serve the devil than to serve God Almighty for five years. You would be called a pretty decent payer if you paid to the church the amount of money you pay out for the devil. If you were to pay it to God and be a decent boy it wouldn't cost you 100% as much as sin does. You talk of churches and revivals costing money. They don't cost as much money in a lifetime as one saloon in a year. Sin is a monster of so frightful a mien that to be hated he needs only to be seen. I tell you, if we can take this business of sin and pull the clothes off of it we won't want to see it any more. Get a look at it boys! Who are you working for and who is your paymaster? Let me figure with you a minute. Not only does it cost you more money to serve the devil one year than to serve God and the Church five years, but it costs you your character. What is your character worth? It

not only costs money and character, but it costs you your brain. There is not a plan the devil has got but will rob you of brain and character if he can. The governor of Georgia asked me to go in and preach to the insane asylum. I preached to 700 brainy men, but one kink got into their brain and made them nervous wrecks—ruined their nerves for the almighty dollar; they wanted cure and rest. The governor said, "Bulgin, come and look at ward number two. They are feeble-minded like babies. Talk to them like children." Poor things, it broke your heart to see them! He said, "I want you to go to the third ward." (They didn't allow visitors there). There were seventeen young men absolutely nude. One of the boys got his hands loose, and put his hand through the iron bars and made the blood come; he was crazy and thought he was a hero and dying for heroism. I said, "Doctor, tell me what put them here?" He solemnly said, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap. They are victims of impurity and robbed of reason and hopeless maniacs." God has given you a dynamo; in this city you have a dynamo that creates electric power. You can run it over a wire and it will bring heat into your home; run it over a wire and it will produce light; run it into a wheel and it will produce power and make the street cars run in Clovis. But you can run a wire off into the air or into the ground and you will get neither heat nor light nor power. To every man is given a noble dynamo of power with which you can produce warmth of affection for your mother, for your wife. How many homes are broken today, and how many pale faces of women do we see, longing for the affection that once was there, that was promised at the marriage altar, but they have not got it now because the husband has sold his powers for sin. May God stir us up! You have got your share in this city, both among society women and in lower grades of society. Run the power into the incandescent bulb of your hope and it will produce the flashlight. How many high school boys, how many young men who never get to high school, how many who get to high school but never get any higher—why? Because they are confirmed in the habit of impurity and the power for thinking has gone. We do not produce the brilliant minds of fifty years ago because of the contemptible sin of impurity. Then talk about religion being an expensive thing and begging pardon for being Christians, and you are sorry because we go to church! You will be sorry one day that you didn't. Listen boys and girls! When the cheap scum of society laugh at you for your religion, remember it produces the purest and sweetest characters in men and women. The best brain in the world is the brain that is not whiskey soaked and robbed of purity. When they laugh at you because you are in the Sunday school, tell them they can laugh you to hell but they can't laugh you out of it. Girls, let me give you some advice: When a man comes to you and promises to sober up if you will only marry him, tell him you are not running a Keeley institute. Tell him so quick that it will shoot a hole through him. Yet that is going on in

society. I tell you, in order to get hell you have to work for it. The wages of sin is death. But listen to me again. What kind of hell do you believe in, Dr. Bulgin? You say that in fifty-six different places in the New Testament the Son of God taught that there is a hell; you read three of them, in Mark 9, Luke 16 and Matthew 25. All these passages come from the lips of the Blessed Son of God which seem to teach there is a hell—for instance, the rich man and Lazarus. "But, Doctor, let me ask you a question—Isn't that only a figure of speech? Isn't the hell of the New Testament merely a shadow, only a figure of speech? You don't believe in a real, old-fashioned hell, do you, a big lake of fire and brimstone that actually burns people and makes them suffer torment. How can the physical body suffer torment when the body is dead?" You show me a woman that has to go on the operating table tomorrow and be cut to pieces; she suffers more in mind than in body —mental torture. A man once jumped into the river to drown himself because he was a defaulter, when I was a lawyer. I said, "Charlie, I don't see anything but the state prison staring you in the face." He had stolen $36,000 from a bank. He went into his bedroom, kissed his wife good-by, and the little babies; slipped off with a bath-robe on and went into Eternity. That man was in a mental hell. What made him do it? Mental torture is worse than physical torture. Why? Because mental law is higher than physical law. Spiritual law is still higher. The higher up we get in the scale the more acute the torture. "Tell us, do you really believe in a lake of fire and brimstone as hell?" No, I believe that is a shadow. "Then you believe the Bible hell is just a figure of speech?" Let me ask you a question now. Did you ever see the shadow of a dog unless there was a dog around somewhere? Well, the hell of the Bible is a shadow. Great God, people of Clovis, New Mexico, where is the thing that caused that shadow? Do you believe that the blood of the lamb is as dear to God as the blood of His Son Jesus? When God wanted to represent the preciousness of the Lamb of God He took a lamb to represent it, but it was just a shadow of the real blood. Do you believe when you get to heaven you will walk on gold dollars? The Bible speaks of golden streets and gates of pearl—the cheapest thing in heaven will be the gold paving, and yet some of you are going crazy for gold. You lay down your religion to get hell and money, for the gold that will be used to pave the streets of heaven. But the gold is only a shadow of the far more precious things of heaven—so precious that gold and silver and diamonds and rubies and sapphires fail to shadow them. Jesus Christ came down from heaven and said that eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither has it entered into the heart of man to understand the good things prepared for them that love the Lord. Now where is your shadow? Oh, gold and silver, you have been lost in insignificance with the view of the glory of the Son of God that is beyond the eye, and the ear and the heart and mind of man. My own mother, God bless her, raised in a

double log cabin in North Carolina, and a man told me once when I was preaching in a fashionable church, not to tell the folks any more that I was raised in a log cabin. I said, "Man, don't talk to me like that—be it ever so humble there is no place like home." And though I am beautifully and delicately entertained I would rather go down to North Carolina and lie down and die in the dear old log cabin than to die in the finest house in this town. There lives my old stepmother who took Mother's place, and there are my father and sisters and brothers surrounding the old hearthstone; I am not ashamed of that home. Eight years ago when my wife was to become a mother I sent for my mother. I sent her a $100 bill, and said, "I want Mother with me when the little one is born." When she got it she sent me a telegram saying, "Honey, it's too far to come without your Pa; can't you send your Pa $100 too?" She knew how to work me. I didn't have the money so I went and borrowed it and bought two tickets and had them wired to North Carolina and told Mother to come on, and that the tickets were wired, and to bring the $100, and to come quick. So Mother took the old ox wagon and went over to Franklin town, and got a mule hack and went 47 miles that way, then caught a car to Asheville and there got an electric car, and finally got on the train. When Mother reached Chicago she had on her old dress; she had woven it herself. Dear old mother! I met them at the station the night Marshall Fields had their big opening! It was a magnificent sight, all decorated with silver tinsel, with beautiful fairy-like fountains, and around one of the fountains a seventy-piece brass band was playing, and gold fish running in the water, and up 12 stories high was a string band of 42 instruments playing beautifully. My old mother from the cabin home went to see it. My wife told me to take her and let her see it. Oh, it was exquisite! There were 400 girls in white with orange blossoms in their hair, and 200 men with white gloves and vests and slippers waiting on the customers, and as Mother walked into the center of the building and the brass band played "Annie Laurie" (mother was Scotch-Irish) and when they stopped, the string band upstairs played "Home Sweet Home," as only an Italian orchestra can play it, I said, "Mother, look up; isn't it grand?"—the twelve stories of white marble and the girls in white and the music and flowers—"Isn't it beautiful, Mother?" But Mother began to tremble like an aspen leaf driven by the wind. She said, "My boy, take me home; I have dreamed of heaven looking like this, and it is too much for my nerves, honey; you didn't stop to think I had never seen a railroad until the other day, and my old gray head always dreamed of heaven being something like this; take me home." When we got home my wife said, "Dear, you pretty nearly broke your mother's nerves." I said I was sorry, and that I didn't mean to. And I understand now why God keeps a veil between me and the Fair City; my nerves would not stand it. But if

I could see my own dear mother over there, if I could see the face of my grandmother who went over the river a few years ago, if I could see mothers clasping in their little bosoms the little babies picked like rosebuds from earth and planted beyond in Glory, if I could see the great banks of little pansy faces blooming in the sunlight of God, if I could only see Jesus at the throne of God, and the fountains of life where the angels shake their wings and every drop of water glitters in the silvery-like air of glory like a million diamonds cut to a million facets! Oh, heaven, sweet heaven! what would it be to be there where Mother is, where little babies are, and where God is and where Jesus is—no vocabulary can describe it, no artist can depict it—"eye hath not seen nor ear heard." Hear me, O sinners of Clovis, as the inspired artists have failed by human language to convey an idea of heaven, the same that saw in hell a lake of fire and brimstone have failed to describe the agonies of a damned soul; while they fail in the one, they fail in the other. And now, you who say hell is only a shadow—yes, Great God, but how much worse is the thing than the shadow! O lost soul in outer darkness, heaven is joy, heaven is music, heaven is love, light, peace, heaven is beauty! Hell is anger, eternal discord, eternal night, eternal hatred! Hell is eternal! Wander off poor soul in outer darkness, sealed forever, the die is cast and your doom sealed; wander on tracing and retracing your weary steps for millions of years in the hell-born ether of damned souls that sends up to your nostrils the fumes of smouldering souls that are never consumed; sail on with wings like a bat in the black, eternal gloom; sail on a million years, O, damned soul without God, until you can find the cradle that rocked God and the birthplace of the Almighty; sail on, O damned soul, for all eternity! Will you take the risk?

I have done my best; I leave the question with you; good night!

CHAPTER IV. DEMANDS OF UNBELIEF

Matthew 27:40—*If thou be the Son of God come down from the cross.*

The subject that I want to speak on tonight is a very practical one and a very needed one—the unreasonableness of unbelief. The coldest and cruelest thing in all the world is unbelief. It is cold enough to kick the crutches from underneath the cripple's arm and send that cripple whirling upon the sidewalk without one thing upon which to lean. The fairest criticism that may be brought in regard to unbelief is that it is destruction without one element of construction in it. It seeks to destroy what has been set up and established through ages, and it affords absolutely nothing in its place. It is very easy to say, "I don't believe." It may require a great deal more to say, "I do believe," because of man's alienation from God as a result of the fall. The unbelief of the human soul will grow without cultivation, but faith and spiritual character will only grow by cultivation. But in dealing with this subject tonight, I must ask you to be fair enough to have as good a reason for your unbelief as you ask me to have and to give for my belief. Isn't that fair? Isn't it reasonable? Isn't it just? Some time ago a friend of mine, a proprietor of a Pacific coast hotel, asked me to prove to him that there was a God. I replied, I don't have to. I repeated it again, I don't have to, you prove to me there isn't a God, and you will have a bigger job on your hands than I will ever have to prove that there is a God. The fact of God is self-evident, the fact of God is an axiom. An axiom is the finality of reason and doesn't have to be proven. 1. I AM. 2. I DID NOT ALWAYS EXIST. 3. THERE CANNOT BE AN ENDLESS CHAIN OF DEPENDENT CAUSES. 4. THERE MUST BE THE INDEPENDENT UPON WHICH ALL DEPENDENT DEPENDS. 5. THAT INDEPENDENT UPON WHICH ALL DEPENDENT DEPENDS IS GOD. You know, my brother, these don't have to be proven. They are all the finalities of reason. I began to be somewhere in life, conscious of consciousness. And as finite mind cannot think of something having been gotten out of nothing, hence I came from something, and because I am, thou art, O God, is the conclusion of every thinking mind. Now, when my Lord and your Lord was hanging on the tree, bleeding, dying, agonizing for the sin of the world, for your sin and for my sin, all manner of unbelief surrounded that cross. The materialist was there, the agnostic was there, the atheist was there, the spiritualist was there, the free-thinker was there, the infidel was there, and all with one accord made the selfish materialistic unreasonable and

impossible demand of my text. If thou be the Son of God come down from the cross, work a physical miracle to satisfy a materialistic unbeliever. Well, he didn't do it, because he couldn't do it. He didn't do it because for that hour, and for that purpose, and at that time came He into the world. If He had descended from the cross to please a few skeptics whose demands were unreasonable and, in fact, impossible, in view of the fact that Christ came into the world to die on the cross and fulfill the prophets, and to furnish the divine credential that He was the Redeemer of mankind, the Messiah of Israel, and the Savior of the world, He would have proven for all time to come that He wasn't the man for the place, and therefore, wasn't the Son of God. Now, after these few general remarks introductory to my sermon tonight, I want to lay down three propositions showing and seeking to prove that unbelief is unreasonable, and when I say unbelief I mean all forms of unbelief, and all people rejecting and denying the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the divineness of the whole system of Christianity.

1. Unbelief requires the proof of a fact already proven, and hence is unreasonable.

2. Unbelief requires that kind of proof which renders it a moral impossibility, and therefore is unreasonable.

3. Unbelief requires that kind of evidence that makes it impossible to doubt, and hence salvation by faith out of the question for it.

It is not possible to have faith where it is not possible to doubt.

God's plan of saving the world is by faith, and faith must put substance into the things she hopes for if she would know the sure realities of the unseen. Now, if you will give me your attention to these three fair, reasonable, philosophical deductions tonight, I think I can show you how very unreasonable all this boasted unbelief really is. Let me return to the first proposition, namely:

1. Unbelief requires the proof of a fact already proven. Is that true? If I argue clearly to the thinking mind that unbelief is doing such then I must conclude, and you must conclude, that all unbelief is unreasonable. This is the sweeping challenge and it throws down the glove at the feet of agnosticism and strikes her with a sweeping challenge. I propose to prove conclusively that God has left sufficient proof and demonstration of Himself, of the inspiration of the Bible, and of the divinity of Jesus Christ in this world. He would be unreasonable to ask me to believe the unbelievable. Therefore, if God is, and I am to know Him, God must of necessity by the nature of the case have fixed it so that I may know Him. If the Bible is the inspired Word of God, it somewhere should bear such evidence; if Jesus Christ was deity He should somewhere give evidence of that fact. Where do we find proof of these great facts which are the foundation facts of the structure of Christianity, the philosophy of the Christian faith. I propose in the first place to show agnosticism that she must admit a miracle and if she

must do that at one place here the whole system topples to the ground. For if the human has at any one time or place been overcome and overpowered by the superhuman, and if the natural has at any time or place been set aside for the supernatural, then agnosticism has no ground to stand on. Have we proved that such is the case? Most assuredly yes. I should take as my first argument to prove this sweeping challenge, THE FULFILLMENT OF PROPHECY. There is no better argument in all the world that God has interfered and performed in human affairs than this argument. It isn't any wonder that the Apostle Peter after he had exhausted every vocabulary of argument and illustration fell back upon this ground, his hands had handled, his eyes had seen, his ears had heard, but rising up to heights of dignity and philosophy he cried, "WE HAVE A MORE SURE WORD OF PROPHECY." It is well beyond human accident that thousands of years before the event such men as Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, David, and many other of these honest, honorable old patriarchs, who cared more for their honor, their integrity, honesty and truthfulness than any set of men in any age ever cared for such things, that they should have picked up their pens and written of certain facts to be, and place those facts so far remote in distant time and place that by the mere human they never could have known how such things would ever be. They couple the events with such minute detail that often if any of those details fail they will be forever disgraced and branded and false prophets subject to death and disgrace, and yet they wrote when the Messiah is come He will be despised and rejected of men. That is strange for a Jew living in the age when the expectation of the Messiah prevalent in the minds of the people, was that He should be a great and splendid monarch with great power and with great armies riding in chariots of gold drawn by mighty steeds, with harness set with precious stones, and trimmed in silver, for such was about the idea in the mind of the Jew regarding their coming king. He should come conquering and conquer, and yet the spell was broken in this unlooked for manner, from this unlooked for prophet who reversed the whole system and said he would come as a root out of dry ground, and that he was to be despised and rejected of men. This is no accident, my brother, and it's not merely a piece of human happening. We can say as much for David who told us that his hand should be pierced, and his side should be opened, and he even predicted those very words that the Messiah should utter in his dying moment, and can you by any course of reasoning explain on the basis of the human this marvelous fact, that at the very last moment in the death agony of the cross he did cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Is this but an accident? Was it an accident that Zechariah told us "thirty pieces of silver" will be the price at which Israel will prize their Messiah? Was it an accident that Jeremiah said, "There shall be weeping among the mothers at the time he comes, mothers weeping for their children and refusing to be comforted," a prophetic reference evidently to

Herod's persecution and slaughter of infants at the time of Christ's birth? Was it a mere accident that the prophet told us that He should be born in Bethlehem, and that He was? And that He should be called out of Egypt, and that He was? Am I to explain all this weaving of the human warp into the divine woof? Let me illustrate the wonder of this whole argument. Suppose on next Sabbath morning we desire some very rare music, an exceptional treat in music, and suppose the ministers and musicians of this city send to the uttermost parts of our country and invite the chief musicians to come and play and sing. Suppose one should come from New Hampshire, one from California, one from Washington, D. C., one from New York, one from North Carolina, another from Georgia, one from Kansas, one from Oklahoma, another from Texas, and so on. Some educated in Germany, some educated in England, and some in Italy. Some are old and some young, some are educated under grave, somber masters and some have been trained in the gay, flippant music of light opera. Some love the hymns, and some love classical music, and others the songs for the common folks. Some of them bring a psaltery, some bring a harp, some the flute, some the violin, and some the piano, and some the grand organ, and all bring a trained voice to sing, till thirty-six different states are represented by thirty-six musicians. Some come in on one railroad and some on another, some come down the river in a boat, and some ride over the mountains in a flying machine, but they assemble at a given hour, 10 o'clock on Sabbath morning. And suppose my singer leading that grand orchestra, should rise and signal to the assembled artists who in responding rise in one grand chorus, compose, create and render that classical oratorio of the Messiah. Suppose that grand piece of music had never been writtten, the Messiah, that soul-stirring masterpiece. These thirty-six musicians from different ages in life, from different places in life, from different angles in life, and with altogether different tastes and training in music should accidentally fall upon, compose, and render this classical song as you sat spell-bound for two and a half hours listening to it. And then wrapped in music I should rise to my feet and say, "Ladies and gentlemen, brothers and sisters, wasn't this a wonderful happening? Isn't it a wonderful accident that they should have created, composed, struck the same key, been inspired with the same theme and created this masterpiece of music?" You would become so angered at any such explanation that you would almost say I had lost my mind. You would say it just couldn't happen so, and it didn't just happen so. But you would say back of the finger that touched the keyboard, back of the hand that drew the bow, and back of the skillful finger that slipped over the harp string, and back of the human voice that sang, was the master musician who composed, who thought, who trained, who drilled, and these move to the soul of one great Master. No other explanation would you accept and be a reasonable man, and you would do well to say so. Now, I hold in my hand tonight a

book called the Bible. There are sixty-six books in this volume of literature written by almost as many different authors, written at different times of life. For there is a gap of 1500 years which stands between the first man who wrote and the last man, and not only a gap, and a wide gap of time, but a wider gap in degree of intelligence from as wise a man as Solomon upon the throne to the most ignorant herdsman humanly speaking. Old brother Amos from the hills, a common cattle tender, and Solomon, the wisest have both helped to compose this literature, an idea is the gap for some, yet they all sing the same song and there is perfect harmony in the whole. I challenge you unbelievers to find one single positive cut case of discrepancy or discord in the whole literature. I challenge you to show me where these great musicians have sounded one discordant note. Did this happen so? Or must you believe that back of the hand that held the recording pen, as it traveled across the vellum, was the hand of God who guarded, who controlled, who thought, who moved, and that these men move to the soul of one great Master? Such is inspiration. I dare the world to disprove this. If this fact remains, if you unbelievers can never disprove it, it stands. If this fact stands agnosticism gets its fatal blow and must surrender her sword at the feet of Christianity. For if God ever worked a miracle His wonders to perform, you've lost your case, such is the gauntlet I throw at the feet of all infidelity, but this is not all.

A second argument I want to produce tonight to show that unbelief is unreasonable because she asks the proving of a fact already proven is the great fact of Christ and Christ's life, and the influence of the Christ life upon mankind. Just as certain as you are a living, moving, thinking creature, just so certain you must be that something once struck this world which wasn't of it, and some one person once came here who wasn't from beneath but from above. This Man of Galilee, whose life, whose doctrine, whose works and the influence of whose works are permeating human society in every nation on the globe and every island of the sea, until even cruel skeptics today rise up with the question, Who is this man, and from where comes this influence? The question must be settled, and the unbeliever must give an explanation. The very man who died upon the cross, at whose feet the unbelieving world slung the harsh, cruel and unreasonable demand to come down from the cross, is living today. Charlemagne, the king of France, is dead and gone, Constantine the great, is no more; they founded empires at the point of the sword with armies to fight and money to expend and pens to write voluminous documents, all of which have vanished. And there's but a faint trace in history that they once were, and this man of Galilee, this ruling King is living and moving and saving the world today. Who was He? If you should tell me that you disprove the fact that there was ever a man by the name of Keeley, or any institution called Keeley Cure, I would call you un-

reasonable. There was such a man, and there is such an institution, there is such a cure. But hear me: I have a thousand times better proof that there was a man called Jesus, and a cure called Christianity that's making men better today. A few years ago in the great city of Chicago, I had the privilege of hearing the noted infidel, Robert G. Ingersoll. During the course of his remarks he said, It isn't the Bible nor Christianity that is saving the world, that the Bible is a cunningly devised novel and Christianity is the product of men, but in his explanation of certain things which Christianity had accomplished he said the country which has the most plug hats and suspenders is the country's best elevated men. Said I, "Plug hats and suspenders!" I took the speaker by the hand at the close of his address and asked him to explain for me the following incident, that as a minister of the gospel in a great city of sin, I went to the home of a man who was a drunkard, he beat his wife, abused his children, he never paid his debts, his only job was washing spittoons for a saloon, his wages about 15 to 30 cents a day, which money he used to get drunk on, and come home and abuse his wife and thrash his helpless, poor, pale little children. One day the good old mother of the home and wife made up her mind that this would have to stop, and so she said to him, "Jim, you've got me just so low, but you'll never get me any lower." And God bless a Dutch woman when she gets there, there's something doing in that house about then. She said, "I don't propose to wash for $1.50 a day for the neighbors, to run this family, and you live a drunkard. You must straighten up and be a man, you've been an infidel long enough." He was one of your sort, Mr. Ingersoll, and there was absolutely no moral standing or moral standard required. You see infidelity is destruction without any construction. You can steal a horse and be an infidel, in fact most of them do. You can tell a lie and be an infidel, you can run a saloon and be an infidel, you can beat your wife and be an infidel. Why? Because it's capable of doing these things. This old German woman knew of me and sent for me to come and get her five little girls to go to Sunday school. I went into the home, I took with me five little Bibles, I paid $2.00 apiece for them; I wanted the poor little tots to have as good a Bible as any other little child who went to Sunday school. I was marking some passages for them to read and showing them the golden text for the next Sunday's lesson and while I was about my Master's business in this home, the half-drunken father came in, found me reading the Bible to his children. He pushed me out the door and fastened the door with a burglar chain so he could just look out the crack six inches and talk to the party outside, who can't get in. He pushed my overcoat which I had left behind through the crack of the door, he tore one of the Bibles in two and threw it out the crack of the door, he then spit on my arm and said, "Take that." Well, I looked up and smiled, it was a mighty sickly smile, folks (great applause) but I did, and I said to the poor brutal man, "I could thrash the

earth with you, but I won't do it. They spit on my Savior and He took it, and I am His child and His ambassador, I must stand something too." Oh, folks, the insults that an earnest missionary gets in a great American city you don't know anything about. I left that place pale as death, sick at heart, ready to cry, but I looked the man in the face and said, "If ever you want a friend or a brother, or ever get in trouble send for me, I am your friend." I went to my home. I met a friend, a Swedish doctor, and a mighty good man too, who saw that something was the matter with me and begged me to go back and thrash the man, but I said, "No, let him alone, God will thrash him sometime." Well it seemed to be a strange prophecy for God did thrash him. Thirteen weeks from that very day a deadly disease took his oldest child away. She was his darling, his ideal, and when the cold, icy fingers of death did their work, infidelity was mighty cold, Colonel, at such a time. The man went out among his whiskey friends in whose saloons he had been washing spittoons and begged for money with which to bury his child. He succeeded in getting about $2.50. He got drunk on most of it, treated his friends with the balance, and came home intoxicated. His wife asked him where the coffin was, and why the undertaker didn't come. He said, "I tell you, Sal, my friends won't stand by me. They asked me what I had been doing with all the money I'd been making washing spittoons for the last three years." Well, she said, "Jim, you've got to go and get that young preacher, he'll help us bury our gal." But he said, "I can't do it, old woman, I spit on him." "I know you did, you brute, but even after you did he said, 'I'll be your friend.' Now you go." The man came. I was eating my dinner. The poor old sinner didn't know enough to ring the door bell. The wife had sobered him up the best she could by rubbing his spine with a coarse towel, and giving him a dose of ipecac. That's the way to fix them, women, don't you forget it. Well, he walked up to the head of the table and said, "Mister, the little gal is dead. The old woman, the gal's mother is about to go crazy. I want you to come and read a little patch out of the good book, and help us bury our gal. I am sorry I spit on you, sir, won't you forgive me?" I said, "Yes, just hold my overcoat and I'll go with you now." I went to the poverty-stricken home. The body had now been dead eighteen hours, not an undertaker nor a coffin. I could scarcely stay in the room. I said to the man, "Haven't you a coffin?" He said, "No, my friends are not standing by me." But I said, "You cannot bury your child without an undertaker, an order of burial and a coffin." I then pulled my watch to see what time of day it was, he looked at the watch. It was a gift to me from a very lovely woman and she was wealthy and had plenty more. The man seeing I carried a nice watch said, "Mister, if you are Christians, or what you say you are, you can give me that there watch and I can bury my gal, and then I'll believe you are a real Christian." Well, the first thought was to grow angry at such a demand, but the next thought was, will it save

a soul? I knew the good woman who gave it to me would not be angry, and I pulled the watch off my vest and said in as gentle a tone as I knew how to say it, "If this is your measurement of my Christianity and of my Christ, take the watch." And he took it. He went to a saloon keeper and sold it for $40. It was a solid gold watch. I supposed of course that he would pawn it so I could get the check and get it back, but there was no time to quarrel over that. He bought a coffin, a ton of coal, $2.00 worth of groceries, 50 cents worth of coffee, $2.00 worth of tobacco with the money. He came home on a coal wagon with the little coffin on his lap and all the money gone. Well that was enough to try the patience of Job, but I said, "God bless him." We buried the child, we read the Bible, an order of burial was procured as quickly as possible, and as they had no burying ground, the only spot where little Jess could be buried was the Potter's field. So we took her there. It was a cold day, the grave was scarcely finished and it was growing dark. I had a closing prayer at the city of the dead and said, "Folks we had better return and leave the body in the hands of the sexton." The mother came to me and said, "Mr. Bulgin, the home will be powerful empty tonight, little Jess is gone and Jim thinks I killed that gal, but I didn't, if anybody killed her he did. She died for the want of fuel, food and medical aid. Jim will be mighty mean to me when we get home, I'm afraid he'll get drunk. Won't you go home and stay all night with us? We haven't got much to offer you but you can help us save Jim. His heart is tender now because little Jess is gone." I said, "Yes, mother, I'll come." I went and spent the night and I slept on a bed of straw, I ate the poor food that they could provide, I held prayermeetings and read the Bible. I explained to Jim what it was to be a Christian, I told him there was a God that could keep him from drinking, I told him that there was a Savior that could save him from all sin. He believed it, he received it, he prayed, and call it what you please, Mr. Infidel, superstition, fanaticism, or sentimentality, anyhow something came into that man that day that made him stop beating his wife, abusing his children, and getting drunk. I got him a job at $3.00 a day, he filled the place well. I made the condition that the mother and wife should draw the wages. We bought them a home in the Building and Loan Association; he paid for it by installments. He's got that home today; he wears a linen collar and a white necktie; takes four little girls to Sunday school; he's usher in the church; his wife wears a smile; there's plenty to eat on the table; he's gone back to society, to business, to home, to God and to heaven. What was it? What did it? Is he a hypocrite? If so God give us four million such hypocrites. Now, Mr. Infidel, this man has a brother who is as bad as he ever was; he beats his wife and children, he won't work, he's a drunkard. Now, I want you to take a copy of the book called the Mistakes of Moses, by Robert G. Ingersoll, and another book called Tom Paine's Age of Reason, and go read them to this brother, sell your watch to

make him believe you are in earnest, sleep on a bed of straw to show him you're sincere, and when you have made him read that literature and believe that literature, till it makes him stop abusing his children, stop getting drunk, get him a job at $3.00 a day, make him a bright and happy home by reading and practicing infidelity, I'll preach infidelity and I'll throw away the Bible and give up Christianity, but I won't do it until you do. I have gone into the detail of this bit of my own experience, but I wanted to put you on the spot for the thing really happened and it's true. Oh, God, give me my Bible, give the story of the cross towering o'er the wreck of time saving sinners, making the world brighter and better. And when you get something better, brother, just let me know.

Such is my argument that unbelief is asking the proof of a fact which is already proven by the fulfillment of prophecy, and by the influence of the life of the Lord Jesus Christ upon mankind.

2. Unbelief requires that kind of proof that renders it a moral impossibility with God. You can see at a glance that any demand for demonstration which is not in harmony with the nature and character of God is an impossibility. For instance, God can't lie. If the skeptic asked God to tell a lie to prove that He is God, it would prove the reverse. God can't do an immoral thing. If these unbelieving Jews surrounding the cross of Jesus Christ and asking that He descend from the cross in order to prove that He was God had been gratified in their selfish demands this would have given proof for all time to come that He was not God, for to that hour He was born, and for that cause came He into the world. Therefore their demands were both unreasonable and impossible. What would you say of a man who had asked God to give him a blind man who would be a good critic in art, or a deaf man who would be a fine critic of music. You have made antagonistic demands. You must have an eye in the head for art, an ear in the head to enjoy, appreciate or criticize music; you must have a spiritual nature to appreciate God. Suppose I am sick tonight and send for the doctor. The doctor comes and after most careful examination pronounces my ailment typhoid fever. I am skeptical about his diagnosis and I say, "Doctor, I don't believe you understand how to diagnose my case; I don't believe you are right; I want you to prove to me that I have typhoid fever." "What kind of proof do you want, Bulgin?" I call my wife to my side and say, "Darling, give me a tablet and a lead pencil." I pass it up to the doctor and say, "Doctor, give me a mathematical demonstration of the fact that I have typhoid fever." And what would the doctor say? He'd say, "Bulgin, you fool, you're not dying with mathematics, you are dying of disease, medically termed, typhoid fever. And I can't give you a mathematical demonstration of a medical proposition. I can give you, however, a mathematical demonstration of a mathematical proposition; I can give you a musical demonstration of a

musical proposition, and a medical demonstration of a medical proposition." Each has to be demonstrated by its own inherent underlying principles governed and demonstrated by its own laws. Now let me say to you tonight, sinner, when the agnostic comes to God and asks for ocular or materialistic demonstration of a spiritual proposition, he is unreasonable in his demand and it is impossible with God to grant his request. God is a spirit and He demonstrates himself to men in a spiritual way. Therefore, "the natural man seeth not of these things, they are spiritually discerned." There are a great many things in this world which we believe in most thoroughly that we do not and cannot see. We do not see air, but we breathe it. We do not see gas, but we burn it. We do not see gravity, but we know the earth is held in place by it. The person who discards faith as an offense to his intelligence, that very same person is not able to perform the commonest acts of life without it. Is eye-sight unintelligent because it includes an act of faith? The best solution of the mystery of eye-sight, after all, is that the soul is that creature which takes the forms made on the retina of the eye, and holds them as true, while the eye passes on to one thousand other objects; sees different things and yet mirrored on the soul are the objects once perceived, while erased from the brain by a thousand other passing objects. Therefore, in our very seeing, we see by an act of faith, without faith we would only take the impressions to remain as last things in the brain, but by faith the soul takes them as more than forms. To-wit: Objects perceived complete the sensation by assigning reality to a distant object; we would call it a sense taking and making real, and after all that is faith.

Then we must notice another thing in coming to God. We must come in harmony with God, not seeking to bring God to our terms, but we must comply with His terms. Therefore, the Apostle writing to the Roman agnostic says, "Say not in thine heart, who shall ascend into heaven to bring Christ down, or who shall descend into the deep to bring Christ up?" Are you to warp and twist the Almighty to suit your selfish demands for demonstration? This would demand that God get up and get down ten thousand times a day to satisfy the human race. But no, the word is nigh thee. If you will look carefully to Matthew's and Luke's accounts of the people who surrounded this cross, you will find that they give us four separate and distinct classes of people, with four separate and distinct selfish and impossible demands.

First, we will take the common people; people who were taxed heavily to build a public building which was the pride of every Jew, their great temple. Christ in one of His public addresses once said, "Destroy this temple and I will build it in three days." He meant, as the inspired writer said, His own body, speaking of His death and resurrection. But they through their ignorance, prejudice and stupidity applied it to their public pride, the Jewish temple. They waited, however, till he was nailed to the

cross, there bleeding, dying and agonizing for the sin of the world, and then said as they surrounded that cross, "Thou that destroyest our temple and buildest it in three days, if thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross." Well, He didn't do it. Their demand was unreasonable and impossible, and filled with human selfishness. And next came the Roman soldiers, hirelings of Cæsar, receiving a salary from the Roman government. The air was full of expectancy, the Greek, the Roman, and the Jew were looking for something extraordinary to occur; the world was looking for and expecting a rising king to quiet the ferment and the fever of the nations of the earth. This led the Magi to journey far out into the desert to see the star of hope.

Now with such feeling in their breast, that possibly this man upon yonder cross is that king, the soldiers said, "We may lose our job, and Cæsar no longer reign. These strange Jewish prophets have said, 'A king shall rise from the root and offspring of David. Possibly he's the man. Come, boys, let's test him." And surrounding the cross the Roman soldiers said, "If thou art the king of the Jews, come down from the cross." Well, He didn't do it, and yet He was the king, because their demand was materialistic and unreasonable, impossible and selfish.

But we see the third class around that cross, the Jewish officials, chief priests, scribes and elders, rulers of the Jewish church, leaders of the Jewish nation, hired and paid by that nation, and set apart and consecrated by the church to look for the coming Messiah; it was their business to know Him when He should come. There were certain marks and signs of the time to guide them; there was the long prophetic story, "Possibly He's the man, and if we are so spiritually stupid as not to know Him we will be under an everlasting disgrace, and we'll lose our job. Let's test Him once," said they, and with that unreasonable, impossible and selfish demand, hear them cry, "If thou art the Christ, the anointed of God, come down from the cross." Well, He didn't do it. And why? Because as the Christ and anointed of God He was to die upon that cross in this particular manner and at this particular time. Therefore, their demand was selfish, unreasonable and impossible.

The dying thief made the fourth cry, and he represents the other class of people. His one selfish cry was, "Save thyself and us, and if thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross." OH, THAT GREAT BIG US. Self, self, little did he care for the temple question of the common people, or the kingship of Cæsar which interested the Roman soldier, nor the fulfillment of prophecy which was interesting the chief priests, He who was dying in his own skin, suffering for his sin, to be relieved from bodily, physical suffering. Let me use you God, if you are God, save thyself and us.

Here's a picture, beloved, and I want you all to catch it tonight. It's the battle of Petersburg, General Grant is leading the forces of the north, General Lee is commanding the forces of the south. On yonder courthouse

at Petersburg waves the southern flag. The two armies are drawing up in battle array. A skeptic, one of your modern American agnostic, infidel, free thinkers, runs up to General Grant and says, "General, are you the man for the place? Do you understand military government? Are you familiar with war tactics? In case General Lee gives you flank movement, do you understand how to throw off his attack? Suppose he breaks through your middle rank, do you understand filling up the breach? Are you sure you are the man for the place?" General Grant fastens his piercing eye upon the skeptic and says, "My friend, I didn't get to the head of this army on speculation or political compliments but by a series of successes in former days and at other places, proving myself step by step at every contended point. So have I come to this strategic hour. My position would indicate that I know something of military life." "But that doesn't do me at all," says the skeptic, "if you are the man for the place I want proof." "What kind of proof?" says General Grant. "I want you to divide your army into two squads," says the skeptic, "and I want you to call one General Lee's squad, and one General Grant's. I want you to put the best general you have over one squad, and you take the other. I want you to go into a meadow back from Petersburg fifteen miles in the valley and enter a sham battle. In case Mr. Lee's imaginary army gives you a flank movement, let me see you handle your forces, in other words, prove to me by a sham that you are the man for the place." What would General Grant say? "Skeptic, you're a fool, this is no time for sham, this is business. Don't you hear the keen, piercing sound of the fife; don't you hear the roll of the kettle drum?" "Yes." "Don't you know the moment I disarrange my men and enter sham battle I prove to all the world that I am not the man for the place when the main battle is on? You are foolish in your demand." And General Grant turning a deaf ear to the cry of such a fool shouts, "Forward! march!" and I hear the roll of the drum, the piercing music of the fife, the keen crack of the rifle, the roar of cannon, I see the boys in blue as they make one grand charge on Petersburg. And as the sun is setting amidst the groans of dying soldiers, and the cry of homesick soldier boys, the southern flag is lowered, and Old Glory, the star spangled banner, waves over the court house of Petersburg tonight. The main battle is fought, and the victory is won. And the best demonstration of His fitness as a Savior was given in the way He ignored the foolish demands of unbelief when my Lord and your Lord was hanging on the cruel tree, there bleeding and dying and agonizing for the sin of the world. The skeptic was there, the unbeliever was there, and with the unreasonable demand they said, "If you are the man for the place, the captain and general of the armies of heaven against the host of hell, enter sham battle and prove to us by the sham that you are the man for the place." Well, he didn't be-

cause he couldn't do it. But as God He fought the main battle, He bowed His sacred head and cried, "It is finished." And thank God for all the world to come, the best demonstration that the world can ever have, is that victory of our Conquering King. Oh, unbeliever, see your foolishness!

I was holding meetings not long ago in a western city, where an agnostic lawyer was present in a service. I had delivered ten straight lectures on the evidences of Christianity, and as the pastors had asked me not to draw the net, nor take an expression from the people as to who were saved or lost, who were on the way to heaven or who were on the way to hell, but to give them ten straight lectures, at the close of which, I was to ask men who decided to be Christians and if moved by the teaching, to come and meet us in the lecture room, and make a quiet, private confession. I acceded to their request, and did so.

I asked the ladies to go to the ladies' parlor and meet the ministers' wives; I asked the men only to come with myself and the ministers. I pronounced the benediction and started immediately for the lecture room to meet the men. Fifteen men and one woman came. I didn't ask for any woman to come our way, but it's funny what they will do anyway sometimes. This lady who came was a wealthy Scotch woman, a widowed mother with an only son, who was sent off to a state university with the prayer and hope that he might be a minister of the gospel, but he came back an infidel and an agnostic, as the result of some liberal teaching of materialistic evolution. And let me say right here tonight, I'd rather my boy would grow up to be as ignorant as a horse than to have his soul damned by the false teachings of some of the professors of our state universities. Unproven theories cannot take the place of established revealed Christianity, neither can your evolution account for the spiritual nature of man and the character and influence of the character of the Lord Jesus Christ. But John, this widow's son, started for the inquirer's room, and the old mother was so happy she came with him.

I locked the door of the room that we might not be disturbed, and began to talk to the fifteen men, and one by one I let them talk. We had gone the rounds, I believe, and all difficulties were removed to their own satisfaction, for they had said, "We see the truth, and we are ready to surrender to God." I said, "Then let's kneel in prayer and tell God all about it." Fourteen men and one woman knelt, but one man didn't kneel. He was a cold-blooded southern agnostic lawyer, he came in half to criticize and half to investigate. He eyed me with the most satanic look that I ever saw on mortal man. I walked over to him and said, "My brother, what is your difficulty? Why don't you kneel? What are you waiting for?" He straightened back his great proud form, shrugged his shoulders and said, "Bulgin, if there's anything in this and your God hears and answers prayers,

all of you ministers concentrate your prayers right now on that bunch of electric lights up there, and ask God to blow it out, and if He does, in answer to your prayer, then you can come and pray for me, but not until then." What a demand! What foolishness! What materialism! If we had prayed and the lights had gone out he would declare to his dying day that somebody cut the wire, at least he would not have given God the credit for it. I put my hand over my eyes and prayed for God to make me gentle, keep me sweet, and not to get into a pitched battle of theological and agnostic swordsmanship. It was no time for such when fourteen sincere seekers were on their knees before God. While I was thus in prayer the old Scotch mother, believing, I suppose, that the lawyer was too much for me, and he shut me up, walked across the lecture room, got in front of the agnostic and pointing her old crooked, bony finger right at the point of his nose said, "Look here, mister, the Almighty God does not advertise Himself or His system by blowing out lights, He does it by blowing lights in. You want us to blow a light in you?" Walking back and putting her arm around her son she said, "Never mind, John, the old fool doesn't know what he is talking about anyhow. God will blow a light in him." The next night He did, for the agnostic came to God in God's way, surrendered his will, tested spiritual things in a spiritual way, and God spoke peace to his soul.

If you come to God, my brother, you must come to Him in His own way. That's why the selfish demands at the cross of Jesus Christ utterly failed.

III. The third and last proposition: unbelief is unreasonable because it asks that kind of evidence that renders it impossible to doubt, and hence salvation by faith out of question. You can't have faith where it is not possible to doubt, but as the author of Hebrews says faith puts substance into the thing I hope for. No man can use faith in the multiplication table. Two and two don't make four by faith, but two and two are four in fact. But did you ever know a man who developed character by multiplication?

God's plan for saving the world is a plan that will build character. Let us look at the consistency of this wonderful plan of faith. It's in harmony with God, for God is a spirit and faith is a spiritual avenue, to a spiritual being from a being with spiritual capabilities and susceptibilities. A spark of God is in me and by the breath of the Almighty, I am. There must be a line of knowing Him, in perfect harmony with Him, and faith is that line. In the second place, faith is consistent, not only with God but with the universal need of the world. There are all kinds and conditions of people to meet, the young and the old, the learned and the unlearned, a brain of the philosopher and the men of the masses, all alike must know God. If the eye of the intellect is the way to see God, then God is unfair and unreasonable, unless He gives every man a great intellect. If the human eye is to

see God, then God is by nature bound in duty to see that no man is ever blind. If the human ear must hear His audible voice, then God cannot allow a man to be deaf. If the human brain is to reason out God, then God must see to it that there are no fools or idiots. If man by reasoning must find out God, then the little child must be damned. Don't you see how cold blooded and unreasonable the skeptic is who demands that men must know God through the reason? But hear me, beloved, the eye of the intellect never can see God, it takes the eye of faith to see Him. Here the rich and the poor, the young and the old, the learned and the unlearned alike can believe and live. Oh, thank God for the thought. Faith in the third place is consistent with free moral agency, man is free to act, to choose. God has inaugurated and planned in perfect harmony with that God-given thing in man, FREE WILL. He lays the evidence before you and says, "Reach out the hand of faith and see that it is I, believe and you shall receive, taste and see that the Lord is good."

A few years ago in a western state I was asked to preach a funeral sermon for a very dear and worthy German citizen. His own pastor was sick abed and he asked me to officiate at his funeral. Two of the daughters in this home had been converted in my meetings in the past week, and their request was, that if their own pastor couldn't be present, would I not come and preach and have Mrs. Bulgin sing. Their father's favorite song was one of Ira D. Sankey's old, old hymns, "Go Bury Thy Sorrow the World Has Its Share." It was a very cold day, ten degrees below zero, and a five mile drive with snow about one foot deep on the dead level, but my wife and I gladly made the trip.

When we reached the old country German church there were five hundred sorrowing Germans to mourn the loss, and a family of eleven who felt it keenest, and most; two whole seats were filled with the mourners, the relatives and family. The widow had no arm to lean upon as all her children, save one, had married off. The boys were there with their wives and children, the married daughters were there with their husbands and little ones. The widow sat lonely and heart broken. On the further end of a long, old-fashioned pew sat a young man about twenty years of age with his hat on. The first thought was to go and ask him to remove his hat, and then I remembered it was an old German custom in New York state for the male members at a funeral to wear their hats as an object of the fact that they were kin folks of the deceased, and so I said nothing. But I noticed the other boys had removed their hats. I preached my sermon, and my wife sang the solo. Then came that trying hour when loved ones say good-by. One by one the old Germans came down the aisle and looking the deceased straight in the face called him by name out loud and said good-by. Then came that awful ordeal when the family said good-by, little children wept,

sons and daughters cried. Then came the most trying moment when the old, wrinkled faced German mother stood alone over the coffin and bade her companion good-by. She had no arm upon which to lean, her support was gone, and her sons and daughters had families of their own, save one, the one who wore his hat.

My wife asked me to step from the pulpit and support the widow by the arm, and I did. So after a long, long time of sorrowing and sobbing, I led her to her seat. I turned to look back at the casket and the undertaker was closing the lid. I said to him, "Wait just a minute, this young man with his hat on is one of the mourners, he has not seen his father." He said, "No, Bulgin, don't bother him, we will have a scene in the house today for that boy is blind, he was born blind." And I said, "That's hardly right, wait a moment, blind though he may be, he may want to tell his father good-by." I walked to the poor boy, took him by the arm and said, "Charley, do you want to tell your father good-by?" He said, "Oh, yes, Mr. Bulgin, don't bury Pa until I can tell him good-by." I called the undertaker to open the lid and slide down the little glass, which he did. Then it would have broken a heart of stone had you been there and seen that magnificent, tall, handsome youth, bending over his father's dead face and feeling of his cheek, then of his mouth, then of his eyes, and then around the chin, and then he finally laid his slim warm hand on the cold cheek of his father, and as the tears ran down from the sightless sockets of the poor boy he burst into sobs and said, "Good-by Father, I know it's you, I know it by the touch. I shall some day see you in the land beyond the sky where death can never come and there'll be no blind eyes."

It was a beautiful thought, a blind boy feeling for his father. My sinner friend, if you will reach out the hand of faith and touch the great heaving, throbbing heart of God you will feel the divine tug. Like the blind boy who flew his kite and said, "I can't see it, but I love to feel the tug." Feel for Him tonight, and you shall know Him. God bless you. Amen.

CHAPTER V. THE MAN OF GALILEE

"Was Jesus Divine?"

Isaiah 9:6—"*And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.*"

This text is a prophecy. And following the far-off star of hope as Israel did in looking for the Messiah to come, Simeon, one day waiting in the temple took in his arms the strange little baby brought there by a sweet young mother whose life was as pure and beautiful as a morning lily kissed by the morning dew. There was Simeon with his long, silvery hair, who knew by the Spirit that this was the Son of God they had waited so long for —Israel's hope, and he pressed the baby in his arms and said: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word: For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people . . . the glory of Thy people Israel." The prophetic vision of Isaiah was fulfilled. What man is there in this crowd, in this growing city of New Mexico, that would not like to have had the blessed privilege that old Simeon had of taking the Baby of Bethlehem, the Prince of Peace and King of Kings, Lord of Lords, the God and Creator of the Universe, in your arms and press Him to your bosom? Wouldn't it be a privilege? We all love an innocent baby, anyhow, and I can scarcely keep my hands off them when I see their mothers rolling them in their little carriages down the street. Of all privileges, the greatest is to press the loving Son of God to your bosom. Simeon had such a privilege. Yet I want to say to you, dear men and women, you have the same privilege tonight by a living faith in the living Son of God, the Resurrected Savior. You can tonight press Him home to your heart and take Him out of here with you, your companion for all your life. What a privilege! God grant that you may use it and make it yours. As I look into this crowd I see a picture of prophecy and see God's inspired men looking far off into the future and telling us of future events; I am reminded of what Peter said when he had exhausted every other argument to convince men of the divinity of Christianity and the divine reality of the Bible. He put the crowning touch to his argument when he said, "And we have a more sure word of prophecy." So the Apostle Peter put the argument of the fulfillment of prophecy ahead of every argument for believing Christianity is divine and the Bible inspired. When I pick up the book and read of old Jerusalem, the seat of Jewish hope and pride, that she shall some day fall and not one stone shall be left upon

another, when I read that sad picture of the fall of Jerusalem and the destruction thereof, I am reminded that the prophet saw a vision spiritually. When I pick up the Bible and read, "And thou, Babylon, shall be overthrown"—shall fall at a certain time, and in a certain year and in a certain month on a certain day in that month and year, and the army that besieges her shall ride down the streets dry shod—how unlikely it looks, how unreasonable—for old Babylon's streets were running with water where the barges and boats would unload their commerce. And yet one of God's messengers, three hundred years before Babylon ever fell, described the scene exactly where the army should wade down the streets dry-shod. Unreasonable and unlikely, yes! But the book was sealed, God's hand guarded that book. Years and years rolled by, 350 of them, and Darius besieged Babylon, and the river was sent down another channel and the army walked down the streets of Babylon dry-shod, and Belshazzar, that splendid king who opened the feast with wine and music and desecrated the house of God by sending for the communion set to use at the feast, the king with his seven hundred wives and illegitimate women was there. The feast was opened at sundown with wine and music, but that feast was transformed into a tragedy of the dying blood, groans for music and human gore for wine, and Babylon fell that day in the very same way that God's prophet said it would fall. Was that accident? Was that good guess work? Or am I to believe that God inspired that book to be written on the papyrus roll of the ancients, and that God guarded the book, and that the writer was moved by the Holy Ghost? Thus we have given you a little review of some of the great prophecies regarding the mere facts of the rising and falling of kingdoms. I go tonight for my text to the marvelous seer, Isaiah. He is following the star of the hope of Israel's coming Messiah, he picked up his pen and wrote, "His name shall be Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God and Everlasting Father, and the Ruling Prince in the Realms of Peace." I thank God for that four-fold prophecy. Four-fold I say, because each part of my sermon is designated in the text, and I shall call your attention tonight to these four names given by this prophet to the Man of Galilee, that were fulfilled in Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God. I am indebted, in my studies upon the life of Jesus Christ to such men as Fowler, that grand and noble character of the Southern Methodist church, Bishop Haygood and that glorious man, Bushnell, before his intellect was poisoned by liberal views. And as I deal with this text tonight and speak of the Prince of Peace, I shall speak of Him out of my own heart and from what I have gleaned from reading and studying other men. I can say first of all, after years of agnosticism and skepticism, after careful study I was led to Jesus Christ when I saw him as a matchless character, rising head and shoulders among men who lived before Him and all men living at this day,

and I verily believe He stands above all men that will ever live if this world should stand a million years. He is so big and so great that we cannot measure Him with the measuring rod by which we measure other characters. Therefore my conclusions are, that if Jesus of Nazareth was a man we are bound to surpass Him. If He was God we are bound to obey Him. Take your ultimatum. If Jesus of Nazareth was the product of the energies of the flesh, if He was merely a man as men are produced today, shame on you that you have not produced a better one! If you are living in a more marvelous age, surrounded with greater opportunities, then you are ridiculous to say He was a man, for if He was a man you are bound to surpass Him. But if He was God you are bound to obey Him. Now, I want to take these four names given to Him by the prophet. "His name shall be called Wonderful." What is a wonder? Webster says "something happening out of the natural order of events" and gives in his unabridged dictionary an illustration of what he calls a wonder. He says "a calf with two heads is a wonder." It is not to me now, for I have seen two genuine specimens of living calves with two heads. I have seen in the museums of Chicago and New York thirteen genuine specimens, mounted and stuffed, of calves with two heads, and I have ceased to wonder. Science has an explanation to offer. But I have a real wonder. It never happened before and never will happen again: "Unto us a child is born: his name was Wonderful;" in all the nations of the earth His name was Wonderful, in the islands of the sea His name is Wonderful. We have what we call today the Seven Wonders of the World; I have seen most of them. The Natural Bridge in Virginia, the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, the Giant's Causeway in old Ireland, Niagara Falls in New York and Canada. These things are wonderful. I stood at the mouth of the Grand Canyon of Arizona, one of the seven wonders of the world, and it seemed as if all the richest colors of an artist's imagination had been turned loose in that one spot under God's direction. I wept as I looked into that great canyon. I said: "Wonderful, wonderful." God pity the man whose soul is not stirred as he looks into these things. Why, I stood within fifty steps of the entrance to the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. I said to an old farmer: "It's wonderful to live here within a few steps of one of the seven wonders of the world, isn't it?" He said, as he stopped and looked up, "Where can a party see any wonder?" I said: "The Natural Bridge. People come to see it from New York, Tennessee, Kentucky, and from all over the world—just to gaze on it. Do you own a farm here?" "I do." "And do you see that bridge every day?" "I do, and see nothing wonderful in it." Well, I confess I had the starch taken out of me. I said there and then, "O distance, how thou dost lend enchantment!" I went up to the Mammoth Cave—spent three weeks exploring it, stayed at a hotel where they charged me six dollars a day. While I was

there I visited an old farmer named Uncle Jim, and I said to him, "It's wonderful to live so close to the Mammoth Cave, isn't it?" He said he didn't know, he had been so busy with his crops that he had never been over to see it. But let me tell you something. A few years ago I had a mare I didn't need. Her name was Fanny. I said to my wife, "I am going to sell Fanny so as to see the wonders of the world." She said, "All right, where are you going?" "I am going to see Niagara Falls." So I just sold Fanny and put the money in my pocket, and when I got up to Canada and was within seven miles of the Falls, I stayed all night in the country. I said to a neighbor, "What a privilege to live so close to Niagara Falls, that it cost me $125.00 to come and see." He said, "I have been so busy cutting up wood for heating the stoves that I have really never been down, but I am going to go down one day and take the old woman and children and look at it. I said, "How long have you lived here?" He said, "Five years." Been there five years and had never seen Niagara Falls! But to get back to Uncle Jim in Kentucky: In talking about the seven wonders of the world I learned that he had gone all the way from Kentucky to the Canadian line to see Niagara Falls, the far-off wonder, and had marveled, and yet he had lived so close to the Mammoth Cave and had never seen it! Yes, distance lends enchantment! But when you have gone to all of these wonders and taken science to aid you; the Giants' Causeway has been explained by scientists, there are fifteen explanations of how the stones got there; the Mammoth Cave has a scientific cause, and the same of the Natural Bridge in Virginia; all these can be explained under natural law. But beloved, I have come to greet this audience tonight with the only wonder the world has ever seen, and a wonder so great that if the world stood a million years it would never see it again. Hear it: "Unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given and His name is Wonderful." In viewing this picture tonight I call your attention to the first argument as we look at the wonder of the Babe of Bethlehem.

First: He is so marvelously and wondrously portrayed to the world, that either He must have been there, a real character in history, or a man has been able to imagine Him, and to imagine Him in His harmonious relations and harmonious proportions to what God is and what God ought to be, we must stand and gaze at that as a greater miracle. To admit that Matthew, Mark, Luke and John created the character and gave it out as a kind of novel, all imagining the same idea, would be preposterous, for they were four ignorant, unlettered fishermen. In the dark days of literature, for them to create a character so perfectly original and absolutely in harmony with what God is and what He ought to be—Impossible! The second wonder about it: He is the only character that ever lived in all the world that was absolutely innocent; as a child absolutely innocent; as a man abso-

lutely innocent. Will you mark the fact that in the creation of this character that is so wonderful, His mother is either the foulest of women or the sweetest of maidens. Either He is the product of the energies of the flesh, and if so then the mother of Jesus Christ was a bad woman, or He is the product of God Almighty's Spirit, and the Holy Ghost is His Father; then we have a natural, plausible, reasonable explanation of this miracle. While man objects to the miraculous conception of our Lord and says he cannot accept it because it is a miracle, that is the best and biggest argument for the divinity of the whole character and life of Christ; it is exactly what I would expect of God to be able to do. Buddha, Confucius, Mahomet, and all other heathen writers and founders of religious systems had natural fathers and mothers and laid no claim to divine origin in the dawn of their characters and their bodies in human history. But when we confront Christianity we are asked to swallow a miracle at the very dawn of Christianity, and that is in perfect harmony with God and with what God did do. "Behold a Wonder"—in that you are asked to believe a miracle at the very dawn of Christianity. I say it is in harmony with God.

In the third place, He is the only character in all the world whose childhood was lived in harmony with, and perfectly blended with the facts in the case, for God is back of this whole movement. How hard it is for the world to picture a perfectly innocent childhood, and blend it in perfect harmony with what a divine God ought to be and ought to do. Contrast the story here written by Matthew, Mark, Luke and John under the inspired hand of God, with the characters written in the Book of Maccabees and other apocryphal writings, where they thought that the character pictured by the inspired hand was not great enough, not big enough, and you will find in some of these other writings where Jesus went to school, and when an old lady undertook to whip Him He looked at her and she turned into a pillar of salt. What an unlikely story, that as a child in school He would call on divine power and waste divine energy just to confound a teacher and work a miracle of destruction upon an innocent one. It is unlike Him. In the Book of Maccabees you will find a picture of Him playing with boys and He made mud pies and His mud pies got on wheels and ran over their pies and cut them to pieces! Other writers represent Him as making birds out of clay and the birds took wings, and so on, till the boys refused to play with Him. Do you believe these stories? I am frank to tell you I don't, for they are clumsy and out of harmony with what God ought to be and what He ought to do. Now, how beautifully and symmetrically the real story is blended, in what perfect harmony, in the gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. "And the child grew." At twelve years of age He is able to dispute with the doctors and confound them—doctors of law, leaders politically and socially, about seventy in number, listen to a twelve-year-

old boy as He reasons with them out of the Scriptures and confounds them. And you don't hear it said that one single doctor called Him down for being "smart" or bigoted, but holy love and awe fill the minds of those old saints on the board of the Sanhedrin, and this twelve-year-old boy fills their hearts with reverence and fear. Let the average boy go into a senatorial assembly and vaunt his knowledge, and they would say, "the boy is too precocious," or "too smart." But they didn't do that with the Man of Galilee. At thirty years of age he walks out to the river Jordan, and is there introduced as the Lamb of God. In His three brief years of ministry every work, every word, every sermon, and all of His blessed life is in perfect harmony with what God ought to do and what God ought to be. Behold a Wonder!

I call your attention in the next place to the fact that He comes to the world tonight as a conquering king, holding sway over all the islands of the world, and the rule of this conquering Jesus moves forward tonight, conquering in the hearts of millions of the human family. I want you to notice He is penniless, penless and swordless, without a pen, without money and without a sword He comes forth to conquer. Alexander wrought mightily by the sword; he brought back at one single time a thousand camels laden with gold and precious stones, but he had swords and armories and he conquered men and founded empires at the point of the sword. But this Man of Galilee who holds sway tonight in the hearts of millions of the human family—King of kings, Lord of lords, founded His empire without a sword. He never allowed it (a sword) to be used. One of His followers tried it, and cut off the ear of one of His enemies, but Christ put up His hand and put back the ear on that enemy. He said, "Put up that sword, I have founded an empire of Love." Charlemagne, after he conquered France, was almost forgotten. Napoleon Bonaparte conquered and founded a mighty empire, and died on the island of St. Helena, almost forgotten. But here stands an empire tonight of a conquering man without a sword. But notice another thing. He was a penniless man—never had a dollar to pay poll-tax with and never did pay poll-tax until a fish coughed up money to do it with. "Does a subject pay tribute to a king?" "Very good, then I am not going to violate the law; I believe in loyalty to Cæsar, but I don't have to pay my poll-tax as an ordinary man does it; they will say I have bowed to Cæsar and acknowledged him a greater king; I can't do it; my kingdom is not of this world." They go and fish and God Almighty makes the fish cough up the money to pay the tax for His Son. Have you noticed that miracle is in perfect harmony with the life of the Son of God? Without money he founded an empire. Charlemagne, Augustine, Alexander, Napoleon and other mighty conquerors have gone forward and conquered, but they were backed up with gold and silver. But the Man of Galilee goes forward to conquer without a penny, and His kingdom holds sway tonight.

Not only was he swordless and penniless, but he was penless—he never wrote a word except in the sand and we are not absolutely sure what that was, and except for the manuscripts discovered a few years ago we never would have known what Jesus wrote in the sand. But He never wrote a single word with the pen. Did you ever notice that fact, and how it is in favor of the genuineness of the eternal spirit of the Kingdom? Earthly emperors have written volumes to regulate their people when they had founded their empires, but the Man of Galilee writes His law upon the hearts of twelve Galilean fishermen, and down from those simple-minded, great hearted chosen men He sends down through all the ages the principles of His Kingdom that will conquer the world. But I want you to notice the life that He lived, not only His accomplishments—without pen and without money and without sword—but look at the life He lived. Today He stands head and shoulders above all the characters that ever lived; so great is that Man today that we bow before Him and cry: "Thou art a wonder we cannot explain, O Man of Galilee, by the lines and measuring rods with which we measure all men. Your life, O Jesus, O Man of Galilee, is in perfect harmony with what you should be if you are God." See His life! You are not able to touch it. You are not able to live one-thousandth part up to the standard given by that life. Look at the character He attained, the depth of character. Oh that word "character"—it is one of the many words that have come to us by evolution. The word "character" used to mean a kind of chisel to form clay, or to chisel marble. When a man was forming a figure out of marble, they would say, "See with what a fine *character* he is working." Then we dropped it in that connection, because the word seemed to be so choice that it ought to have a greater meaning, and the word was used to refer to the thing produced by man rather than to the thing he produced *with,* and they would say "he produced a fine character," and it evolved so as to always stand for the thing produced by the chisel. And now we have dropped the use of it in its application to marble and clay, and it now stands supremely as a representation of a man who is a good man or a woman who is a good woman. What do we mean when we say a man has a "good character?" We mean he has been chiseled out right. And oh, my God, the chiseling process that every man has to undergo to become a man of good character, with faults here and faults yonder, and we smooth off the rough corners here and there and after years of hardship and trials in this wicked old world a man at last is formed (chiseled), and is called a man of character. But you can't apply it to Jesus Christ in that sense. Why, He never chiseled off anything from His character. There were no seams in the granite or marble of His life that had to be thrown out, but He stands supremely tonight head and shoulders above all men who ever lived—true to the vision of Isaiah we see Him—"A root out

of dry ground." We don't expect a root to grow in dry ground. Christ came in the most unlikely manner, at the most unlooked for time. Why? What was there back of Christ to produce Him. If, as the evolutionist would make us believe, Christ was evolved, what was back of Him, and why doesn't evolution produce another? Let your evolutionist answer that. But I want you to take Him again in relation to the doctrine He taught. His doctrine stands today as the simplest and purest of all doctrines. It is the Sermon on the Mount, with its blessed beatitudes and principles, that today regulates the world. In the 15th chapter of Luke we read the blessed words that fell from His lips, as yonder He ate with publicans and sinners, that would revolutionize society, purify politics and save the world, if we would practice them. Oh, what a teacher! Truly did men say, and well may they say it, that He spake as never man spake. His doctrines today stand above and beyond the teachings of all the sages of the Orient, of all philosophers. Aristotle and Plato may philosophize and reason, but they never reach the sublime heights to which this Man of Galilee attained when He said: "Love your enemies; pray for them that despitefully use you." The highest conception of the sage was to love those that love you—but the publicans and sinners do that, can attain that standard. But the Man of Galilee threw open the Eternal Gates of Glory and soared beyond the stars, from the natural to the supernatural, when He cried out: "Love your enemies," for this is a divine standard. Behold a wonder! What a teacher!

I want you to notice in the next place His works. Well may the Man of Galilee say to the cruelest critic, "If you don't believe me, the works that I do testify that I am from above"—and they were astounded at His works. But He never called upon divine energy to curse His enemies. Yet John, the beloved disciple, so loved by you Masons as a standard of the sweet spirit of manhood—yet John suggests calling down fire from heaven and burning out the enemy. But Christ replied: "The Son of Man is not come to destroy men but to save them." And yonder, when in agony of soul, when spat upon and buffeted and struck by the fists of those poor, miserable, selfish men, He could have used divine power and smitten them to earth with the thunder-peals of his wrath, could have called twelve legions of angels to His side. Yet the Man of Galilee, with all power to work miracles, never called upon divine energy to curse His enemies. I have often thought that if we had the power of God, we would make some of our enemies get up and dust right here in Clovis—men who would crush the church. I know I would. For instance, you take the saloon power today. The saloon would destroy the church if it could, and the church could destroy the saloon if it would. Put that down. And yet there are times when I have sometimes felt, "Why doesn't God use the eternal thunder-peal of His wrath and blast out of existence that evil in the form of the organized saloon. But I see on second

thought that God's love and wisdom and power are in perfect poise, and that it wouldn't do for God to endow a man with His own power, without also giving with it the same wisdom and love that God himself has. Then in all the miracles of this man of Galilee, I call your attention to the fact that they are in perfect harmony with what the divine God ought to do and ought to be.

Notice again His resurrection from the dead—the greatest miracle of all miracles. When that Easter tomb is burst asunder and that triumphant king comes out the resurrected Son of God, there again is a wonder so great that the world stands abashed and foiled before it as we look at it today, for the church of Christ was established upon the fact that Jesus Christ arose from the dead, and that is the credential of His divinity. Behold that wonder! But I ask you to notice another, that is, the influence of His life today upon mankind. Oh, thank God for such a wonder that today there is a power coming out from the throne of heaven, from the Eternal God, that can make men better the world over. Look at His influence. What has it done for woman? It has made her nobler and purer and better. What has it done for men? It has made them stronger and nobler men. The doctrine of Christianity has transformed society and lifted society; thank God for this wonder! I was holding meetings in California a few years ago. There was a banker in that city. He was an agnostic. He didn't believe there was anything in it, as we would put it—absolutely nothing in it—Christianity is mere sentimentalism. There was in that city a drayman, as wicked and low a vagabond as God ever let live. He had killed one or two old dray horses in a drunken fit, and the Humane Society had him arrested twice. He owed this banker a large sum of money, and he never would pay, and always dodged the banker, and wouldn't pay his debts at all. That man would beat his wife, kick his children and pound his horses till you could see his horses going down the street with the blood running from their poor old bones. He got arrested so often that everyone thought it would be best to accidentally shoot that fellow. I got to talking to him one day, and that drayman said, "Bulgin, do you think God could do anything with ME?" I said, "Yes, if you will let Him." He said, "Nobody in this town has got a kind word for me." I told him, "Why, you don't deserve it, you have been so mean to your wife." (That wife had a harelip, the result of the man's fist in a drunken fit. His little children would see him coming home and they would scoot off and get through the paling round the garden, where they kept a plank loose for the purpose so that they could run through and get away from father when they saw him coming home drunk). Old Will, God pity him; I felt sorry for him. But one night I preached upon this text: "Jesus Christ came to save the chief of sinners." He says, "If that is so, I am one of them," and bless God, he was converted,

regenerated—call it what you please—the man was made better. The next day I was in the bank, and I said to the banker, "Have you got your money from Old Will?" He says, "No, and I don't expect to ever get it." I said, "Yes you will, he has been converted." He says, "Oh, there is nothing in that—that is just sentimentalism—a man doesn't get converted in a day." I said, "Let's go and see him." He says, "All right, we will take a ride out in my automobile." When we got there, there was poor old Will with a tub of soapsuds, and I knew what that meant, Old Will was washing the horse, and with his tongue out that old horse was smiling at him; he says, "Thank God you got religion." I heard the old horse say it. His good wife with harelip, was sewing. She says, "See him now! It carries me back to the day at the wedded altar when we promised to be one together. Here is little Jane watching Father—she is not afraid of him now." I said, "How about it, Mr. Banker?" He said, "Bulgin, this is too much for me, get me away from here or I will get it myself." We got down on our knees in that front yard and we prayed, and the old horse was singing, "Glory to God for Will's salvation," and what a prayermeeting we had! I jumped in the automobile and said to the banker, "How about it?" He said, "I can't explain the change." That man paid every honest debt and paid the banker, got his children to Sunday school and became a respected citizen of that community, added three more teams to his dray business, is patronized by all the good people in that community. What did it? Christianity. Behold the wonder of Jesus today transforming society.

But we will take it now in the next name—I am so glad Isaiah didn't confine himself to one name. He said, "His name is Counsellor." Dr. Blackstone (Webster) says "Counsellor means 'one who gives good counsel,'" and we know that Dr. Blackstone was a great counsellor. How do we know it? By the counsel he left. I wouldn't have any hesitancy in saying to this intelligent audience that I believe Blackstone is one of the mightiest counsellors who ever lived, because we have got his counsel in our commentaries of law. The prophet says that this Man of Galilee should be a counsellor. Was He or not? How are you going to settle it? See what kind of counsel He gave; watch it unfold like a rosebud. In the first place He never held a one-sided view in His life. He was the only character, the only teacher who ever lived and gave counsel to the world that always saw all of the truth, and never saw just a part of the truth. You can't say as much for any other teacher who ever taught. When Mr. Barnum went to Europe he let five blind men "see" an elephant. One of the blind men said, "The elephant is like a wall." One of the others got hold of the elephant by the trunk, and said, "The elephant is like a tree;" another got him by the tusk, and said, "Those men lied to me, the elephant is like a beer bottle," as he was feeling the smooth surface of the tusk. Another got the elephant by the

tail, and he says, "The other fellows are wrong, the elephant is like a rope or wire." Then the other one got hold of the elephant's ear, and thought they were all wrong. (Some men can't see anything bigger than their business; they will even break a combine of closing the stores during a revival meeting—they fear the loss of a dollar; and by-and-by they get as stingy as the man who used the wart on his neck for a collar button.) Yes, all these were angles of the truth. Notice, beloved, that they all saw part of the truth about the elephant. But part of the truth is the worst kind of error in the world; you can't find any worse error in the world than getting part of the truth. But the Man of Galilee never held a one-sided view; He saw all sides of the truth, and you can't say as much for any other teacher. I want you to notice Him again: He never raised a party feeling in this world—nobody ever asked Him to join a "party." When great principles are being discussed in a community, such as civic righteousness, men will say, "Well, how will it affect my party?" But Christ taught publicly, privately and constantly, and no men ever asked Him to join their party. Why? He was too big for any party—they would not dare get Him in any one. There were five political parties in those days. The Jewish party was divided into two—Sadducees and Pharisees. And then, besides, the whole world was in a fever and ferment looking for some king and for some extraordinary happenings; and yet with all that the Man of Galilee never disturbed a party feeling in anybody; nobody asked Him to join their party. Why? He had all of the truth and they had only part, and they wouldn't dare to have Him inside, lest the part they didn't have would be unfolded upon them. Behold a wonder! Now again, these Jews had hundreds of superstitious ideas. They were pretty nearly as bad as we folk in North Carolina. You know they are very superstitious down there. I was superstitious when a boy and carried a buck-eye in my pocket to keep away hoodoos and kept a rabbit foot in every pocket for good luck. If you drop a dish-rag in the morning, somebody is coming. If a rooster crows on the doorstep you are going to have callers. If you hear a bell tolling in your right ear somebody is going to die, and it is going to be a male; if in the left ear it will be a female member of your family and they will die within thirty days. If you hear a whippoorwill holler in your house somebody will die in a few days. If a rabbit crosses the road in front of you, you must go back and cross again or you will have bad luck. We had a colored man on our farm who wouldn't cut sassafras wood " 'case it's bad luck, Mrs. Bulgin." Father said, "Go on Uncle Peter, and cut the wood." "I can't do it 'case your cow will die—it's again my religious principles." He was an old-fashioned, hard-shelled Baptist. Father says, "Oh, go along! I'll cut the sassafras wood." And Father cut the wood and we burned it that night. Uncle Peter came to work next day (I remember we had pancakes for breakfast) and put

the cow in the cow lot, and when we passed there the cow was down with murrain and died that night; it actually did, and Uncle Peter said, "There, Mr. Bulgin, didn't I tell you so!" But the sassafras wood never killed old Sooky. Why, she had the murrain, or murr, and the doctors say that the incubating period of murrain is like smallpox—it must have nine days for the germs to hatch out and become fatal. But you couldn't make Uncle Peter believe that. Now, that is a sample of some of the superstitions of some of our folks in the South. Some of you the other day told me you wouldn't go and sit at table with thirteen—that occurred the other day. Some of you won't take No. 13 berth in a Pullman car for fear of accident. You don't blame people for having a little nonsense like that in their heads. The Jews were a little nation that were stubborn in many of these superstitious ideas, and it meant as much to them as the laws of Moses—it was stamped in their national history. Yet, here a man dawns out of that little home in Nazareth, a small village surrounded with simple minded people, and with no other advantages than those common to a little hamlet in that age and day, and yet at the age of thirty he comes forth as a great teacher and teaches the truths of God, and He never endorsed but one of their superstitions, that "A red sky at night is the shepherd's delight, and a red sky in the morning is the shepherd's warning." That is as old as the hills, but the Son of Man endorsed it when He said: "When it is red in the evening, ye say, it will be fair weather; for the sky is red. And in the morning, it will be foul weather today; for the sky is red and lowering." He endorses that one. Why? Because science proved it—it has a scientific basis. But you can't get me to swallow that the Man of Nazareth came out of that little town and at the age of thirty He was head and shoulders above the nation, that He outgrew their superstitions, and that He was the product of mere energies of the flesh. I say, as Counsellor and Teacher, behold a wonder!

But I want you to take Him again as the simplest man that ever lived, and yet a most perfect logician—perfect and logical and deep, and yet so simple that a schoolboy can understand Him. You demand any author to write a book and make it so simple that a little schoolboy of ten can master it and catch its meaning and yet that has such depth of logic, and you have a demand that can never be met in human authorship. Behold the Counsellor of Nazareth, the simplest of men and the most perfect of logicians.

Take Him again: He discloses always the essential things as counsellor and teacher, and never utters one single breath that is non-essential; He never let fall from His lips an idle word. Read histories, philosophies and teachings of law by great men, and how many idle words will you find falling from their lips. But this Man of Nazareth never uttered an idle word, never discussed a non-essential thing. You remember when a man came to

our Lord once who was bothered on the marriage rule—(A man came to me on the same thing the other day—he says, "Bulgin, I have had two wives" —he was thinking of marrying again; sometimes they marry again before their dead wives get cold—this old fellow had lost two and was thinking of another. He wanted me to explain which one would be his wife when he got to heaven. I said, "If that is bothering you, I wouldn't marry so many.") But a fellow came to Christ with that same question and said: "A man had a wife." Yes. "Then he died." (No wonder!) Well, he had a nice brother so she married him; then he died, and as there were seven brothers of them they could keep her in husbands for awhile, anyhow, so she married the next, and he died, then she tried the fourth, then the fifth; and he died; then the sixth and he died; then the seventh and last, and she died. I would have thought she would—it was time for that old lady to give up, and she died. "Now Lord, whose wife was she to be in Glory?" Notice the answer Jesus gave; in the original language it is very beautiful: In heaven we are bound by a higher and nobler tie; all earthly ties will be blended in one great heavenly bond. Then after giving that explanation he turned around and said to the old rascal, "Do you ever expect to get to heaven and how?" I believe that I love my dear mother in heaven, and I love my stepmother none the less. I have two boys, and because the second one came I do not love the first any the less. And yonder in heaven, with all earthly ties blended into one great bond, we will love on such a higher plane that these earthly bonds need not disturb us. And Jesus now turns, after explaining to them His view of that question, and lays before them a far more important subject: "Will you ever get to heaven?" I want you to notice another thing. No man was ever such a master of the art of repartee as the Man of Galilee. See Him in repartee. His enemies tried to trip Him but they never did. When Father Lambert got hold of Bob Ingersoll there never was a happier pair. All Bob needed was just somebody to match him on the basis of "answering a fool according to his folly." In one of his lectures Ingersoll spent half an hour in making fun of the Bible story of Balaam's ass. Neither a mule nor an ass can talk, yet the Bible records the vocal powers of Balaam's ass. After he had spent half an hour making fun of that, Lambert got up and said: "Ladies and gentlemen: I am not at all surprised that the Bible should record the vocal powers of an ass since we have listened to one for the last half hour." Then Ingersoll looked mad and said: "Well, I call Mr. Lambert's attention to the product of Christianity; look at the difference between us, at least." (Ingersoll was a fine, portly, 210-pound gentleman, while Lambert was a little, weazened, dried-up Irishman. It is never a good thing in a debate to refer to your opponent's physical frame or any other personality). But he says: "Look at him! He is the product of Christianity, and if he were greased all over I could swallow

him at one bite." "Well," said Father Lambert, "if you ever did you would have some brains in your stomach if you never had any in your head," and the chairman of the meeting thought it was time to call a halt, but they went on, nip and tuck, steel to steel, sometimes Lambert on top and sometimes Bob Ingersoll on top. But I call your attention to one man, a teacher surrounded by bitter enemies, theologians, logicians and scholars, watching for an opportunity to trip him up. On one occasion he said, "I am a king." On another, "I came not to destroy laws," and they said, "That is where we get him as sure as you live—if he says he is not a king, and wants to fulfill the law, boys, we have got Him." They surround Him and say, "Lord, shall we pay tribute to Cæsar?"—that brings it up. He says, "Show me a penny." They get out a great big copper cent. He says, "Whose image and superscription is this?" They say unto Him, "Cæsar's." "Then give to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." Then He turned around and said, "In whose image are you made?" They replied, "In the image of God." "Then go and give yourselves to God, for you are stamped with the divine image." This Man of Nazareth as a teacher never allowed his own gun to kick on Him. Another time, O fallen woman, listen, for there is hope in this story for every harlot, every scarlet woman. One day Jesus said in a public address, "I came not to destroy a man's life, but to save life; I came not to destroy the laws of Moses but to fulfill them." They said, "Now we have got Him." If He had been an ordinary man they would have had Him. They went and caught a woman in adultery, and brought her to Him and said: "Moses says that such a woman ought to be stoned to death. You recognize, don't you, that Moses made that law to punish social impurity?" Then they said to themselves, that if Jesus says "Stone her," He has got to back water, and if He says, "No, don't," He has got to back water, too. "You say you came to fulfill the laws of Moses, now what are you going to do?" I can see those twelve old judges laugh as they say, "We have got Him now." What did He do? He wrote on the sand. He wrote their sins one by one on the sand, and as Jesus was putting down on His bulletin board on the sands all those sins of those old church members, one old fellow said, "He knows me, He must have seen me going out of the back door!" Another brother gathers up his gown and goes out, and another, till finally they have all hiked. Then Jesus said, "Woman" (Oh, think of it—what greater title can be applied to a mother or a sister than that of "woman"!) "Woman, where are thine accusers?" "I don't know, Lord." "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more. Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee." How beautiful! How Godlike! How divine! I want you to notice on this occasion this mighty Counsellor in three things: He could not have been a mere man, for if He were He could not have known their thoughts and their past lives. He could not have

been a mere man, for a mere man cannot forgive sins. He could not have been a mere man, for He could not have known that that woman was actually penitent unless He were divine. Behold a Counsellor! He read the secrets of those men, forgave the woman her sin, and as a lawyer got out of the dilemma and shamed the men. Behold a Counsellor!

Take Him again, if you please, as He stands before Pontius Pilate. I wish every lawyer would make a study of Christ's defense before Pontius Pilate. Study it, men, as a lawyer would. What defense did Christ make? It was a divine defense, just what He should do if He were God. Now, notice the first thing; Jesus was arrested in the dark. The Jews had a law that no man should be arrested between the setting of the sun and the rising of the same. He must be allowed a place to sleep and take a night's rest for he would need strength to defend himself. They arrested Him at night, and they tried Him before an ecclesiastical court for capital punishment, which was a violation of the law. And this Man of Galilee was tried before a church body for capital punishment Another thing, they smote Him in the mouth in open court before judgment was pronounced, which was contrary to law. Now had Jesus Christ set up a legal defense, it would have been granting a regular legal trial. His trial was not legal and His arrest was not legal. But He answered never a word. The next thing: He was before a mob rule; a man is a fool that pleads with a mob. If He had tried to set up a defense it would have indicated the fact that He was a man. The prophets said, "He opened not His mouth." Here is that Lamb going to the slaughter, and His defense before Pilate is in perfect harmony with what God ought to be if He be God. Behold a wonder!

I want you to see Him again, O my brother, as He stands from the point of view of "character." You can't find such a character in other men. He was wealthy and yet poor. How hard to find a perfectly blended character in a young man or a young woman of either great wealth or poverty and see a child of a Rockefeller live a decent life and rise above the world and live for mankind. But behold the blending here reached. The Son of Man had not where to lay His head. He never laughed. You can't find a place in the Bible where it ever said He laughed. Yet, how children loved Him. What could He laugh at? If He were God He couldn't laugh. What is a laugh? The ability to see the difference between the sublime and the ridiculous. Had Matthew, Mark, Luke or John ever drawn a picture of Christ laughing I would reject His divine character, for God can't laugh. Yet He drew children to Him, so marvelous was His character. Do you remember the story of that great artist who studied for ten years to be able to sculpture Jesus Christ? After working on it for ten years he walked down into the street and brought up a little girl and led her to it, and asked her who it was. She looked at it a moment, and said, "Oh, that is one of the

great historians." Then he asked another little girl, and she said it must be one of the chief musicians of Italy, and another said it was a portrait of a Jew. He paid them some coins for their criticism and sent them away. He put a veil over the marble and went to the foot-hills of Bethlehem to study the life of the Man of Galilee, and read the New Testament in Greek; he read prophecy and studied the life of Jesus for two years in Palestine and went sculpturing away again. After two years' more work, he put a veil over the marble and took up a whole class from the convent of a Roman Catholic church—asked the sister to bring them up. When the children came up he jerked off the veil and said, "Tell me, children, who is that?" One little girl stuck up her hand and said, with tears in her eyes: "O, suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not—that is who He is, Mister." It was the one that drew the children out to the shores of Galilee. "Oh," said the artist, "I am satisfied of my hope," and he fell back upon his bed of straw in the miserable old studio. They went out, and when they called him to supper that night the old man was dead. His ideal was to sculpture Christ, the Savior, who drew the children unto Him, that drew the world. Oh, how the world loved Him! But yet He never loved as a man loved; and yet He was never austere, unkind, crabbed or sour. Behold the blending there of marvelous points of character.

See Him again as the most spiritual man that ever lived, yet He was never a crank. Oh, how the churches of God suffer by eccentric men and women who differ from some point in doctrine. How beautiful His holiness! A great many men, when they think they have got holiness, become cranks. But, oh, what a difference between sanctification and crankification! See His sacred, sublime character, so sublime, so spiritual, yet with nothing that suggested a "crank," an eccentric man. He was liberal without becoming lax. He was obedient to law, yet no man ever called Him a legalist. He never becomes less sacred by familiarity. We get too familiar with our friends, unless bound to them by ties of blood, familiarity will breed contempt. O, sinner, hear me tonight! The more you know Jesus the better you will love Him; the nearer you come to Him, the more familiar you are, the more sublime becomes that character. He is perfectly blended in that point. Again see Him: He is earnest in all His life's work. He makes no improvement in all His life's work. You can't say the same of any other character. Other men have had to improve, to hew off the rough corners. But the Man of Galilee never improved—how could He improve if He were God? He was as divine at eight years of age as He was at thirty years or thirty-three. Behold the Counsellor in all His splendid points, exactly what a divine God ought to be.

Are you done, Bulgin? Oh, no, I am not done, but I must close. I will measure Him now by the measuring rods by which we measure other

men—He is a wonder. I measure Him again as Counsellor, as we apply that word to other men. Now with Isaiah I will draw the curtain. Thank God the old prophet could hold Him no longer on the basis of the human, no longer on the basis of the natural. He tears the curtain asunder and says, "He is too great to be a man any longer; He is too large to stay on the basis of other characters;" the curtain is drawn and I see Him go beyond the human to the superhuman, beyond the natural to the supernatural; He now rises to that sublime height, that with Isaiah we shout, "He is God." Do you want to know Him, would you like to know that He is the everlasting Father? Yes? I will tell you how to do it. Let Him enter your heart and become the ruling principle in the realm of peace, for He can give you peace. He is our peace. At the World's Fair, in Chicago, a medal was offered to the girl that could paint the best painting of rest and peace. A Spanish girl came near getting it, for the Spanish idea of art is a dreamy ideal. This girl threw upon the canvas a far-off, lovely lake surrounded by rhododendrons and towering hemlocks. There was nothing to disturb that calm sea but the tinkling of the cowbells in the distance, or the song of the lark in the morning, wonderfully suggestive of quietness, rest and peace. She came near getting the prize, but she lost it because a Yankee beat her. A girl from Boston threw upon the canvas her idea of rest and peace. There was a foaming cataract like the Yosemite Falls, only larger, tearing and thundering and splitting itself into a million sprays, then gathering together and leaping again to the bottom of a dark canyon, where the foaming waters roar, and lightnings had split the timber of a huge old tree, driving it into splinters and tearing it asunder; but one piece of bark still remained, and on the old snag one green limb still hung, and in the green foliage was a bird's nest, with an old robin, three little babies and the mother; he sat on that twig and sang his morning song to his Creator. When the judges saw it they said, "Give that girl the prize." Real rest is not found in dreamy lakes, where a man shuts himself up from human society where temptations cannot come. But this girl who had painted the picture of a robin singing its song where the forked lightnings had torn asunder the timbers and the waters were roaring and swirling around the rocks, this girl had the real idea of peace amidst the storms and temptations of the world. For there remaineth a rest for the people of God. Rest tomorrow behind your banking house windows when tempted to wrong; rest tomorrow when you are behind the counter wrapping up goods; rest, you busy housewives, and you loyal wage earners—rest when temptations come, rest in the dark canyons of life right where you are. Jesus says, "My peace can give you rest." Oh, to find that tonight! Oh, to know Him tonight is to prove my text. If I could go tonight and tear out of my memory one scene in my life I would give anything in the world. I was raised very, very poor as a boy. My

mother died, and when the last shovelful of dirt went on her grave I said, "All that is dear to me in this life is gone now." My sister turned to me and said, "If Pa hears you say that it will kill him." I said, "Go tell Father." My father was an Englishman. He had a great, big, well-trained brain and could have been governor of any state in the Union, but owing to ill health he had to live in the mountains of North Carolina. My mother was Scotch-Irish, with a great big heart always flowing over with love. Father was thoughtful, cool and calculating; Mother was warm-hearted, tender and sympathetic; but I didn't understand my father. I ran away from home—went away over the North Carolina line to Tennessee, and worked in a brickyard for eight months. Then I got the mumps, whooping cough and homesickness. Put those things in a boy, and he is the sickest young scamp you ever knew. I got a home with a German lady. She had a kerosene stove and would make me a little tea once in awhile—they lived principally on bologna sausage, cheese and crackers. Finally, when I got down sick I got to talking in my sleep, when this good old wealthy German woman (who was rather cross and harsh, but a lovely woman and very rich) hearing me talk in my sleep, and finding me all swollen up with mumps, listless and homesick, she said, "My boy, you talk like you are homesick Are you having any trouble with your father?" I said, "Yes." She said, "I will make you something delicate to eat, and then you can go home." She went down and made a bowl of turnip soup, with bits of hog meat thrown in, with the hair still sticking on the hog meat, and the whole thing covered with a thick grease. When she brought up that bowl of soup with that fat grease on top I thanked her, because she meant all right. When she was out of sight I threw it out of the window and begged for a drink of milk. I said, "I believe I will go home." She says, "I take care of your baggage for you." (She has it yet; I owed her $1.50 for board). I said, "Give me my coat." I had bought it of an old Jew. I put it on and started and you could have seen a sucker in too when I stepped off. The day I started out of that old home I went over the mountains of old Tennessee and down over the mountains of North Carolina, and after two nights and days I got back home, but I was sorry I was there (Did you ever have that feeling?) We were so poor, and when I thought of our poverty, I said to myself, "O God, is it right for me to go home, or ought I to stay away and work it out?" I got to the little valley, called Sleepy Hollow, where the Bulgin family lived in a cabin. Sister met me, and she said, "Pa's down on a sick bed—I believe he is worrying over you." I said I didn't believe a word of it. She said, "It will kill Pa if he hears you say that." I said, "Go tell him." When I got near the house I heard father say, "Has Elwood come?" Sister replied, "Yes." "Tell him to come in." Sister came out and she just sort of pulled me along. When I got in I thought Father would politely bow because I

came in. But no sir! Englishmen don't do it that way. A righteous father has no right to do it. I walked in. There was my old plate, my old pint cup; and by the side of it there was the old fork with one prong torn off, and the old case knife. I knew every piece of that furniture. I sat up to the table, and Pa said, "Children, I will ask a blessing." We bowed our heads —Father always bowed that way, and he always began, "Our Father in heaven, we thank Thee—" then he stuttered—and something was the matter. He said, "Never mind, children, I can't ask a blessing—go ahead and eat your dinner." There were two big dishes, one of corn bread and one of turnip greens—all we had. Father reached out and broke off a big piece of corn bread and began to eat it. I wondered why. He had been a delicate man all his life, and especially just convalescing from fever. Right by his plate was a great big plate of crackers. (A wealthy lady had baked them and sent them over to him, knowing we were poor and Father was very weak and sick). Then there was a glass of peach jelly by his plate. He took a bite of the cornbread. Then he took a plate, put some of the peach jelly and wafers on it and came right to me, and says, "Here Elwood, Sister tells me that you have been sick; I expect you have been sicker than I have: I want you to eat that." I said, "Father, I can't do it, it would taste to me like blood to eat that when you need it so badly." I carried them back to his plate. I went back, almost ready to sob but was too proud. God pity a man who fights his tears! I went back to my plate and sat down. Father took the plate of wafers and jelly and came back. That time he walked right up behind me, put his arms round me, and put the jelly and those little wafers right in front of me, and the tears began to drop down off his silver beard on my neck. I could feel them—drip, drip, drip. I never knew before how hot tears could be. And finally, when he set the jelly and delicate wafers, he put his arms around me and said, "My boy, I want you to eat it; your sister tells me you have been sick. I want you to know, my boy, that as long as there is a crust in the Bulgin home you can have your share. Don't leave home any more—I know we are poor but father loves you—your father loves you." I jumped right up into his arms, put my hands on his dear old shoulders and shook him. I said, "Say that again, will you?" "What, my boy?" "Those last words you spoke." "What, that father loves you?" "Yes." "Why, my boy, did you think that your father didn't love you?" "Yes, I did." I said, "Father, let's settle it once for all: Do you love me as well as my mother loved me before she died." He said, "Why, why, my boy, you will kill me; you nearly break my heart." I said, "Well, Father, if I am wrong you will forgive me; but it seemed to me when the last shovel of dirt went on Mother's grave, all that ever loved me went out in that grave. If I have been wrong, forgive me." He put his arms around me, and as the tears rolled down my

young face he kissed me—the first kiss I had had since Mother died. Oh, how different this world seems. I never knew before how wrong I had been. When I was young I ran away from Father and tried to make him hate me. I ran away and refused to chop wood. Now I said, "Bless God, Father loves me, and it's easy to work for him."

My brother, my sister, behold this wonder! This Counsellor, the Mighty God and Everlasting Father! He is God's expression of love to you, He is the Ruling Prince! He comes tonight to save you! I beg of you, I plead with you, don't stay any longer away from His love and send Him away grieved, but come out like a man, like a good woman, and say, "God being my helper I will serve the Living Christ."

CHAPTER VI. WAS MOSES SCIENTIFIC?

Luke 16:31—*If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.*

These words were spoken by our blessed Lord in that memorable discourse and parabolic lesson in which He represented a dead man in hell asking that a heavenly messenger come back to this earth and warn his five brethren. The Savior taught in that parable that they had sufficient warning already—let them listen to Moses and the prophets. But the man said, "But if one went unto them from the dead they will repent," and the answer comes back, stronger still, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." Beloved, I take that text just as it stands. The simplest possible interpretation that can be put upon it is, that if today you are not willing to be convinced as to the divine reality of Christianity, the supernaturalness of the Bible, and the superhumanness of our Lord Jesus Christ, you would not be convinced if a dead man came from the grave. To make it very natural, you would not be convinced if a dead man walked today right down this aisle before this large audience of two thousand people with the grave clothes around him with which you saw him buried six years ago. If forty men were at his funeral and were sure he was buried, and he walked right up here and said: "Folks, I have come to tell you there is something in it; there is a hereafter; if a man die, he shall live again; I have been dead, there is a heaven and there is a hell, and a Christ and a God, and the Bible is true. I have come to warn you to flee from the wrath to come." What would you say? You would say, "You have never been dead, you are lying to me; you are a juggler or sleight-of-hand performer or conjurer—you never died, you are fooling me." Wouldn't he have a job on his hands to make you believe he ever died? How would he prove it? It would be absolutely impossible. Now, that statement is true. The ultimatum is, that if you will not be convinced by the evidence that God is giving you today, a dead man out of the grave would not convince you. Then I bring you God's method of evidence—Moses and the prophets. I want to tell you how I came to prepare this sermon. A few years ago I was in the state of Michigan, riding on a Michigan-Central railway train, and my wife was sitting at my side. A Judge walked down the aisle of the old car—a man whom I had known three years before to be the cruelest, wickedest, most sarcastic skeptic, atheist and infidel I ever knew. He walked right up, looked me in the face and

said: "Hello, Brother Bulgin, how are you?" I turned around and said: "Where did you get that 'brother,' Judge?" He says: "Just keep your shirt on awhile—don't be in a hurry." "Well," I said, "you are not a Democrat and you are not a Christian (it may be pretty hard to be these two things in one), you are not a Socialist, you don't believe in some of the principles you know I stand for, yet you call me 'brother'; what do you mean by it?" "Well, just hold your horses a minute. Since you saw me last, through the prayers of my good, sweet little Episcopalian wife I have been led to Christ. She begged me to read my Bible just as I would read Blackstone—not to criticize, but to get all the Blackstone in me that I could, and use the Bible as a lawyer uses Blackstone. That bright little woman fooled me; she says, 'You lay down prejudice and read the Bible like you read your law books.' In six months I was led to believe that the Bible was supernatural. Prejudice is one of the sins that damns souls, and prejudice makes infidels. The infidel generally is a man that fights God's book because God's book fights sin, and he doesn't want to give up sin. Well, I read it, was converted, and joined the church; and now, Brother Bulgin, give me your paw, honey!" And we shook. "Now," he said, "I am going to ask you a question: Why don't you preachers preach more along the lines of circumstantial evidence for believing in Christianity?" I said, "Circumstantial evidence, Judge ! I supposed that every sermon I ever preached was on circumstantial evidence." "No," he said, "you are thinking of 'substantial evidence.' I mean 'evidence from accumulated circumstances.'" I said, "Judge, I don't know yet what you mean." "Well," he said, "Bulgin, look here: Mr. A. is dead; Mr. B is charged with murder; Mr. C. swears he saw Mr. B shoot A; that is positive proof in law, and if well corroborated might hang a fellow. But, whoever did kill Mr. A wore a number 9 shoe, and we find out that Mr. B. wears a number 6 shoe, and close by the side of the murdered man is the track of a man who wears a number 9 shoe, and whoever did kill Mr. A. had five big star tacks on his left shoe, and seven star tacks on his right shoe, for such is the track at the side of the murdered man; and whoever did kill Mr. A worked in a flour mill, for a little duck jacket, like those worn by men who work in flour mills, was found in the bushes thirty steps from the place, as if the man had stripped his coat off in the act of running. Whoever did kill the man had 'G. Brinkhurst,' and the laundry mark '144' under the lapel of his jacket—it had been scraped off with a knife, but chemicals revealed it. Whoever did kill Mr. A did it with a Smith & Wesson revolver, for such a gun was found in the bushes 30 steps away by the side of the jacket, as though he threw the gun down and then ran. We find a revolver in the bushes, with one barrel discharged, one load gone. A second-hand man comes into the court room and swears he sold that particular revolver to a man named G. Brinkhurst, and when he bought it he

said, 'I will now get even with my bitterest enemy.' These circumstances Bulgin, can't lie. Now, which would you rather believe, which would convince your mind as to the guilty party, the direct testimony of Mr. C when he swears he saw B do it, or these accumulated circumstances surrounding that case as evidence?" I said: "I would take the circumstantial evidence in that case, for it would be stronger evidence to a thinking man, for Mr. C might be guilty of perjury—swearing a man's life away; but these circumstances can't swear a life away, for there could be no motive back of the gathering of the evidence." "All right," said he, "why don't you preach now and gather up such evidence, and say, 'Be fair, infidels'?; good-by, Bulgin." "Good-by, Judge." I walked back, took my seat beside my wife, and said: "Dear, that gentleman has helped me; we pick up thoughts along the way, like gathering diamonds." I sat down and thought: Surely God is in business to succeed, and He means to demonstrate Himself to me, that I might make men know that God is God. "He rewardeth all them that diligently seek Him;" there must be somewhere sufficient evidence to convince a man beyond doubt. I opened my Bible and said to my wife: "Here is a text that I like," and my eye fell upon the text that I have taken tonight: 'Ye have Moses and the prophets, and if ye hear not them, ye would not be persuaded though one rose from the dead." There you have circumstantial evidence, and I dare any skeptic or infidel in all this world to deny the evidence that can be produced from this wonderful man, Moses, and the superhuman and supernatural evidence of the prophets. No wonder the Apostle Peter says: "And we have a more sure word of prophecy." You have heard people say that Christianity is proved by a chain of evidence. I never use that word, because it is not correct. Christianity is not proved by a chain of evidence. A chain is only just so strong as the chain is at its weakest part. If you have a chain made of 500 links, and one of the links is defective and it breaks there, that chain is only as strong as that weak link. Christianity is proved by a cable of evidence, or a great, mighty rope of evidence. Now if you have a cable made of 500 strands, all interwoven, and you break one strand, you still have 499 strands left, and the cable is still strong; or, if you should break 499 strands and you have one strand that can't break, you still have a cable in that one strand, and it preserves its identity from end to end. Now, Christianity is proved by a great cable of evidence. We will take the first strand, and that is the great strand of Jesus Christ. If time would allow, I would argue here about four hours on the supernaturalness of the life and character and miracles and doctrine and resurrection, and the influence of the Lord Jesus Christ on society, and that is a strand in the cable that you can't break. I might take up the second strand—the historical effect of the Church of Jesus Christ on the world. When I looked over that great pack of certificates of young converts who

confessed membership in the Church of Christ, and saw them going here and there and yonder in the various branches of the Lord's Kingdom—the church, I said, "I want no better evidence of the fact that God Almighty worked His miracles to perform, than the fact that we have a church. If she were not of divine origin, where would she be today? No wonder the sweet poet wrote: "Thou too, O church of God; O church so strong and great; We know what workman laid thy keel, what workman wrought thy ropes of steel—Sail on, O church!" The devils in hell shall not prevail against the church of God because she is of divine origin. I don't say my church, nor your church: God pity those little things that run around and think they are the only things in the whole world. God bless the church. In some places in the Bible, the church is described as the body with Christ for its Head; in another place it is an army, and Christ is its Captain and Leader; in other places it is a great building and Christ is the chief Corner Stone. Paul hit the climax when he said, "Jerusalem which is above is the mother of us all." Whoever heard of anybody calling the church "Mother!" Did you ever know a boy or girl in all the world that didn't have a mother? No, and you never will. Then, when Paul, under inspiration says the church takes the place of a mother, he means that as a mother is absolutely necessary to bring life to a child, the church of God is ordained for that purpose —a mother's sacrifice! I can see my old mother in North Carolina, and I shall never forget one scene. When Father, along about November, said, "Jennie, don't say anything to the boys about Christmas." (The crops had been a failure, Father had been sick and he had sold the cows to pay taxes, so he said, "Don't disappoint the boys and girls about Christmas.") Mother said, "I will take care of that." Oh, how wise those old mothers are. Captain Addington was running a store. Mother got a lot of yarn down town, and she knitted socks and gloves and sold them, and by Christmas she had made $2.00. She paid $1.00 for candy and nuts, coffee and flour and made a pound cake, and with the other dollar bought little presents for us all—we had Christmas and Santa Claus, all for $2.00. God bless my old mother! It was the greatest joy of my life to have her in California with me four years ago and present her with a gold watch on Christmas, and as that old wrinkled hand took it, she said, "My boy, I am proud of you." I said, "Glory, Hallelujah! How much have you sacrificed?" How much have you sacrificed, you mothers right here in Clovis, that you might have children born into the Kingdom. The church is a mother. I need no other argument to convince me that God founded that church, than that it has been preserved all these ages.

Well, I will pass along down another strand of evidence—that is, the inspiration of this old Bible; it has come to say—God is in it, and the

reason infidels have not knocked it out of the world is that they can't knock God out; it is God's Word.

"Ye have Moses and the prophets." We will first take that mighty strand of Moses: "When God's dear Son lifts him up before the world as evidence enough to convince a dead man in hell that Christianity is supernatural, then there must be something in Moses. Who will care, when I am dead and gone, when I have been sleeping under the green sod 4,000 years, who will care to write a copy of the Mistakes of Bulgin? Nobody; I am not big enough, and whether I make mistakes or not is not of sufficient importance to cause anybody 4,000 years hence to pick out flaws in poor old bony Bulgin! I used to think, when I was a lawyer, that I was an important man when I had $144.00 on my hands all at one time in clear cash, and I felt that if I should ever lose my money it would influence the railway systems of this country. I picked up the paper one morning and read that Jay Gould had kicked the bucket, but they were running the railways next day; so I came to the conclusion that if my finances should run out they could run the railways anyhow. I got converted and went into the ministry, not for the sake of a job, but because I felt I was saved—I knew the way and my fellowmen were lost, and God helping me I would tell them the way. When I got into the ministry I had the idea that if I died they would have to shut up the churches all over the country! I never did understand how the church had got along as long as it had without me! One morning I picked up a newspaper and read that Charles Spurgeon had died, and they filled his place in two weeks and the work went on, so I came to the conclusion that if I died, maybe they could run awhile longer. Oh, how unimportant we are, how very small the greatest man in America is today. When Major McKinley was shot, and the crepe was over the Courthouse, White House, and every building was draped in mourning, Roosevelt, yonder in the mountains, took the oath of allegiance and began to select his cabinet, and the world moved on, and the wounded heart of the nation was forgotten, and the mind of the world was occupied with Roosevelt, and McKinley dropped out and the nation went on without him. When you stop to think of some of these things, men, and when you get that disease that people get—when they scratch their head they reach way out for it—be careful; you are not so important as you think; you are only one little drop of water in the mighty ocean, only one little grain of sand on the mighty beach—the world can run without you and without me, and when I have been under the green sod for four thousand years and somebody's bald-face heifer is grazing over my grave, nobody will jump up and write a copy of the mistakes of E. J. Bulgin. Why? Because I am too little. But here is a man by the name of Moses who has been sleeping under the green sod for 4,000 years, and in the close of this century of ours just past a man

named Robert Ingersoll at an expense of $17,000 has written a book called "The Mistakes of Moses." If you will read the Scripture lesson I read tonight you will hear Moses outlining the Mistakes of Ingersoll, also the mistakes we are all making. Why does the infidel pick out Moses, a man 4,000 years old, and fight him and point out his mistakes? Because the Son of God says to this world that if it wants evidence to prove that great strand of superhuman and supernatural life that goes out from God to the earth, it is found in Moses. In the first place you have the greatest prophet that ever lived. We will read in your hearing tonight twenty-two prophetic statements from the pen of Moses that have been fulfilled in their minutest details.

1. "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head, and thou shalt bruise his heel," was the first prophetic utterance ever spoken in this wicked world, yet in the fullness of time, when Christ came He came from the seed of a woman, not man, and in order to do it He had His body bruised. I dare any infidel to find any single flaw in the whole prophetic life of Moses. He was the mightiest prophet that ever lived. In order to be a prophet a man must be honest; he must not know of the thing about which he prophesies or how it is to be fulfilled. He would be a false prophet who guessed that tomorrow John Smith would be shot, when he knew of a plot to murder John Smith. The prophet must be honest, and cannot, must not know how the thing is ever to be fulfilled. Take the destruction of old Babylon. The prophet said: "Babylon shall fall," he told the time it should fall, and by whom it should fall, and the army should wade dry-shod down the streets of Babylon. At the time he said it, and until the time he prophesied, the streets of old Babylon were running with water, and yet 357 years afterward the old river was dried up and the army went over dry-shod. That could not happen so and be a series of good guess work. Moses uttered more predictions about the coming of the Deliverer, Jesus Christ, and they were fulfilled.

Moses was the greatest teacher that ever lived, except Christ. I am not arguing tonight that Moses was divine; he was not; he was not only human, but so human that often we see him disobeying his God. My argument is not in the fact that Moses was a little God, but in the fact that Moses was a mere man and did so much that his works occupy a great book, and that book is the product of Moses. Take him as a teacher. When my boys go to school I don't care for the teacher to know so much as I do care—is she able to get rid of what she knows and make my boys see what she sees? To make the other fellow see what you see—that was the power of old Lincoln. The successful teacher is the man that can make his hearer see what he sees; the man who can't do that is a failure. Major Hickory once wired to the armies of the Potomac, that in crossing the river they

should not get a superfluity of forces on one side, and leave on the other a residue incompetent to combat the enemy. That was the telegram in secret cypher sent during the war to a lot of Pennsylvania Dutchmen. They didn't understand it so they sent it down to old Abe. When he saw the predicament, he walloped the thing right over, took an old pen and wrote: "Dear Boys: In crossing the river tomorrow, don't get like a bay steer that tries to jump over the fence and gets stuck till he can't hook with his horns or kick with his heels." What did Abe do? He made the other fellow see what he saw—that is successful teaching. Now, this man Moses came at a time when the nations had many gods. They had the god of the Nile, the god of fish, god of the moon and god of the sun, god of flies, god of lice, god of locusts, god of frogs; they had about twelve gods. But this man Moses headed the list of teachers, with his profound thought, and he was able to harness his thought and make the other fellow see it. He says, "There is but one God." But how does he make them see it? There is but one God, and he names him "Jehovah," the God that was, is and always will be, and therefore the only God. Well, but that is one thing to say and another to make us believe. So he went to work, knocked down the god of lice, the god of frogs, because he brought plagues on the people for which their god stood, and they saw their old god was powerless to get it away, and he defied and destroyed all the gods and left Jehovah only in the land. As a teacher he has not an equal in all the world. The prophet Moses says that those evolutionists, man and monkey fellows, might bother him, so he says he had better hit them a little blow. There are some people here today, even professors in colleges—little pin-headed fellows—who teach that your great grandfather was a monkey. Brother Moses comes and says: When you say your prayers, don't say, "Our Father who art up a coconut tree," but he says, "God is your father, and He created man and breathed into him the breath of LIVES." The plural form for man and singular for brute. No wonder Job, in the 33rd chapter and 4th verse says: "By the spirit of the Lord I am and the breath of the Almighty me." The word for breath in Hebrew is plural lives. I am spiritual and physical. God breathed two lives into me—animal and spiritual; man is an animal but he has a spark of God in him. Don't you try to cram down my poor little old head that he hasn't, even if I am from North Carolina. You will never make me believe that Moses guessed all that: God Almighty was back of old Moses. Take him not only as a prophet and teacher, but take him as an emancipator. He led the world's first emancipation movement. Never had the world before heard of a single man who could move an army of three million people; it is a big thing. What a great nation we are, and yet the other day over in Paris, Texas, I was holding a meeting when I noticed that twenty thousand soldiers had been notified to leave Washington and go im-

mediately to the Mexican border. The commissary trains came through, ammunition trains and transports, and oh, what an immense thing it is to move twenty thousand people! But I introduce you to a man as General of an army who moved three million people out of bondage and into liberty, and they were not organized either—no armor, no guns and no provisions. I tell you, when you begin to measure the prophet Moses as an emancipator you have a big thing on your hands. He just took a jack-knife out of his pocket, went into the bramble bushes and cut a walking stick and leaped into the job of liberating three million people with it. If I can just get enough money between now and fall I will want to charter a railway train, will come down on the Gulf Line and ask all you folk to come to North Carolina with me. When you hear me ring the bell, come on. We will get on the train and go down to Asheville, and when we get to Asheville we will take that little run to Tillsboro and when we get there we will take an old-fashioned stage and go over Chunky Girl mountains, and when we get down to the valley where my father lives, I bought a cornet yonder down in North Carolina—an old brass horn that I used to play in the band when I was a boy—I raised a band of niggers and taught them to play—it is still running; well, they will get the nigger band going when they hear that Massa Bulgin is back. You will be tickled to death when I take my old cornet down and play one verse of "Massa's in de cold, cold ground!" Here they come, all in bunches, old Aunt Eliza will come from miles away, and they will say, "Come folks, old Bulgin's come," and old Aunt Eliza and Uncle Pete will get up on the woodpile, and with heads as flat as a flounder—she has no nose, only two holes where her nose ought to be, and her hair braided nearly down to her eyebrows and great lips turned inside out, and I'll say, "Oh, I say, boys and girls, these folks from the West, East and North want to hear you sing," and they sing: I know what it will be. The first thing they will all sing a plaintive song entitled, "Old Abe and the Hitching Post." It starts like this: "Old Abe broke the hitching post and set the nigger free," and then you hear them bring in the chorus of Daniel in the Lion's Den:

(Stenographer's note: Here Dr. Bulgin sang the song, chorus and all, that made Senor Caruso and Mr. Rose look like 29 cents).

But when you hear those darkies sing a song of emancipation, don't you blame them—we don't blame them. I am a Southerner with a strong Southern prejudice, but when I hear them sing praises to old Abe Lincoln, I say, "God bless you." But let me call your attention, skeptics and infidels: While they praise old Abe—and well they may—he went down South with the united army of the North, went down South with bread and foodstuffs, with a hundred thousand of noble boys willing to die for their country, went South with greenbacks, gold and silver; the press for news, the postoffice to carry mail, ships upon the water and a great army upon the land, and with

all that at his command he used shin-plaster when he got hard up, and with that he waded into the South and liberated half-a-hundred thousand darkies. Yes, there was no miracle there, that can be explained as plausible and natural. But, O infidel, I confront you with a miracle now. Here is a man by the name of Moses, with a walking stick for an army, who wades into the job of liberating three million slaves, without gold or silver or government bonds, and without an army, and led them out of bondage into liberty. Today, whenever you look into the face of one single Jew you have corroborated evidence of that fact. "Ye have Moses," you little one-horse infidels, bait your brains with that hickory nut. No wonder the Son of God said to the dead man in hell, "Ye have Moses." Take him again, not only as a great emancipator, but as the greatest legislator that ever lived. So great is he that the principles of legislation laid down by Moses, if practised today in the civilized world would bring peace and plenty to this land. You are bound to admit it. With all the selfishness, ferment and fever with which we are surrounded today in political economy. Let a great war occur between capital and labor, and if Moses' law were obeyed it would right every wrong between man and man, and between man and God. Crack that one, will you? Most of our difficulties come today from the fact that out of the soil comes all that is necessary for the maintenance of physical life; and from God, through the Bible and Christ, comes all that is necessary for the maintenance of spiritual life. And today we have combines and monopolies holding up and controlling the necessaries of life, making rich people richer and poor people poorer, until, if there is not a great change to deter human selfishness God Almighty will put His hand upon the nation, and our people will bring bloodshed over that question. It is a fact; I don't speak as an alarmist, I don't declare my principles politically lest the people would blame me for being in the political arena; but I tell you that these facts have to be reckoned with or there will be bloodshed and riot. Listen to this argument: The wealth of this country today is in the hands of 1% of the people. Ancient Greece fell when 3% of the people had the wealth of the country, and ancient Rome when 3½% of the people controlled its wealth. Eight men today own about one-half of the wealth of this country in the railroad and oil industries. Every financial panic that has ever come in America has come at a time of over-production. I could understand it if there should be a panic at the time when the laboring man failed to do the work; they might well say, then, they had caused the panic. But every panic has come at a time when the laboring man has done his work well and by doing well has produced a lot of stuff. Why do the factories shut down and say that supply and demand regulate trade, that they can't run and must lay off the men? And the banks say they can't loan money any more because of hard times coming, and the poor, ninety-nine fellows of every

hundred that made the wealth of the country will have to starve and the babies suck their fingers, while 1% ride in automobiles and give parties on horseback at $10,000 a party served on horseback. Now, what is going to be the remedy? Listen to me: Human selfishness is the thing that is killing us today. No man needs a million dollars; I could get along on half of it. This vacation and last vacation I got along on borrowed money. Now, will you please answer me this question? If Christ were on earth today what would He do in regard to the great masses of the idle rich? Last year we had in this country 450 men who retired under the age of 36 with enough to keep them for the rest of their lives. How did they do it? God blessed them, by hereditary law, with a good brain, and by brain power they were able to manipulate you fellows who did not have such good brains but had the muscle, which is just as necessary for production as the other fellow's brains; but he found you were the tool by which he could accumulate wealth, and retire at 36 years of age with a million dollars. Now, if Christ were on earth He would take him and say: "If you have been able, by God's gift, to accumulate a fortune at the age of 36, you have a piece of candle left that belongs to me, that you have not burned up yet, for you have four-score years and ten; and if you do not account for the unused candle you are a thief and guilty of stealing human life." Why doesn't he take the balance of that life, after he has made a million at the age of 36 and make more? Why doesn't he stay in the ring and turn back to the fellow that became a machine to help him make and produce such wealth, part of what he has taken from him? By doing that he would become a public benefactor. But, no! miserable human selfishness of the idle rich is the thing today that is killing the country. Brother Moses knocked that thing on the head. Then again, there are the land syndicates—men trying to gobble up more land. I thank God for that man who has kept the great Guggenheimer set of thieves from stealing the great coal bodies of the Northwest, when we are now paying three prices for coal in San Francisco; but bless God, they were checkmated. God taught Moses, and Moses taught the nation the inalienable rights of the people, that the soil belonged to God and the people and no man had any right to steal it; and until we right some of these things today we cannot say we are following the teachings of Jesus; for, if the doctrines of the Son of God were practiced there would be bread and to spare for everyone and no little hungry mouths in America. God bless those boys! Some of them may be presidents and governors some day and will establish a system by which no little boy shall go hungry for bread when men are hoarding up stuff to make a fortune. They have coal in their bins and yet people are dying in Chicago for want of fuel. They have wheat in their bins, and Leiter is grabbing wheat and flour, and little children are starving! O my God! don't let us call ourselves a Christian nation and

boast any longer about the great American nation until we get rid of some of these principles and put in practice on this earth the principles of the meek and lowly Jesus. I was called out of my home in Chicago during the great strike that followed the World's Fair in Chicago, to go to one of the poorest parts of the city where there was most suffering. When I got there I saw an old drayman, the weak, consumptive father of a family, who did a little hauling. He got in debt and sold his harness to try to get food. He had an old horse that was blind in one eye and finally he shot it. When I got to the home I saw the shoulder of that horse boiling in a big pot on the fire, and five little girls sucking their fingers, so hungry were they to get to that half-cooked horse; and a little baby whose mother's breasts had been tugged and tugged until they had faded and withered and the blood was running out of that mother's breast. She sat down and cried, and said, "Oh, stranger, what is the matter with the world, when there is bread and to spare and we are perishing with hunger." When I saw that picture I said, "O God, make me an evangelist that will love Thee and the great burdened masses of this world and cry out against the evils of combined capital and selfishness and waste of money—even on the backs and fingers of you church men and women!

Moses as a legislator brought law to bear on those conditions, that if practiced today would right all our wrongs; he was the father of our American Republic. We boast of our democracy and republicanism (and I use the word in a larger sense than that of a narrow little Democratic party or a narrow little Republican party as a party). But the basis of democracy and republicanism is government of the people by the people and for the people. Where did we get it? Where was that idea of government ever originated? Don't you say Father Washington got it, or Lincoln, or that it was breathed in Wisconsin yonder in an old schoolhouse where they forged the thing. Where did we get this principle of government by the people? Moses originated it when he brought the Israelites out of Egypt where they had many gods and many lords, and a dictatorial system of government. They had no sooner got into the wilderness when God fed them; and one day Moses called together the people and said: People, the idea of a king, and boss and class rule is not God's idea of government; choose ye this day from among your people judges to rule; I want you to have your district courts, I want you to have your higher and final courts of appeal, and by ballot elect judges to rule. There originated our democracy and republicanism—it was born in the mind of Moses and practiced by this mighty legislator. Then, poor little puny infidel, don't talk about the mistakes of Moses!

Take him again as a doctor, and we find he heads the list in all medical science, and I don't exempt even any of the wise doctors of this community.

I was talking with one of your leading doctors about the necessity of cleaning up this town. He saw things just like I told you: If you don't have a first-class physical as well as a spiritual cleaning you are going to die of typhoid fever. There are five cases in one district, three in another. Let a hot day comé, and the wind blow, and there is a wave of impurity that is a stench in the nostrils and a disgrace to your town. "You can't get typhoid unless the disease germs go in through the mouth; they must come from somebody's kidneys or bowels," said Dr. McCormick. This is plain talk, but it is better to talk about it than to let you die. The fly is the sole propagator and breeder of typhoid. Some of you eat food with flies all over it. They go to the dirty spots in the city and fly back with their legs laden down with enough germs to kill 1,600 people. Now let us follow Moses on the subject of hygiene; he led the world in those principles of hygiene and health that are practiced by all civilized people. God help you to have a good physical clean-up in this town. But while we are interested in all these problems we have to take a broad view of all evil, and must run the saloon to hell, where it was born and where it belongs. I hate the saloon, but love the saloonkeeper; the man is better than his business; he will stand at the judgment bar and say, "Bulgin, God bless you; you are the best friend I ever had." I want them to quit their business because they are better people than their business. I have to meet them on the judgment day, and I want to meet them on the judgment day. The biggest temperance sermon I ever heard in my life was by a little red-headed girl. Her father had been converted one Saturday night in my meetings. He said: "Bulgin, won't you go home with me and help me to get Lizzie back?" She had left him; I didn't blame her; they had been separated for two years. I said, "Yes, I will go with you, and try to get her." We went up to his mother-in-law's to get his wife. She said, "God knows I will go with you in a minute if I can trust you." "Yes," he said, "Darling, I am swearing off tonight." "All right, Will, I will go with you." They got the baby out of bed, and I made them give me the baby, so they could walk arm in arm like they used to when he was sparking her. Well, we got home, washed the dishes, had a good time, held a prayermeeting right there in the home, and went to bed. Next morning she went back to her mother, got some nice Jersey cream (the milk pans were covered with Jersey cream half an inch thick—you could cut it with a knife). That night Will says, "Let's have Bulgin round and eat strawberries; I've got my week's earnings in my pocket tied up; I'll get four quarts of strawberries—that's a dollar's worth." He says: "Bulgin, do you eat Porterhouse steak?" I says, "Just try me once." He got $1.25 worth—a slab two inches thick, seared good and brown, and good coffee and strawberries and cream (that's the proper stuff for an evangelist you know!) You know the Germans don't use those plague-gone little

china thimbles that only hold three strawberries. She went to her mother's and got six big old yellow bowls that would hold a quart. She picked the biggest strawberries out and put them on my plate. The Germans think that is the proper thing to do when the preacher comes. It is beautiful to see them struggling to make their invited guest feel at home. Well, there was that great big bowl piled up with strawberries, and the wife handed me the cream and powdered sugar, and the little yellow seeds began to wink at me as the cream slowly found the cracks and crevices, and those great big strawberries smiled up at me—oh, hush your fun, Honey! We were just ready to eat when Will says: "I will ask a blessing, Mr. Bulgin." (That is the German custom, you know). So we bowed our heads and he began: "Dear God: We thank Thee for Mr. Bulgin; I thank Thee dear Lord for making me better; I thank Thee, dear Lord, for my wife and little girl, and make us happy, for Jesus' sake; Amen." He looked up and began to dry his tears, when the little red-headed girl spoke up and said: "Papa, I am so glad you joined the church last night." He said, "Why?" She said: "I have had more strawberries for breakfast than I ever had in my life." That was the biggest temperance speech I ever heard in my life. Now, don't get mad at me, saloon keeper; I have got to meet you with God. Don't get mad at me you boys who spend your money in the saloon, but hear my argument: Quit your damnable business and your girls will have strawberries for breakfast, and your dear little tots that God has given you will have more dresses and more shoes, and then the saloon keepers won't have a big license to pay and you taxpayers won't have to pay taxes to protect crime created by that business. What did Moses teach on that? His principles of temperance, if put in practice today, would solve all our temperance problems and make him stand out as the most unique professor of medical science the world ever knew.

I was holding a meeting and owned a large portable tabernacle that seated 5,000 people. They wanted to use it one night to raise money to kill rats in San Francisco, for the bubonic plague had come to the city and they needed fifty thousand dollars for rat killing. I gladly let them have it, for it was a matter of saving lives and souls. They examined seven rats, and did me the honor of allowing me to go to the examination—a post-mortem of rats. Three great doctors from Germany—specialists—came to look them over. Our American doctors said that all seven had bubonic plague, but when the skillful foreigners got to them they said that two had bubonic plague and five were lepers; leprosy today is bred in the American rat, while the housefly breeds typhoid, the rabbit and cat diphtheria germs. The cony bred leprosy germs, and because of that, Brother Moses four thousand years ago ruled out the cony as unfit for food. Ingersoll says he (Moses) made a mistake, because a cony moves his jaw like a Belgian hare.

But in the "Scientific American" six years ago, in the March number, you will find an article on the Discovery of the Leprosy Germ, and how it is bred in the cony of Palestine. Brother Moses knew it four thousand years ago, medical science found it out six years ago! "Ye have Moses"—prophet, emancipator, mighty teacher, great legislator, and mighty doctor, and hear me once more—the greatest lawyer that ever lived. He breathed on Sinai in ten sentences the principle of all law and justice practiced by all civilized nations today. Where did Moses get his law? If God didn't originate it in the mind of Moses, then you are swallowing a bigger miracle, because you have not been able to improve upon it in the 20th century, and you are crucifying your own brain. If Moses originated it himself and it is not from God, then you have got a miracle, for Moses without God is a bigger miracle than Moses with God, so throw down your agnosticism and shut your mouths infidels, for God has worked through Moses "His wonders to perform." I was preaching in Chicago ten years ago when a great Judge walked down the aisle of the church and took my hand, and said, "Bulgin, I have been an agnostic. Most of the evangelists I have heard preach said, 'Everybody who expects to go to heaven get up, and those who are going to hell sit down,' and then they told us a few funny stories and sent us home. But you have reasoned with me; you have not only tried to produce a sensation, but you have given me food for thought—for my intellect as well as my spiritual nature. Now, I am an agnostic, and I want to know what book you advise me to read that I may be led to believe in Christianity." I said, "I advise you to read the Bible, Judge, for the people who criticize it most are the people who are the most ignorant of what it teaches." "But, Bulgin, you don't understand me; I am an agnostic; I don't believe the Bible; what book would you advise me to read that I may be led to believe the Bible?" "Oh," I said, "in that case I advise you to read the Bible." "Now," he said, "are you honest?" "Yes." "Where shall I begin?" "Begin at Genesis and go through to Revelation; then go back and read prophecy and its fulfillment, read the prophetic statements about the coming of Christ, then read Matthew, Mark, Luke, John and St. Paul." "If I were a dying man and you were my doctor, is that the prescription you would give me?" "So help me God, that is just what I would do." We swapped cards, and he said, "When you are back in the city again (I was closing my meeting that night) I want to meet you again." In two weeks I was back. I hadn't seen my wife for two weeks, but I said, "Darling, while you are getting supper I will run up here two blocks and see the Judge." She said: "Now Mr. Bulgin, just a minute: you only see me about four times a year and you are after these folk all the time!" Oh, what an argument it was, it broke my heart, but I said, "Just a minute." So I went up there—I was gone more than half an hour. I have one of the best little

wives in the land; she is an Episcopalian, with a great big heart, and she never did but one foolish thing, and that was to marry me. So I went over to the Judge's beautiful mansion, and when I got there I saw the old Judge, with his thumbs in his vest holes, walking to and fro; as he was walking he would stop and look at a great big book open on the drawing room table; then he would walk a little way and come back and rub his great big forehead. After watching him a few moments I rang the door bell. He said, "Why, Bulgin, how are you?" I said, "As fine as split silk, thank you, Judge." I told him I couldn't stay long. I said, "How are you getting along? Did you read your Bible through five or six times?" He said: "No, I stopped at the 20th chapter of Exodus; I am stumped; I made up my mind and told God I would not pass over anything until I could explain it either on human or superhuman grounds. I have been four days on that 20th chapter of Exodus, wondering where Moses got that law (you know the ten commandments are in the 20th chapter of Exodus). Moses says, 'Hear, O Israel, there is only one God.' That is strange, for he was raised where they had many gods. 'Hear, O Israel, you shall not misrepresent Him, you must respect the deity, must not use His name in vain; you must worship Him one day in seven; to get the nation right you must begin in the home; honor your father and mother.' Then comes capital punishment: 'Thou shalt not kill'—you have no right to take human life. Next is the chastity and purity of our women, 'thou shalt not commit adultery;' next comes the right of property, 'thou shalt not steal;' then bearing false witness, and an unholy desire for things that are not your own—'thou shalt not covet.' Bulgin, I have come to the conclusion that that is so big and divine that Moses could no more have originated that thing or even borrowed it from Chaldean literature than I could take wings and fly, for the writings of Moses are full of monotheism, and where did Moses get the idea? I have come to the conclusion that God Almighty gave that law to Moses on Sinai, and if God spoke on Sinai, that is a miracle; and if He revealed Himself at Sinai, why not at Calvary, and why not at Pentecost?" I said, "And I don't see why He can't speak to you tonight, Judge." He said, "Bulgin, my heart is full, and my mind is brought to surrender; I want you to start a family altar for me before you go." There were two big doors that opened into his wife's room, and he called his wife and girls in, and said: "Wife, I have not said a word to you before, but this is Mr. Bulgin who held meetings here a few weeks ago. Girls, you have often said you wanted to see Papa converted, now you will have a chance to see it for I have made up my mind that if God spoke to Moses by a miracle He can do it again. Bulgin, lead us in prayer." He got on his knees to pray, and his little silver-haired wife got her arms around him and said, "You don't know how happy I am," and his two beautiful daughters said it was too good to be true. I

had a great big frog in my throat, and my Adam's apple began to go, "bobble, bobble, bobble;" for me to have prayed would have been almost a miracle. While I was trying to get my Adam's apple still, the old Judge said, "O God, you must have spoken to Moses; O God, you did speak at Calvary through Jesus, then you came again at Pentecost; let that spirit come one more time to poor me, and be merciful to me, a sinner." A man doesn't have to cry twice if he is in dead earnest. There and then "all heaven came down their souls to greet, and glory was around the mercy seat." Then I cleared up my throat and prayed. Today that man is one of the most splendid teachers in a Methodist Sabbath school in the city of Chicago. What brought him to God? Moses as a lawyer appealed to him through law.

Hear it once more: Moses as a type of Christ. Moses was born in poverty. Jesus Christ, like him, was born in a manger. Moses was persecuted in infancy, like Him; they sought the young child's life to take it. Moses labored hard, suffered affliction that he might liberate the people. Christ became a carpenter and carried His dinner bucket. Christ fasted forty days and nights that he might fulfill the Mosaic type. No wonder Moses said, "A prophet like unto me shall the Lord God raise up." No wonder the Apostle Peter, on the day of Pentecost, said that Jesus Christ was a fulfillment of that type. Moses' face did shine until no fuller on earth could whiten it, and yonder on the Mount of Transfiguration the face of Christ did shine until no fuller on earth could whiten it. Moses delivered a nation from slavery. Jesus Christ came to break the shackles of slavery and to free every sinner from the bondage of sin, to deliver the race of Adam and set it free. Moses died that he might deliver his people, and the spirit of his work went on in reformation. Jesus Christ died and went home to glory and the Holy Spirit followed up the work until the islands of the sea and the continents of the globe today are blessed by that spirit. Moses was buried by the hand of an angel and evidently arose from the dead and went home to glory, because he appeared with Elijah who never died but was taken to heaven alive, and on yonder Mount came back and appeared with Christ and Elias. So also Christ died, was buried and rose from the dead and went home to glory. Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness that it might be a type of the curative powers of Christ. And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, "Even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life."

Oh, brother and sister, when there was the evidence of two witnesses, every man was put to death under the Mosaic law, and died without mercy. How much sorer punishment shall you be found worthy of who trample under foot the precious blood of the Son of God and count it an unholy

thing? Hear me as I close: Jesus Christ said: "If ye had believed Moses ye would have believed me." I see them yonder, three persons going up a mountain range, and a few yards in advance is a fourth person—what a lovely countenance! What auburn hair, and how striking a face! Behind is a red-headed youth, a middle-aged man and a gray-haired gentleman. When the fourth man reaches the top of the mountain there come down to him Moses and Elias, and Peter, James and John feel sore afraid, and fall flat to the earth—the aged James, young John and middle-aged Peter. But when the scene was closed, Jesus the Lamb of God said to them, "Be not afraid; it is I." And they arose and saw no man save Jesus only—Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God, the central figure of history, of law and of prophecy. Then, beloved, the man who can sin against love is a bigger sinner than the man who sins against law. When the Chicago fire broke out, a mother was awakened from her sleep by a ladder that was slapped against the window; she was on the third story. She jumped out of bed, almost choked with smoke, and came down the ladder. When she struck the ground she wrung her hands and shouted, "Oh, my baby! my baby! I have forgotten my little baby." It was only two years old, and the frantic mother screamed for someone to go back and get her baby. But the fire chief forbade anyone to go up that ladder, which was leaning on the last tier of the frame of that burning hotel building, and any moment the frame might give way and the ladder topple over. They knew what that meant and the mother knew it too. But she leaped up the ladder till she reached the window, jumped into the room where her little two-year-old darling lay, tied her up in a sheet, almost choking to death with smoke; then she came to the window and shouted, "Catch my darling!" threw the little bundle out while six big strong forms rushed under and caught it and saved the precious little life. Then the mother tried to back out of the window, but the blaze was coming through the window sill and burned off her ear; she ripped off her burning garments and saved herself, but not until her ear had been burned off, and her jaw, and the ligaments round her neck had been cooked, and she had a life-time running sore in her jaw. Her husband died that night; he had been burned in another part of the building. The life insurance money was used to give little Mary an education. Years after, the girl graduated, and was returning home to her mother. The mother thought she would surprise her and went to meet her half way. When the mother went into the depot, the young girl was traveling home in the company of four fine wealthy girls. They were talking and laughing in a group while changing cars. One of the girls said: "Who is that old hag there?" The old mother was wearing a black veil to hide her disfigured face, and as she lifted it up to see if her Mary was one of the five girls, one of those ill-bred things said: "Who is that old hag?" Another said, "How killing!" When the four

girls walked away to the train and were out of sight, Mary walked over and put her arms round the woman who wore the black veil, and said, "Mother, have you been well?" "Yes," she said, "very well, until today." "Why, what is the matter, Mother?" "When that girl said, 'Who is that old hag?' and you wouldn't own it was your mother who had burned her ear off and cooked her face to save you from the burning building in Chicago. Mary, you are not worthy of the sacrifice your old mother made for you." Moody said he knew that mother went down to an untimely grave in three years, just grieving over that girl that disowned her mother. God Almighty pity the thing! God Almighty pity the boy or girl that is ashamed of mother! And especially if she were cooked to death to save you from the flames. My blood boils in righteous indignation against any boy or girl that will do it.

Then, be careful, sinner, as I apply my illustration: Jesus Christ in darkest Gethsemane suffered the bitterest agony, and yonder on Calvary He shed His blood for you. With His hands pierced and His side opened He comes to you tonight, on this last night of our three weeks' revival. He says: "My son, my daughter, give me thine heart." Do not say, "No, Lord, I don't know you," but give Him your heart, and say: "Lord, my Blessed Redeemer, I come tonight, just as I am, without one plea, but that Thy blood was shed for me."

CHAPTER VII. BIBLE INSPIRED

Why I Believe the Bible Is the Word of God

You will find the words of my text tonight in the Second Book of Samuel, 23rd chapter, and the last clause of the 10th verse: "And his hand clave unto the sword." These words are spoken of Eleazar, one of David's mighty men, mighty in battle, because God, through him, gave them the victory over the whole Philistine army when the battle had gone well nigh in favor of the heathen nation, and God's kingdom of Jehovah worship had been defeated seemingly, and Eleazar, one of David's three generals, could not stand it. They had captured him, but had not taken his side arms away from him. They were leading him across an old lentile field—we would call it an old wheat field—for each army had surged to and fro all day long, until the straw of the old lentiles was covered with human gore, the battle field was stained with blood and Eleazar was being led across it as a captive; but he thought of his God, he thought of his country, he thought of his native land, he thought of the church, he thought of the purpose of God in sending a Redeemer to a lost world, and he could not stand it; he jerked loose from the men who led him, he jerked his sword out of its sheath, waved it over his head and redeemed the lost cause of the flag of the united states of Israel! They said, "If our captain and our commander fights like that he means to conquer or die, and we will die with him." They ran around him, jerked out their swords and divided the Philistine army. Four hundred jerked loose from another squad, and two hundred from another, until a gathering again of every brave Jew around Eleazar, like the spokes around the wagon hub, then they turned a double front and side to their enemy, and said, "We will conquer or die!" And God blesses people that fight like that—there is victory ahead. And as the sun was setting the battle went that day in favor of God's people and Eleazar was the hero of the occasion—a greater man in the united states of Israel than Dewey was when he sank the Spanish fleet for the United States of America! Beloved, as Eleazar fell mortally wounded at the setting of the sun they ran to him and tried to take the blade away from him, but although he was mortally wounded they failed to loosen his hand from the sword—he refused to give it up. He had buried the gold hilt of that blade into the flesh of his hand, and it is said, while Eleazar died and the sun was setting, his hand clave

unto the sword. What a beautiful text! What a wonderful context from which to preach a gospel sermon upon the subject—God's Word—the Sword of the Spirit.

Then I want tonight to show you, first of all, how Eleazar took hold of his blade, and secondly, WHY Eleazar took hold of his blade. Now, as to HOW, I believe he took hold of every bit of it; I don't believe he took hold of it with his thumb and one finger, or with his thumb and two fingers, like some society woman who goes to a pink tea and wants to be very swell, and holds her tablespoon with the thumb and one finger, or with the thumb and two fingers, with rings on the other fingers stuck out until they look like a young heifer's collar with the bell off! I don't believe that Eleazar took a society grasp upon his blade. I believe that he took it with his thumb and four fingers until his thumb and fingers made the entire circumference of the handle or hilt of that blade.

I want to tell you how to take God's Word. This book that I now hold in my hand is God's book, divinely inspired; it is the Sword of the Spirit and God gave it to the Church as a great weapon of warfare for all ages, and I want to tell you how to take it. Take it like Eleazar took hold of his blade. Take every bit of it and with a full, whole-hearted grasp. Put your thumb on the little gold wire on the hilt that says, "In the beginning God created the heavens and earth," and slip the palm of the hand along to the point until the fingers get back to where the thumb rests—"in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." In other words, take hold of the whole Bible, for it falls or stands together. It stands or it falls together, as one complete whole, higher critics and skeptics to the contrary notwithstanding.

I have been an evangelist for twenty-one years; I have labored in every state in the United States, in Scotland, Ireland, Wales and the Isle of Man, and yet have failed to see a single true minister of the gospel who believed the whole of the Bible but what had power in his church to do good. But I have never seen in all my travels a minister who believed some but threw out some that ever had a revival or built up a big church. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. What does the Bible do? When faithfully preached it brings men to God, and that is the best evidence of its inspiration.

Why did Eleazar take hold of his blade? This is an age of reason. Of all ages past, this is an age when men want a reason for the hope that is within us; and thank God I believe that the Bible is reasonable and religion appeals to reason. God himself says in that book, "Come now, let us reason together, saith the Lord." The most reasonable thing in all the world is religion. It is the only way to live and the only way to die. The Christian life is the normal life, another life is abnormal. Now then, while this is an

age of reason and men are constantly asking us for our evidences, thank God I am able to give them a reason why I believe the Bible. What is it, Bulgin?

Argument 1. I believe the Bible because of its triumphs over attack. Its triumphs over attack. No literature, no book has ever had the attacks that the Bible has had. From the first of its existence until the dawn of the present century, and until this very night this wonderful book, the Bible, has been fought by skeptics, atheists, agnostics, and many of them with very keen intellects, silver tongues and lots of money to back up their literature. And yet with all that—listen to me—this book, this wonderful book, the oldest of books I am told, has stood all the storms of the skeptics and its pages are brighter than gold! Did you ever stop to think what a task a man would have who would undertake to destroy the Bible? God has been so careful to guard it that He has woven it into every fibre and fabric of human history and human society. First of all, that infidel that seeks to destroy the Bible must buy up sixty million copies of the printed book, printed and circulated in 600 languages and dialects in the world. The average price of this Bible would be a dollar apiece all over the world. Over every continent and island of the sea the Bible has been circulated and in order to destroy it you must go to all these continents and islands, gather up your sixty million copies and make your bonfire and burn it! If there is an infidel that will ever do it, in the first place he will not be able to; in the second place he wouldn't have the money; in the third place he couldn't buy them all, for some old Dutch saint wouldn't sell her Bible for the whole United States. But is that all? No; he will have to go into the libraries of the world. Upon the great shelves of ancient libraries are books in which the Bible has been cited, referred to and reprinted. In current and in ancient, and in profane as well as sacred literature. Ignatius, Polycarp, Justin Martyr, Isocrates, Tertullian—all these have cited and referred to the Bible until it is scientifically, historically and correctly said, that if every Bible were burned we could reproduce the book from profane literature. Then, infidel, after buying your sixty million copies, go and buy the libraries of the world. Can you do that? Never. What next? You have to go into the art galleries of the world and deface all art. You must go into the great galleries of Europe that contain their millions of dollars and millions of pounds of valuable paintings, the paintings that have stirred the world—the paintings of Elijah, the paintings of St. Paul, the pictures of St. Peter, the pictures of Jesus Christ forgiving the sins of fallen Mary. The Last Supper, painted by men like Da Vinci, Hoffman and Hunt—pictures of Bible characters and Bible scenes. Then, infidel, after you have done that have you destroyed the Bible? No. Next you must take the great musicians of the world. You must go into those songs that have been written

and composed by a Bach, a Handel, a Mendelssohn, or a Haydn and hundreds of others. Of what did they sing? What were the masterpieces of those masters? The Elijah, The Creation, The Saint Paul, The Messiah. Then into art, into music, into the libraries; the Bible is woven, I say, into every fabric and fibre of the world's history. Then have you destroyed it? No. You must go to the city of the dead for the Byzantine period of art now dug up by a host of excavators. Then where Constantinople now stands. There upon marble and granite and ivory are carved the pictures of saints, the pictures of Jesus, the inscription of the Bible. You must go to the city of the dead and jerk down every marble slab that holds an inscription like those in John 3:16, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, etc;" John 14:2, "In my Father's house there are many mansions." Over the tombstones of ten thousand saints are inscribed texts from the Bible that would prove there was a Bible and what the Bible contains is written upon these slabs. Then, when you have destroyed sixty million copies of the Bible, all the art galleries, all the great masterpieces of music, all the tombstones that contain a Bible inscription, have you destroyed the Bible? No, sir. You have to go to the hearts of millions of saints like my own mother who sleeps in the city of the dead tonight, and when passing over the cold Jordan she turned to my father and said: "I am not afraid to die;" like Mother died and thousands of other dying mothers. The Bible has been fought and fought again, but bless God we still have a Bible. Why haven't they destroyed it? Because you can't destroy God, and it is God's Word and you can no more destroy God's Word than destroy the God that spoke that Word.

I was at New York eight or nine years ago, and I had a relative that wanted me to go and see the great Bartholdi statue in the harbor. I had never been there and I went, I believe 325 feet high, where twelve men could get into the hand of the statue; I went into the hand and then into the head. I looked at the light, and saw about a hundred dead sparrows lying around, and I said to the guide, "Have you a sparrow trap up here?" He said, "No." I said, "Is there any poison up here to kill them?" "No." "Then what killed the sparrows?" The storm of last night had driven them toward the light; their tiny wings caught in the great hurricane and they couldn't control themselves so they flew toward that light. It was the only light in that dark, stormy night, and they beat their little wings until they beat their life out of them against that great light. The sparrows are dead, but yet you notice that light shines on; bless God for the illustration! The dying wings of Voltaire, of Huxley, Hume and Ingersoll have beat themselves against God's Eternal Book, but bless God, the old light shines on. That is why I believe it; they can't destroy it. If I were a cartoonist, and if my voice left me so that I could not preach the gospel, I believe I would

come and live among you people and write cartoons for your daily paper; and the first cartoon I want to write will be a picture of an infidel. I will make a big round sphere like the world hewn out of solid rock. I will represent one-third of the surface still holding to the base. I will make a great big rock like the rock of Gibraltar; across I will print in bronze letters the words "Holy Bible." On one side I will represent a man with rye straw; he has dug a little hole under the rock world and is pulling down on his rye straw; I will put a dunce cap on his head, with a stray peacock feather on the top of his dunce cap—and I will write across him, "Our Bob" for Ingersoll; on the other side a little boy for little Hume and on the other side for little Voltaire. One for Huxley, Tindel, Straus, Renan. I'll make them shouting with the hideous shouts of rejoicing infidels these words, "Pull on boys a little harder, we'll turn the world upside down, throw the Bible out of the world and destroy Christianity." The old world is still here, and the old Bible is still here. You remember the clown who tried to rub the Bible out of the world, but he only polished the letters until they shone with such brightness that the common people stopped to read it as never before. What have you done, infidel? You have done nothing but brighten up the Bible and make men know there is such a book. The best argument that it is of divine origin is that men can't destroy it.

Argument number two. I believe the Bible to be God's inspired word and my reason for letting my hand cleave to this sword, is that it is the key that unlocks all human mystery. Four of the biggest questions that a man ever put to his soul are these: Who am I? Where am I? Where did I come from? And where am I going to? Science cannot answer them. Scientists fail to tell the origin of human life. They have been digging into the bowels of the earth with the excavator's spade, they have harnessed lightning and used it; they have gone into chemical analysis and yet have failed to explain to me the minute atoms of human life. What is life? They don't know, and yet they know we live. When a man dies he is dead and life is gone out of him.

What went out of him? Life. What is life? The thing that makes him dead when it goes out. They can't harness it; they can't analyze it. Life is a mystery; it stifles all science. I don't see any sense in a man saying, "I won't be a Christian and believe in spiritual life because I don't understand physical life." There is a mystery about physical life; but you live and you know it. There is more mystery about the spiritual life—"great is the mystery of godliness," but I am just as conscious I am spiritually alive as that I am physically alive. Yes, when I open this book and see that it, and it alone, is the key that unlocks all human mystery, then I thank God for the Bible and I believe it to be divinely inspired. It talks with perfect confidence of things that men could not know and only God could know and

comprehend. Let me illustrate that. Suppose tomorrow morning the Commercial Club in this city calls a meeting; they have here a factory that they are very proud of—it is a clock factory—they manufacture clocks; they have Swiss workmen, Italian workmen, German workmen, English brain and Yankee ingenuity; they put up a great talk and come to me and say, "Bulgin, you are a visitor in our country; we want you to feel good toward our little town and we have come to make you a present of one of our clocks, made by the very best workmen and most marvelous in mechanism, music in its gong, the sweet voice of the cuckoo that sings, and wonderful symmetry in the movement—it is a marvelous clock, it keeps perfect time and runs in perfect order." Then I bow and scrape as only a delighted North Carolina man can do. The present is locked up in a box eighteen inches square. I take that box and go home with it. It seems to me to be a sort of mystery. I unlock the box and turn it upside down and pour it all out on the table and find it a mass of wheels, hands, dial and springs, and I look it all over and it seems to me I have enough to make fourteen clocks out of it. It reminds me of the Sunday I played off sick and I remained home all day and didn't go to church on that Sunday. I tore up my grandfather's clock, and when I heard him coming home it seemed I had enough to make fourteen clocks—and I say it is an April Fool or Halloween joke, it is no clock, it is a mass of disorder, and I go out perfectly disgusted. Then I go down to the postoffice next morning and meet the president of the Commercial Club of Clovis, New Mexico. He says, "Bulgin, excuse me; you must have thought that a joke when we gave you that clock. Here is a book that will give you the key to put it all together," and he gives me a book of instruction. I go home and jerk my book open and go to the table where the mass of wheels are. I read there "Put A to A and B to B, C to C and Y to Y, 1 to 1, and 2 to 2 and 3 to 3," and I follow the instructions, and I find cog fits cog, wheel pulls against wheel until it is finally 100 to 100, I fix the screws on the dial and put the hands in place, and throw it on the wall and the cuckoo hollers, the hands move and the symmetry and order and beauty in the mechanism are seen, and I come to the conclusion that this man who made this clock and this man that made this book are the same fellow. Why? Through this book and by this book I find symmetry and order in that mass of chaos. Listen to me, beloved! while I apply my illustration. I am in a world of sorrow, of heart-ache, of throbbing temple, of heaviness because of sickness and sorrow and incessant commercial ruin and social disaster. O, God, what does it all mean? Who am I, where am I, where did I come from and where am I going to? The scientists fail to answer. They have not yet solved the simplest question, the origin of human life. The greatest evolutionist that ever lived said the worst enemy evolution ever had is the man too ready to accept it as an explanation of all

things—you can't get something out of nothing. It takes God Almighty to put something in nothing and bring something out of nothing. Professor Heckle said it is reasonable to take evolution as a working hypothesis to explain a good deal of law, but said we must call on God to create the original primeval fire mist out of which the nebular hypothesis is created; and secondly we must call upon God to create the spiritual nature in man. Well, if we have to call on God to make any part of you evolutionists we must call on God to make and breathe life into it. Why don't we look to God to do the whole thing in the first place? What does the Bible say? "In the beginning God created the heavens and earth," and this book is the only book that is the key to all human mystery. It tells me where I came from, it tells me what I am doing here, it tells me where I am going to. How definitely it talks of the mysteries beyond the grave! Oh, wonderful book, the key to all human mystery! I take the book home with me tonight; it says put A to A, B to B and C to C and Y to Y, 1 to 1, 2 to 2, 3 to 3, and as I follow the prescription laid down in the Bible I find symmetry and order and beauty and music and human love; I come to the conclusion there and then that the hand that made me and the hand that wrote the Bible is the same. That God Almighty made the book is proven by the fact that it is the key to all human mystery.

My third argument for believing the Bible to be divinely inspired: It is scientific literature, and yet not intended to teach science. The Bible was never intended to be a scientific book; it was intended to be a spiritual book and reveal God to the human soul, and yet while accomplishing that great spiritual mission in life it had to trample on certain scientific errors (?), it had to use certain foreshadowings and mysteries and parables, and in doing so it has never violated the best science known to man even in the dawn of the 20th century. Herbert Spencer said he never could be a Christian according to the Bible until the Christian world could find an explanation in the Bible of the five creative periods that science demands there must have been. Science says there was creation of time, creation of space, creation of matter, creation of force and creation of motion. All these must have been. All right, Mr. Science. I want to call back a brother of mine from the dead. He has been sleeping now about four thousand years and it is time for him to resurrect. Brother Moses, will you take the witness stand and answer Herbert Spencer. Did you ever recognize the five creative periods that science says must have been in the creation of what we now see? Why, yes, says Brother Moses. Ladies and gentlemen I solemnly swear that the first statements I ever made, inspired as I was of God, headed little Herbert off in the first round. What was it? "In the beginning." That is time. "God created the heaven." That is space. "And the earth." That is matter. "And the spirit of God." That is force.

"Moved upon the deep." That is motion. And Brother Moses knocks little Herbert out of the box the first round. Catch it? And when you boys and girls go to the colleges and universities and you get that little cheap John, one horse skepticism and the dry-faced undertaker tells you the Bible won't stand the light of science remember the argument I produced tonight.

I want it to be known to the world, that the Bible is the best science the world ever knew. Listen to me. We were a long time discovering that the world was round. Our forefathers believed it was square and that it rested upon the back of a big tortoise or terrapin. It remained for Columbus in 1492 to demonstrate to the world that the world was round. And yet Plato and Aristotle, though mighty smart men they were, believed the world was square. But long before Plato and Aristotle philosophized and Columbus sailed, God inspired Isaiah to write a book called the Bible, and he said, "The Lord has made the worlds and suspended them in orbits." What is an orbit but something round. And Job was inspired of God to write a book and he says, "God has made the world and hung it on nothing." How marvelous were these statements, and yet not intended to teach science, for Job was not a scientist. Surgical dentistry is a modern discovery. That man has a skin on his teeth is practically a modern discovery, yet long before surgical dentistry Job, inspired by God, writes in the Book, "I am saved by the skin of my teeth." That is scientific, and yet it was spoken before scientists knew that the teeth had a skin. Solomon was not an educator on science of medicine, but long before Dr. Harvey ever discovered the circulation of the blood, and found the heart was like a pump, driving the blood to the hands and fingers and tips of the toes—(and that is a long journey for me, but it gets there just the same as the little short ducks like some of you). But my heart beats and gets the blood to the soles of my feet just as quick as the little fellow gets it into his little legs. Great as the mystery of the heart was, did Dr. Harvey discover it? Way before Dr. Harvey's time God inspired Solomon to write a book and warned you men not to put off your Creator till you got old—"When the keepers of the prison shall tremble, your windows are dimmed in their sockets, the grinders are low and few—your teeth gone, and before the pitcher is broken at the cistern—like the wheel in the old-fashioned pump that is boxed in on a continuous chain going round and drawing water—before, old men, your heart beats very slow and the circuit is stopped, remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Thus did Solomon scientifically and pathetically describe the circulation of the blood. Is that an accident? Did he guess at that? Or did God Almighty inspire him to write scientifically that way? Then another thing: Whether the Bible is based on science or not, it accomplishes the thing that God sent it here to do. What is that? To drive sin out of you and save you.

I had an old grandmother in North Carolina. Every boy in the country had a ball to play with but me. We had to buy baseballs when I was a boy at 25 cents apiece or else make one. We would take an old sock or stocking . . . haven't you been there boys, doesn't it make you homesick? Every boy but me had a ball, and they said, "Aha, that Bulgin boy hasn't any ball and his folks are too poor to buy one." I never got to go to school but for three weeks, and that was one of those three weeks. Did you ever play, that old fashioned game of Town Ball (Bull Pen)? Let's get up a game while I am here, let the preachers play against the merchants, and the bankers the lawyers! Well, Grandmother came in and said, "You have to have a ball, they can't leave you out any more." She brought me a stocking and said, "You can ravel that out." So I got a piece of Pa's old boot-heel rubber and took the old stocking up behind the old barn and commenced to unravel it, and tugged and pulled—but it wouldn't unravel, so I went in mad and threw it down, and I said, "Grandmother, that rotten old sock you gave me won't unravel." She said, "My boy, that stocking is brand new, but I loved you enough to give it to you." "But I can't unravel it!" "Thee don't know how." And Grandma got hold of the stocking, and turned it inside out right up to the toe, and grabbed hold of a little piece of yarn sticking out of the toe where she had left off knitting. Then she took out one of those old hairpins, you know the kind, you just wear one—don't need any more—they used to just stick it in and bunch their hair up the back—didn't wear any rats. She pulled out that hairpin—it was a square, brass hairpin, made of square, brass material and she used it for everything, many a time I had seen her snuff a candle with it, many a time used it to pick out hickory nuts for us children, and when we had toothache she would use it to pack cotton in the hollow tooth. Oh, a woman's hairpin—there is nothing like it you know; and Grandma got out that old hairpin and began to pick till she got the stocking started to unravel, and a running and running till I said, "Grandma, don't go so fast, I can't keep up with you." She unravelled it from toe to heel and the yarn never broke once. Then she looked me squarely in the eye and kissed me and said, "My boy, don't you believe that Grandma knitted that stocking?" I said, "Yes." "Why?" "Because you are the only one that knows how to unravel it." I believe that God Almighty and the Holy Ghost wrote this book. Why? Because only by a man quitting his sin and going to the Bible by the aid of the Holy Ghost can he ever understand it. It is the revelation of God to the human heart.

My next argument: I believe the Bible to be divinely inspired because of the testimony of the greatest men of all ages who have studied it most say that it is so, and the men who say it is not so are the fools that know the least about it. That's just as true as you live. How much does the skeptic

know of the Bible? How many of its precious precepts has he ever put into practice? How many skeptics ever get honestly down and promise if God will reveal himself to them they would follow Him? No, no, they don't come at it that way. You can't find one that has done it. I would like tonight to draw you a picture. Will you allow yourselves to become my illustration? Listen: You are dying tonight, brother! You are on your death-bed. Sister, you have just a few moments in which to live. On the right-hand side of your bed stand Bob Ingersoll and Hume. On the left-hand side stand Gladstone and Wallace, two of the mightiest literary men and mightiest philosophers and statesmen the world has ever produced. You turn to Hume and say, "Mr. Hume, I am meeting death; I have to launch my little boat in the untried seas of time—tell me, what shall I do to be saved?" Hume turns to you as he did to his dying mother when she came to die. She said, "David, you have ungrounded my faith and said the Bible is not true, all miracles impossible, what have you to give me now, your dying mother, for you have taken all I had away?" He looked at his old mother and said, "Mother, just grin and bear it." My God! how cold to a dying mother—"Just grin and bear it." Then turning to Wallace, your literary genius, you say, "Tell me, Governor, what shall I do to be saved?" And I hear Wallace say, "I fought the Bible and I didn't believe in Christianity; I quoted some things of history and scripture that were not so; I was jerked up by scientific men, and I said I will never again try to criticize the Bible until I have studied it. I ordered a lot of books, and for four winters and four summers I studied in order to disprove the Bible and to disprove Jesus Christ's divinity," and he said, "Gentlemen, as I deliver this speech tonight to this class of graduates after four years of home study the product of my pen was Ben Hur, a tale of Christ, that next to the Pilgrim's Progress did more to make me see Christ was divine."

"I am dying; Bob Ingersoll, tell me what to do to be saved." I am putting the infidel against the Christian when they die. And when men are going to die they are generally honest. "Tell me what I shall do to be saved, Mr. Ingersoll." "Life is a narrow vale betwixt the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look to their heights, we cry aloud! The only answer we hear is our own last dying echo!" This is Bob Ingersoll's eulogy over his dead brother's grave. My God! how meaningless, what a jumbled up, trumped up set of words that mean nothing.

"I am dying, Gladstone; tell me what to do to be saved," and Europe never produced a greater brain than old Gladstone's. "Tell me, Mr. Gladstone," that grand old Episcopalian, so philosophic, so brainy, so clean and pure in his life, with his gold-headed cane and Bible under his arm, I see him going to church every Lord's Day morning. In delivering a baccalaureate sermon to a class of which my wife was a member, he lifted the

Bible before their gaze and said, "I have spent seventy years of my life studying that book to satisfy my heart that it is the Word of God." And holding it up again to the class he said, "Girls, I bank my life on the statement that I believe this book to be the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture." That is the man that studies it—the man that investigates. The man that says it is not so is your cheap little infidel who doesn't know much about it. When a man passes beyond the sophomore period of doubt he comes out of the fog to the clear faith in God and faith in the Bible. Oh, boys and girls of New Mexico, let your hand cleave to the sword.

Again, I believe the Bible to be divinely inspired because it is beyond human comprehension and hence must have been beyond human invention. You have not a man in all the world that could produce that Bible today. There is a height and depth of thought, doctrine and mystery that the greatest brain in this age cannot comprehend. Take the Ten Commandments, ten sentences breathed on Sinai by Moses, that have never been improved upon in all the world of law. Take the doctrine of the Trinity—Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Three persons but one God—what man can understand it? No, there is mystery here, but it is so. It is in the Bible. Now, man never does invent what he can't comprehend. Marconi gave us wireless telegraphy; before it flashed from pole to pole it flashed in the brain of the inventor. Edison gave us our incandescent bulb system. Before it flashed in that bulb tonight it flashed in the mind of Edison. In the Ozark mountains was a red-headed, freckled-face boy. He would sit every night with his great big red face in his big, warted hands, and from sundown till midnight his old mother would knit by the chimney jambs and watch her boy and wonder why he never would speak a word. Finally she sent for a doctor. "Examine my boy," says the mother. "There is nothing the matter with your boy." "But," she says, "there's something curious about a boy never speaking to his mother." "Make him some bitters, mother." So she made up the usual North Carolina home remedy bitters. Took some ginseng, wild cherry bark, white oak bark, wild dock, and some fox glove, seneca snake root, percoon root, juniper berries, a quart of boiled corn and a gallon of moonshine liquor, and ordered him to take four sips a day for every disease he had. So she made him some bitters, and Jim took a taste to please Ma, and still every night with his face in his hands he would sit till midnight. The mother was knitting one stormy night, and Jim was doing nothing, when all at once he reared back and says, "Mother, I've got her, and she will work too." "What have you got?" "You wait and see." He took his mother's umbrella and tore it up, got some old tools and junk and within eight hours he had that machine made that fixes buttons on shoes. Yes sir, and that boy is worth today fifty thousand dollars, and his old mother has a satin dress and diamond

ring and lives in New York city; you can't buy one, he sells it on a royalty. And where did he get his machine? He got it turning in his brain before he got it in his fingers. Comprehension always goes before invention.

Either this Bible was written by a good man, or a bad man, or by God. Now, which one will you take? In the first place, a bad man couldn't write it. He couldn't dig to the depths of logic and beauty and symmetry and spiritual doctrine found in the Bible imagery, for a fountain cannot bring bitter and sweet water at the same time. A bad man couldn't write it. A good man didn't. A good man couldn't be a good man and lie. Well then whoever did write the Bible says, "The word of the Lord came to me"—writing by inspiration. The Word of the Lord came to Jeremiah. Each writer claims that he didn't originate the thought, but that God Almighty spoke. Who could? God Almighty did. That conclusion comes then because it is beyond human comprehension, and no man can compose what he can't comprehend. Good men didn't. Bad men couldn't. Then God did. Hear it!

The next argument why I believe the Bible to be divinely inspired, and my hand will "cleave unto the sword," is because it gives to the world the only intelligent origin of human life. Where did that little thing called life come from? Science fails to tell me. I want to put science on the witness stand and cross question him. Mr. Science, you take the witness stand. Do you solemnly swear before Almighty God that you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? No, Bulgin, I don't swear. Why? There are only two ways of making an oath One is to show the Bible as God's Word, the other is by my uplifted hand, showing there is a God in heaven. If I didn't believe the Bible I would just as soon lie as not. But, Mr. Science, if you disbelieve in the Bible and God, I have got to swear you somehow. Do you solemnly swear by the nebular hypothesis, by the milky way and Moons of Jupiter that you will tell the truth? All right. Now that I have you sworn in Mr. Science, tell this intelligent audience of ladies and gentlemen where they came from. Well, there was once a little protoplasm, a little sticky stuff in a cell like honeycomb; it got attached to a rock in the water and the heat of the sun hatched out little molecules. Wait a minute, you are going too fast, that is not a deduction! Not? Where did you get the protoplasm, where did you get the water, and where did you get the rock that it stuck to, and where did you get the sun that hatched it out? You say you don't know? Well, I will let you go on. You say the sun hatched out that little life? Yes, sir. It got a tail and became a tadpole? Yes, sir. Then it dropped its tail and became a frog? Yes, sir. Then it crawled out of the water and got a tail and became a monkey? Yes, sir. Then it dropped its tail and became a man? All right, Mr. Science, if you want to believe your great grandfather was a

monkey, go ahead, sir. But don't you dare tell me mine was—if I do look like one. But listen to me: After this when you say your prayers, say, Our Father which art up a coconut tree. To tell me that I, with the power to think on a higher plane than an ox, dog, cat or monkey; that I, with a brain on the top of my spine, and not a brain running parallel like a bull or an ox, that I, with an immortal soul feeling after God—and longs for God—that I the only animal with the power of intelligent rational speech. Oh, don't tell me that from the low origin of the brute I came, for you don't see any monkeys springing out of tad-poles today, and you don't find men coming from monkeys. Whatever stopped the thing? Here is the argument: Where did I come from? Tell me, sir. The Bible is the only book that gives the world an intelligent origin. What does it say? In the beginning GOD—and that is enough—In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, and that is the most intelligent origin the world has ever heard about, and because I find that in the Bible and it suits my brain and spiritual need best, I believe the Book.

But again, I have another argument or two, and then I will not exhaust the subject. I believe the Bible because it is the best literature in all the world; it is the fountain head of all literature. Listen: In a thesis that I wrote a few years ago when taking up special study in philosophy and literature—I was asked by the professors of the college to write a thesis on "the Bible as literature," and I began to study literature. I found that Shakespeare gave us the majesty of moral law. Where did you find it, Shakespeare? In the Bible, I heard him say; the first book that gave us the majesty of moral law is God's book. Victor Hugo gave the world the sacredness of childhood. Where did he learn the lessons of the sacredness of childhood? From the Bible, for there is no story so sacred as the story of the Man of Galilee. Tell me, O Wordsworth, where did you get your songs of joy and humility? From the Bible. Tennyson gave us the triumph of immortal love; O, Tennyson, where did you get your song? From the Bible. Browning gave us the courage of faith, that was the keynote of all the writings of Browning. Where did he get it? From the Bible. Thackeray gave to the world the beauty of a forgiving spirit. Where did he get his song? From the Bible. George Eliot sang sweetly and supremely of duty, that duty with men and women should come before pleasure. Where did she get it? George Eliot says she got it from the Bible. Dickens got his divinity of kindness, Ruskin divinity of service from the Bible. If you want to be great, serve your fellow man and don't be idle or lazy. God pity a lazy man! And Longfellow sang the soft, sweet music of the psalm of life. Where did he get it? From the Bible. And therefore I say the Bible is the fountain-head of all literature.

But again, another argument I will produce for the Book, and that

my hand will ever cleave to it, is this: The accomplishments of the Book, what has it done, what can it do today in your beautiful little town of Clovis, this new and growing cosmopolitan city of Clovis. Take the Bible now and put it into practice in every home in Clovis, and answer me, what will it do? The first thing, it will drive out every saloon in your town. There isn't a saloon man in town who can drive his business by God Almighty. Every single saloon man here tonight is a better man than his business. What would the Bible do with the liquor traffic? It would drive it from our land, and corner the business of the blood sucker, for it is a bed bug. You don't need saloons in Clovis any more than I need bed bugs for comfort where I am sleeping. If you want to prove that saloons are a good thing for your city, prove to me that bed bugs are good for comfort. Why, did you ever know what bed bugs are good for, Brother Jones? When they just come over and bite me in the leg they just aggravate me and make me mean. You never knew a bed bug to put good blood into a man! It sucks it away, and the saloon is a bed bug because it is a blood-sucker; it takes away and never gives anything back; it will never become a wealth producer; it belongs to the bed bug family. It is a wealth consumer; never was and never can be a wealth producer.

What would the Bible do with the scarlet women, and with the red light district? (If the Bible were practiced in every home). They would take every woman and give her a chance of a pure life. But where men don't keep to the Bible the town council votes for red lights, and if you would license that for filthy gain you should license murder and stealing and let them pay once a month! That is what you are doing, for that damnable sin of selling a sister's virtue for coin is a shame on the town council! Listen to me: If you put the Bible into practice the divorce courts won't run, for you can't find a place in the Scripture where a man can marry some fair lily in society and tell her he will reverence her, and as he leads her down to the altar of the church there and betroths his love, and promises through sickness and health to stand by her, and in a few years after she raises some three little children, her cheeks fade and her eyes grow dim, and the roses have left her lips he marries his "affinity" and stenographer. Yes sir, you have a lot of that going on in New Mexico. But you go to the Bible and it teaches one woman for one man and the same standard for both, and each life pure to the other. Wouldn't Clovis be a better town if you lived that way? You wouldn't see poor women bending over the wash tubs with pale faces, like walking skeletons, because of broken-up homes. There wouldn't be men working behind the counters down town with sad hearts, refusing to go home to dinner BECAUSE of a snag in the quiet river of domestic life. The broken homes of today would not be if the Bible

was in the homes. The book that can accomplish all good must have come from the fountain of all good—God.

To illustrate my point before I leave it; suppose I was invited out to dinner tomorrow, and when I got there the kind lady said, "Dr. Bulgin, dinner's ready, and you can go upstairs and wash your hands," and I walk up two flights of stairs into a room, and find a faucet on the third story of your house, and as I draw the water I come to the conclusion that there is a reservoir of water higher than the point where I tap it; and you tell me there is a great reservoir in this city where you get your water from, and it is still higher than where you tap it. And as water won't rise above its source, neither can literature. It is just as impossible as to get water higher than its source. Here is that Book. Go down into the slums of Chicago and Los Angeles and see fallen women, wives and daughters that once came from good homes and good society, and drunkards lifted up and restored. What did it? The Bible. What did it do? It lifted men up to God where they came from. It must have come from God since it can lift people to the level of God. Therefore I believe the book, and my hand will cleave unto the sword because of the accomplishment of the book.

In conclusion, I believe the Bible to be divinely inspired because it satisfies the human heart as nothing else could do. You may think this is not the biggest argument. You may say it may be sentimental and not scientific. But you know you have got a lot of sentimentality in you after all. You know you have all got hearts and feelings. Don't you know men, when you come to die your biggest argument will not be, "Is the Bible scientific?" but it will be, "Does it satisfy me?" "Is it a pillow for my head upon which I can rest as I pass over the chilly Jordan of death?" Here is a life picture: A mother, now in glory, was a class leader in the Methodist church. A father was educated for a lawyer. His health failed and he went to North Carolina. He was an unbeliever. That father was an Englishman, the mother was Scotch-Irish. Father was calculating and cool, Mother was warm-hearted and tender. The mother died on a Christmas Eve at about 12 o'clock. She had a Sunday school class and gave them all a big supper; there were fifty young men in her class. She over-worked—I think it must have been appendicitis—they didn't know what it was then. About midnight—the children had set their plates at the table for Santa Claus, hung their little stockings by the fireplace for a sack of candy by Santa Claus, but he didn't come. They didn't care whether he left anything or not. For about midnight the tall, proud form of the English father bent over the edge of a bed and called two little boys out of their trundle beds, and said, "Boys, come down quick, your mother is going." They said, "Going where?" He left them sobbing, and they came down and when they got to the bedside there was dear mother with her Bible on her bosom. One says, "What's

the matter, Papa, did the Bible kill Mother?" He burst into tears and said, "No, my child, it didn't do it." But when Mother came to die she turned to Father and said, "Hand me my book." He said, "What book?" She said, "There is one book only for a dying mother; hand me the Bible will you?" And Father was crying, but he went and got Mother's old Bible, and she said, "William, my eyes are setting in death, open my Bible at the 14th chapter of John." Father opened it and laid it open on Mother's breast and she said, "Now, William, take my hand and put my two fingers on the first verse of that chapter," and he did so, and then Mother said as she smiled: "William, I am dying, but bring up my little children to believe this book; it has made me a good wife for you and a good mother for your children; promise me you will; and let my children kiss me before my body gets cold; I kissed my mother when her lips were cold—let them kiss me when I am warm." She said, "William, here is the text—"Let not your heart be troubled neither let it be afraid," that was the text. She said, "William, I am not afraid to die, the Bible has comforted me. Good-by, William." The father laid his cheek on Mother's and said, "Good-by," and her spirit took its flight. Then Father dried his eyes and came upstairs and said, "Come down, boys," and two little American boys, one nine and one eleven, came downstairs. Father said, "Kiss Mother good-night." He put my lips upon Mother's lips. I can feel that kiss tonight, I am a man now, it is still warm to my soul. I said, "Papa dear, what are you going to do with the Bible?" He said, "It is your mother's book; I will follow it from this day," and he became a Christian.

Infidels and skeptics, don't go to my dying mother and steal that pillow from underneath her head until you have something better to give. Dear old book, precious book, Mother's book, come to it tonight, O sinner, and believe it!

CHAPTER VIII. THE TWO NATURES IN MAN

Scripture Lesson: Rom. 7:9-25; Rom. 8:1-8; 1 John 1:8-10.

Texts: 1 John 5:4, and 1 John 5:18.

Text: John 3:6, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, but that which is born of the Spirit is spirit."

No doubt many a soul has trembled as they read the pasasges we have just read in our scripture lesson tonight. "Born of God will overcome the world." "Born of God the wicked one touches him not." "Born of God and can't sin." Alas! that does not mean me, nor is it anything I see in the life of anyone else. Then who can be born of God?

This war with the flesh has always been and always will be. Many a poor soul makes sad shipwreck right here. Some refuse to begin this new life for fear they will not come up to the demand. Many start and fail because they see their own imperfections and evil natures; others stand off and laugh and say that holiness is impossible and unreasonable, so therefore they criticize the struggling Christian to cloak their own sin or prove their own selfish points.

I have five distinct and well defined reasons for delivering this sermon tonight on the dual nature or the two distinct natures in man. There isn't a man or a woman in all the world who has undertaken to live the Christian life but what has had to fight this duel. The sinner has no duel to fight for he has only one nature and you can't fight a duel with one man. Now here is my first reason for delivering this address, it is to help the man who has criticized the struggling believer and seized him in the unguarded moment of his life when he is having this awful fight. He may even see the man fall beneath the load and do something that's wrong, and he proudly boasts I can do better than that myself. I want to talk to that proud boaster, he didn't see Christianity but he saw the need of it, he didn't see the Christ but the faulty practitioner. Now the second man I want to talk to is the backslider, the man who has tried and failed. He fought the duel for awhile but yielded to the evil man, the tempter, he did a thing which was wrong and the devil said you can't live it, give it up. And so he gave it up. Had he listened to God rather than Satan he could be living it yet. I want to talk to that man for his encouragement, what did Christ ever do to you to make you go back on him this way? Absolutely nothing, you have done it all. Then the third man is the struggling, honest, doubting, trembling soul who would like to be a Christian but he is afraid he can't live it. There

are such people and I want to encourage them, and it is by the proper conception of the two distinct natures in man, or this dual nature, that I am able to help them. Then the fourth man is that man who has false notions of holiness. There is a holiness and without it no man shall see God, but there is all the difference in the world between real holiness and some of the so-called professional holiness that wears it as an overcoat and brags about it. A world of difference, my friends, between sanctification and crankification. The holiest people I have ever seen are those that live it and say the least about it. But I do believe in holiness, don't misunderstand me. I want to talk to the man who has the false idea. Then there is the fifth man, it's the man that is saved and doesn't know it. Do you believe there are such people? Yes, I've met them by the thousand, they've prayed, they've believed in Christ, the Bible, in God, in the hereafter, the immortality of the soul and all that, and yet they don't believe that they really do believe. Believing that you do believe doesn't save you, that is the assurance of salvation, belief in Christ saves you, and believing that you do believe is the assurance which brings the joy. Many people may have salvation because they have believed and do believe in Jesus Christ as Savior and they are not happy because they are not sure of the results which have followed the belief. I want to talk to such people.

A few years ago a Southern gentleman, who was very fond of that sport, went duck hunting. His only duck dog was an old colored man who was once a slave, but a very religious one, while his "boss," the Southern gentleman, was something of an infidel. On the way to the duck ground the tire ran off the old carriage they were riding in, and Uncle Sam was directed to get out and wedge it back again. He got a stone and took the wrench out of the buggy and began pounding away at the tire, when he missed his mark and came down upon his thumb. He then dashed the stone and wrench on the ground and in a fit of anger and pain he came near speaking some bad words, but he checked himself in time. In an instant he was down on his knees in prayer, asking God to forgive him for thinking swear words, if he did not say them, also told the Lord what a hard struggle he was having to live a Christian life. He got up and put the tire on without further trouble. The gentleman who up to this time was enjoying his cigar and laughing at the old darkey said, "Sam, you are a Christian, are you not?" Sam said, "Yes, boss, I is." "Well, now tell me," said the gentleman, "why you have such a struggle and flutter to live it, and I am an infidel, but I never have anything of that sort. Then, Sam, you see infidelity is more peaceful than Christianity," continued the gentleman. The poor darkey could not just then think of a good answer or argument. But by this time they had arrived at the river, where they were going to hunt ducks, and soon they were paddling through the rushes, when up flew three fine

big mallards, and the boss, who was a fine shot, brought all three down with his double barrel. Two were dead, but one was getting into the thick rushes as quickly as his broken wing would allow him. Sam went out in the shallow water to pick up the ducks and naturally enough began to get those nearest to him, the dead ones of course, when the boss cried out, "Sambo, don't be a fool, you know you can get the dead ducks, so go after the one that is getting away—that fluttering duck. Quick, before he is lost." The darkey obeyed and coming back to the boat in the blind, he was laughing from ear to ear. He exclaimed, "Boss, I has a logic for you." "What is it, Sam?" "Well, Master, you said, a while ago, on the road, that religion is no good, because I has de flutter and struggle. Well now, boss, I is de duck wid de broken wing and de devil are after me, but I has got some life and struggle to get away from him. But, boss, you is de dead duck, shuah enuf. De devil done know he got you, boss. You see now, boss?" Well, friends, this amusing story throws some light on this very difficult subject. If you have felt again and again the alarm of your soul at the demands which seem to bother you so, just thank God that you are not dead.

But possibly more light will come on this subject as we look further into it. You remember I read a little while ago from Paul's letter to the Romans. The first seven chapters of this marvelous book are dealing with a child under the law, and as such a lost child, but his climax is in the first verse of the eighth chapter, "No condemnation in Christ Jesus," free from the law, etc. Now, in the eighth verse he says, "Born of the flesh and cannot please God." But John says, "Born of God and you cannot sin." Now is there a disagreement here? No, just see the force of our text, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit." So therefore we have two distinct natures in man. Now Paul was talking of the one, flesh, and John was talking of the other, Spirit. To illustrate this I will tell you a little story. My mother was a farmer's wife and she was very much interested in raising poultry. I remember, one day, she set an old hen with a setting of duck eggs, and then marked on the almanac the day she had set the hen, then turned over a leaf and marked the day "Old Speck" was to hatch, but before the brooding time was over, an enemy of the hen roost came along and destroyed about half of the eggs. When Mother found this out she consulted the almanac; found that there was time enough left to bring off some little chickens with the remaining ducks' eggs. You understand, of course, it takes longer for a duck's egg to hatch than a chicken's. But at the given time "Old Speck," the proud mother, finds herself responsible for two broods of little ones. That which was hatched from a duck's egg was a duck, and that which was hatched from a chicken's egg was a chicken, and all the men of science, Dr. Darwin's tweezers, and all the carbolic acid of the world cannot change the duck to chicken or the

chicken to a duck. But they are all hatched in the same nest and brooded over by the same mother, yet they are two distinct natures. A thousand times more distinct are the two distinct natures in man. Yes, born of God, and cannot sin because of its lofty origin. How can God sin? The God in you, therefore, cannot sin, for "Except you have the spirit of Christ you are none of His," and if you are born of God, it is because He has imparted His nature to you. Then the God in you can no more sin than the God in heaven. This is what John means when he says, "Born of God and cannot sin." But Paul says, in Romans 8:6-8, "They that are in the flesh cannot please God." Is there a discrepancy between Paul and John? No, no! One is talking of one thing and the other is talking of another. But Jesus talks of both in our text to Nicodemus. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh and that which is born of the spirit is spirit," two separate and very distinct natures.

More light will be seen as we notice the difference in the Bible between "SIN" and "SINS." It may seem strange to you, but I want to tell you right here that God has never promised to forgive SIN. There is not one place in the Bible where He has promised to do so. How can God forgive the very thing that is anarchy against His great throne and His own character. There is a vast difference in the Bible between sin in singular and sins. Notice a part of my scripture lesson again, 1 John 1:8, 9, "If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." The word sin stands for the Adamic nature, so if you say you have none of the old Adam's nature in you, you are deceived. But if you have with the greatest care and much prayer, seen the offspring of this nature cropping out, go to Christ, "the new Adam," with the condemnation of the old Adam, and He will forgive you of your sins. The one is the nature and the other is the offspring of that nature. Sin is organic, it isn't a mere accident nor an action, but a nature. God may forgive a deed, an act and a misgiving of the penitence of the child who comes to Him, but God cannot forgive organic SIN. Forgiveness can only be applied to that quality which comes under the law governing that quality, NOTHING CAN BE UNDER LAW UNLESS IT IS A PARTY TO THE CONDITIONS OUT OF WHICH THE LAW ARISES. Our bodies are under physical law but the soul is under spiritual law, but the soul that sinneth it shall die; not physical death for the soul is not under that law. It is a God breathed something and a spark of divine life in me. It is a spark from the eternal dynamo of God's heart, and God cannot die a physical death, therefore the soul is immortal. Another thing, God may forgive the actions of my life, the misgivings of my life, the things which I have done, but He cannot forgive organic sin, *because organic.* I knew a father in the city of Chicago who had an only

child. We were out on a picnic together when the boy saw a beautiful vine, with red leaves, creeping on a stone wall. The young fellow suggested to the father that he would take some of that home for his mother's fall and winter wall pots. But the father said, "No, this is poison ivy, let it alone." The boy, doubting his father's words waited, and the moment when his father was not present gathered some of the vine, grinding up the leaves in his little hands, he rubbed it on the back of his neck and on the back of both hands and wrists. In a few days, seriously poisoned, it took two of the best doctors in Chicago to save that boy's life. They were a long time finding out just what was the matter. When the doctor pronounced it poison, the little fellow's eyes were shut, the fever high, and both hands and arms swollen, he said, "Father, I have sinned, I disobeyed you, I wouldn't believe your word and I tested that poison ivy, and now I am suffering, but, Father dear, won't you forgive me? I did wrong." "Yes," said the father, "and I'll forgive you my lad, right now." And the boy was forgiven, felt and knew the forgiveness was real. But what about the poison in the boy's blood? Did the father's forgiveness take that organic sin from his body, from his blood? No, the father's forgiveness could not do that for it was not a party to the law of forgiveness. It took the father's forgiveness and the doctors' PROGRESSIVE remedy to get the boy right. God will forgive our SINS but God cannot forgive our organic sin. Sin changes God's order for sin elevated the material and sensual over the intellectual and spiritual and it seeks to destroy the divine image, the remedy for sin must go as deep as the disease. How deep is the disease of sin? As deep as man's nature. What is the remedy? Get a new nature. How did man get the evil nature? When he was born. What is the remedy? Be born again. This is so plain I cannot understand the moral man who dodges and refuses God's remedy in the light of holy writ, the work of Calvary and the plain facts of common philosophy. Let Jesus come into your life and into your soul, reincarnate in that soul until God sees you not in your own image but in the image of Jesus Christ, therefore HE IS MY HOLINESS. But you constantly ask the question, will I be absolutely perfect in the walk of my life, in the actions of my life? No, you may be perfect in your love, perfect in your Christ, but we will never be freed from error and mistake. But in this much disputed passage of scripture I wish to call your attention to the translation of Dr. Weymouth, D. Lit., one of the greatest expounders of the Bible from the faithful Greek, then there's much light on the passage which has been so dark and misapprehended by so many. The old version reads, "Whosoever is born of God cannot sin," 1 John 3:9, but the Greek says, "No one who is a child of God will habitually practice sin, a God given germ of life remains in him and he cannot habitually go on sinning because of the life of God within him." I had a little boy some time ago, my own

dear child, Arthur Bulgin, write me his first love letter. I was homesick way out in old Iowa, and my family had been sick in Chicago, but when the sickness was over and the little fellow could write to me, here's the letter he wrote: "Dear Papa, I love you with all my heart. I'm much better today and the doctor says out of all danger. Mamma and brother are well. Come home quick. Bring me a little white dog from Iowa, for you know I love you papa with all my heart. Arthur Bulgin." Now, that is a perfect letter. I saw it perfect, I remember it perfect, it's absolutely perfect to me. But if you would look at that letter you'd say, "Dr. Bulgin, that isn't a perfect letter, his the's look as if they had the rheumatism, he doesn't keep the line, he's on top of the line in some places and under the line in others, he doesn't cross his t's, and he doesn't use capitals at the right places." But I, the father, would reply, "Don't say that, I have never noticed that, that's a perfect letter to me for I see it only through the heart of the little fellow who is trying to voice his love to his father and as such is a perfect love, and I know it's a perfect love letter, and I am satisfied." So God sees me through the blood of Jesus Christ and seeing me that way he sees me absolutely perfect. Now right here let me say to the moral man who stands back and criticizes the struggling saints, measuring them only by the imperfections of their lives or the faulty moments when they have made a sad failure in the battle with life and fighting this duel. You've said if that's religion I don't want it. Let me say to you, my brother, you didn't see religion; you saw the want of it or the need of it. The difference between the moral man and the struggling Christian is this: The moral man works in order to be saved, and the Christian man works because he has been saved. Do you see any difference between these two? One is God's plan and the other is the devil's plan. For the devil knows if he can get you at that business of trying to save your own soul he's going to successfully damn that soul, for by the deeds of the law no man shall be justified. Then I want to say again to the moral man by your system, my brother, you're compelled to be absolutely perfect and if you offend at one point you're guilty of the whole. The Christian man has a Christ to forgive and make up for our misgivings, blunders and SINS, but you have none. The law says, "Do and live," the gospel says, "Live and you will do." The law says penalty for not doing absolutely perfectly, the gospel says, prize if you will do. No one but the divine writer said, if the righteous barely be saved where shall the sinner and the ungodly stand? If I barely get in with all of Christ's sacrifice and with all of my struggles to fight this evil nature, prune it down, subdue it and reckon it dead, as Paul said in the seventh of Romans, and there isn't a grander piece of literature in the world, the battles and details recorded in history are not to be compared with the Apostle Paul's description in the seventh of Romans; then when our battles

are all over and our victories won through our great captain and great high priest we barely get in. Oh, moral man, oh, sinner friends, on what ground do you hope to stand when you meet with God? I had a very dear friend in an eastern city who married a physician in the west and moved to a western town. The lady had considerable wealth, some sixty thousand dollars in cash, the young doctor also had wealth, some forty or fifty thousand dollars in cash. After four months of happy married life they had their first lovers' quarrel. It was a one-sided quarrel, however, for she had a high, strong nervous temperament with her own ideas well fixed, spoke the first cutting angry word. It was a sarcastic phrase, but sarcasm is a knife that cuts deep. She wanted to invest forty thousand dollars in a fine home and entertain and enter society. He thought that a five thousand dollar home was good enough for them and place the balance of their money in good gilt-edge securities, but they disagreed and here came that biting, angry word. He was cool and calm in nature, hitched up his horse to the cutter and went out for the day on professional duties, making no reply to his angered bride. The full day was spent away from her, for he was called to the bedside of a sick and dying patient. Late in the evening he was returning home with the storm hood over his cutter or sleigh and accidentally drove into a Milwaukee train which cut him in two, destroying the vehicle and the horse. The two pieces of his body were wrapped into a white sheet and carried home to the presence of his bride. She wept and mourned this loss as few brides shall ever be called upon to do. I preached the funeral sermon and said good-by. She accumulated her little fortune, packed up her goods and went back east to spend her days as a saddened, broken-hearted widow. Young and tender in years, but left spoiled forever. She not only wept the loss of a kind and loving groom and husband, but she wept because one unkind word was the last word she ever spoke on earth to one so dear. When she reached her eastern home she wrote me a letter, after telling of her sadness and the gloom that had come over her she closed the letter with this little poem. I will never forget it, I read it over a few times, but it's ever clung to my memory and will until I die.

If I had known in the morning how wearily all the day
The word unkind would trouble my mind I said when you went away;
I had been more careful, darling, nor given you needless pain
But we vexed our own with look and tone we may never take back again,
For though in the quiet evening you could give me the kiss of peace
Yet well it might be that never for me the pain of the heart should cease;
How many go forth in the morning who never come home at night
And hearts have broken for harsh words spoken that sorrow can never set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger, and smiles for the sometime guest
But for our own the bitter tone, though we love our own the best.
Ah! lips that curve impatient, ah! brow with that look of scorn
'Twere a cruel fate were the night too late to undo the work of the morn.

Closing her letter she said, "My dear friend, you've been with me through sorrow and trouble, and I thank you for all your kindness, but always say to others since this evil nature is within us and doesn't require very much food that it may grow, 'Had I let Jesus Christ be formed in me the hope of glory, I would not today be the saddened widow,' " and in truth as this, the good book says, If the righteous barely be saved where shall the sinner and ungodly stand? We need the life of Christ to prune down this evil nature and God to help us to fight the duel.

Let me illustrate this to you, for this is a vital point and must be understood. Here is a mother with a bad boy. The boy gets angry with his brother, and throwing a stone at the brother breaks a large pane of glass in the parlor window. This is a real mean act with a worse intent back of the act (that of attempting to injure his brother). But in a most penitent way the little fellow comes to his mother and asks for forgiveness for the act and also the attempt at injuring his brother. Is there a mother on earth that would refuse to forgive her child if that child is really penitent? No! no! Certainly not. That is, she would forgive the act itself, but what about the bad disposition, the evil temper that caused the act to spring forth? Can she forgive that? No, never and be a righteous mother. She will forgive the deed of her child but the evil temper in the child she detests, hates and condemns. You see by this illustration just what John is at in his assurance epistles to the church. "God, for Christ's sake, forgives our sins," but cannot by the very nature of *sin* and His character forgive *sin,* the very thing which God hates, the thing that God must hate, for it would dethrone Him if it could. But now you say, God does not forgive sin, but does forgive sins. I ask, what does He do with sin? Ah! there is just the point raised. He utterly condemns it. I think we ought to agree with God's condemnation, don't you? Listen to His own word in Romans 8:3, "For what the law could not do in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son, in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh." The sooner you and I agree with God here, the better. Utter condemnation is all that a righteous God could do. I am so glad that God does not see me in the flesh, "His eyes cannot behold iniquity." If He sees me at all, it is through the person of His dear Son. Then with the poet I can say:

So near, so very near,
  Nearer I cannot be,
For in the person of His dear Son,
  I am just as near as He.

So dear, so very dear,
Dearer I could not be,
For in the person of Jesus Christ
I am just as dear as He.

But there is one practical difficulty left. The objection is often raised that God demands perfect holiness and without this no man shall see God, which is certainly the teaching of the Scripture. But do we see this in the lives of Christians? Is it anything we experience or observe? Well, a good deal depends on who is looking and through what sort of eyes he looks. When we were children we used to look through pieces of broken bottles, red, brown, green and blue. The whole world seemed to be the same color as the glass that we looked through. So some people come to study God's Word to suit their own notions and views. The word prejudice comes from the word prejudge, or judge beforehand. It is time, my dear brother, today, that we stop that and come with trembling to these great and important doctrines. To know God's will, that we may do it. Where human experience and observation fail is that they look at the flesh just as Nicodemus did, and no wonder he marveled. He needed the force of the text, "Born of the flesh is flesh, born of the Spirit is spirit."

Here is a farmer who takes a walk in the wild woodland and finds there a wild crab-apple tree. He digs it up and takes it home and plants it in the back yard, for his wife is very fond of crab-apple blossoms, but after a few years the wife insists that this tree be grafted to a winesap apple, as it takes up space to no purpose and fruit would be more desirable there than flowers. The husband complies with her request and at the proper season for grafting he brings home from the orchard some scions for grafts, he takes his saw and cuts off the entire head of the crab tree, thus condemning the crab or old nature, he splits the stock and inserts the grafts, bark to bark and sap globules to globules. A few years have passed and we visit the farmer, while standing in his back yard we ask, "What kind of a tree is this in your back yard, so laden with lovely red apples?" "Oh, that is an apple tree. Can't you tell an apple tree when you see one?" was the reply. But why don't you tell me the truth and say that it is partly an apple tree and partly a crab tree. "Oh, no," says the farmer, "that would not be true. It was once a crab tree, wild by nature, but when I cut off the head and grafted it and a new life began to grow it changed its history in every sense of the word. It is not a crab and cannot bear crabs; it is an apple tree and will bear apples." Talking of the Christian in the abstract light of the doctrine, just as the farmer talked of the tree. John speaks of the people of God, "Born of God and cannot sin." Grafted from above and you will bring forth the fruit of righteousness.

But do we not see the little misgivings and misdoings of even the best

of professed Christians, and can this be right if they are to be born of God and cannot sin? How can you in all sincerity account for these? Well, let us call back our farmer. You say, "Neighbor A, that is an apple tree?" "Yes." "Well, does it ever bear crabs?" "No." "But is there any of the crab nature there?" "Oh, yes, you see, from the ring where it was grafted, the contracted body with rough, scaly bark, is the crab nature. It has yielded its life and force to the upper and higher nature, the apple, but itself is still a crab." "Thank you, but one more question I want to ask you, farmer, does the crab nature ever show signs of growth?" "Oh, yes sir, it sprouts from the crab stock often, but I prune those sprouts off just as soon as I notice them. Of course it causes it to bleed, but that is all the better for the tree." "Thank you very much, Mr. Farmer."

Our lesson is complete now. When you see some struggling Christians fall into some error, don't call them hypocrites, for that would not be true perhaps, but it may be true that the crab sprouts were showing themselves and after all down deep in that heart there may be the real life of God; and if we saw with the clear eye and all the broken pieces of stained glass were removed, we might see what God sees and then cry out with Paul, "It is no more I that do it, (not his better nature that does it), but sin, that dwelleth in me."

"Born of God and cannot sin." "Born of the flesh and cannot please God." That which is born of flesh is flesh, that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Then beloved be born again, for you will surely know it. Don't look at the flesh, for this may deceive you, as it has others who may look at you. Look to Jesus for salvation and to God's Word for your assurance.

"These things are written that you may know that you have eternal life." Do not consult your feelings for this may belong to the old crab stock. How will I know when grafted, by my feelings? No, salvation's one thing, feeling's another and assurance another. How may I be sure?

Here is a picture of 6,000 years ago. It is the awful night of the exodus from Egypt. We enter an Israelite's home. He has the blood sprinkled on lintel and side posts, but the inmates of this home are unhappy and all are crying in their fear of the midnight hour. I ask the reason of that fear, and they say, "Have you not heard of that terrible angel of death that comes at the midnight hour?" "Yes," is my reply, "but have you complied with the conditions of safety?" "Yes," says the Israelite, "did you not see the blood at my door?" "Then why are you not resting in assurance that all is well?" "Because," says he, "it is not the midnight hour yet." I go to another home. The blood is also sprinkled and every inmate in that home is full of divine joy and a holy merriment is in each heart. I ask them why they are so happy and contented on this terrible night of the "Passover." The reply is, "We are going to march from Egypt's task-

masters tonight and no death shall ever enter our home." "Upon what grounds are you so safe, please tell me?" My Hebrew brother answers, "Did you not see the blood as you came in?" "Yes, but at the last home I entered, they also had the blood and were unhappy." "But," says my brother, "I have more than the blood." "More than the blood? Now be careful, be orthodox. Remember, 'It is the blood only that maketh atonement.'" "I know, sir," was the answer. "I would not add to the blood for my safety but I have the Word of God about the blood for my assurance. He says, 'When I see the blood I WILL pass over you'."

When God the way of life would teach,
  And gather all His own,
He puts them safe beyond the reach
  Of death, by blood alone.

It is His Word, God's precious Word,
  That stands forever true.
When I, the Lord, shall see the blood,
  I will pass over you.

How calm the judgment hour shall pass,
  To those who do obey
The Word of God about the blood,
  And make that Word their stay.

It is His Word, God's precious Word,
  It stands forever true.
When I, the Lord, shall see the blood,
  I will pass over you.

CHAPTER IX. THE MOUNTAIN WHITES, OR HEROES IN HOMESPUN

Lecture delivered by Dr. E. J. Bulgin

I want to state in this lecture on "The Mountain Whites or Heroes in Homespun," I have been raised in the mountains of North Carolina and feel that I am one of these people by adoption and by raising. My father was English and my mother a Southern woman, and in dealing with this problem I am not attempting in the least to throw off on, or misrepresent, or speak disparagingly of these noble people.

I am dealing particularly with the mountain blood, far up in the Blue Ridge mountains, known as the "Appalachian Problem."

There are just as refined people, just as highly educated people, people of wealth, manners and refinement in the villages and cities of North Carolina as you will find in New York, Chicago or San Francisco, or any other part of God's great country; but I am speaking particularly of that noble mountain blood that has grown up in the mountains of the Southland, isolated from the privileges of the better districts: of society, of school and church, and I want to say right here that these noble people will some day become the leaders of thought in the United States of America.

When Jesus Christ said, "Go into the world and preach the gospel to every creature," I think he meant our boys and girls, and men and women in the sunny Southland, of whom I am going to speak this afternoon. The subject of my address, or lecture, is "Mountain Whites"—not the poor white trash, as some of the Northern newspapers call us, but mountaineers of the South; and there is a great difference between the mountaineers of the South and the "poor white trash" of the South—as much difference as there is between daylight and dark; as much difference as there is, or can be, between the noblest blood of this great American civilization of ours and the poorest and meanest heathen blood known to civilized races.

There are a great many people who don't understand our people of the South, called mountaineers or mountain whites, and because of such misunderstandings and misapprehensions as we often read in our newspapers, largely given out by the travelers and writers who have gone with prejudiced minds from the West, East and North, and written them up purely for sensational purposes and reasons, false impressions have been received. This caused me, a few years ago, under solicitation of the ladies of Los Angeles, to tell them of these people, who they are, how they live, and all about them. I promised the people of Dr. Robert (late Bishop) McIntyre's church

that I would do so. I went into the pulpit, and to my utter astonishment found two thousand ladies of the churches of Los Angeles who had crowded that big church to hear Dr. Bulgin lecture on the Mountain Whites; or rather, it was just a common, ordinary talk about these people, and I am going to do the same this evening.

Travel is much better than reading books; that is why a man or woman who travels is more highly educated and will draw better conclusions, and are better persons to follow in their conclusions than anyone else; because what we see with our eyes impresses us, and we not only get new ideas, but we get them in their proper relations, proportions and surroundings.

So, this evening, as I greet this large audience of two thousand men and women, and boys and girls, who have come to hear me talk of my own dear people in the sunny Southland, I shall attempt to take you on a trip into the mountains where I was raised and let you see them through my eyes, and then you can draw your own conclusions about the hopefulness of their education and the possibilities of their Christianization and evangelization. You can hardly pick up a book of current literature today but what you read of these people. John Fox, Jr., Mr. Burton, and other writers have all gone to the mountains of North Carolina to get their characters. I don't know of anything that could do more harm to that country than for a prejudiced person to go down to our sunny Southland and see a few of the eccentric things, or write a few stories from an overdrawn idea of their lives, and thus give you false information. Today I mean to correct some impressions I have heard in the West, North and East about my people in the mountains.

In New York City a few years ago I heard a returned missionary who was employed by the Board of the Presbyterian church to go to the mountains of North Carolina and render a report about these people. He only stayed three months in the mountains and then came back and told a lot of overdrawn stories. He told us that he went up to a garden where a mountaineer woman was weeding onions. When he got up close he found it was a woman; he went up and asked her if there were any Presbyterians in that country. She said, "Well, I don't know; thar is the skins on the smokehouse that my old man got; thar is all the varmints you will find, coyotes and wolves; look them over, and if anyone is a Presbyterian and hit belongs to you, take hit along." I am very frank to tell you I don't believe that in any other relation than just a joke told; because these people know what Presbyterians are, and Baptists, and know their Bibles, though they do live in obscure mountain homes of the sunny Southland. Another story he told was, how on stepping up to an old man he asked him if he knew any of the lost sheep of the house of Israel. He says, "You can go down and look into my pasture; I have got fifteen that I don't believe my mark is on; look

them over, and if thar is any belongs to you, take 'em along." I am frank to tell you I don't believe that any more than that it is just a mere story. To represent these people by such overdrawn stories is to do them an injustice, and you can form no impression as to who they are and what they really know by such stories. It is unfair and unjust to treat them this way. Now, if you will take a map of the United States and cut out the map of Massachusetts, and take that map and place it over the map of the United States so that it covers 22 counties in North Carolina, 18 counties in the mountains of Kentucky, and 10 counties in the mountains of Tennessee, 9 counties in the mountains of South Carolina, 13 counties in the mountains of Georgia, 15 counties in the mountains of Virginia, you will have a map known in current literature as a map of the mountaineers of the South, or poor whites of the South. These people are not poor white trash. The poor white trash of the South is a lot of mongrel blood, a mixture of the early French Catholics who came to this country, and lay down on all religious teaching and authority, turned themselves absolutely loose, repudiated the power of the church and priest. In these mountains near the foot-hills they located, and married with the old Creek and Comanche Indians, mulatto and negro, or were mixed up with them; and there emerged from them a criminal class known as "moonshiners," illicit liquor distillers, who, in defiance of law, ran their nefarious business for a few dollars. From this class comes our criminal class of the South, known as "poor white trash." But they are absolutely a different people from the mountaineers of the South, about whom I am going to talk here this afternoon. The mountaineer of the South is the old Huguenot, who in the days when Lady Jane Grey was beheaded, and men rode grey horses up and down the streets of Paris, suffered bloody persecution for the sake of their religion; from that class of people came to this sweet land of ours the old French Huguenots. Then the Highlander of Scotland, and the old Celtic blood of Wales came to this country and located in the good lands of the South and began raising sugar cane, cotton and other crops. And then slavery was introduced, and they couldn't stand the contaminating influence of slavery—they didn't believe in it. These people that I want to introduce to you were willing to die for liberty. They left France and England and came to this country of the free and the brave to have religious liberty and religious rights, and here in this country they laid the foundation for the noble Celtic races of people which, mixed with the Anglo-Saxon, makes our people what they are. We come from so many stocks—few people today realize it—Irish, Scotch, Welsh, French, Ancient Celtics, Saxons, Teutonic races. Those coming from a mixture of Celtic and Teutonic have the best blood in America. The old German, coming from the Teutonic races, Gauls of the Celtic race that located all over France, Britons also of the Celtic race—and when you put

up the ancient Saxon, Gaul and Teutonic and get these mixtures of blood you are getting blood that is making and has made our great American civilization. Now, mind you, when you laugh and make fun of what is called the poor white man of the South, or mountaineer of the South, you are making fun of the blood that made America what it is, that mixture of the Celtic blood with the Teutonic blood coming from all these countries and coming here for religious liberty and principles.

Now, six million people today that have never bowed the knee to Baal are living in the mountains of the South in these various states that I mentioned a minute ago. You ask me what keeps them there if they are of such noble blood, why do they stay there in those coves and hollows of the mountain country; why do they not do as other people? I ask you, why are you right down here in your own city? We are all creatures of circumstances; some of us are creatures of prejudice. But to show you why I left there I will tell you how I got away. One day I said to my discouraged old father (for the crops had been a failure, and he undertook to run a brickyard to pay out the debt on our little farm): "Father, I want an education;" "My boy, you can get an education;" and there was but little chance to get it in those mountains, for the best one could do was to raise a living of chickens, butter and eggs, watermelons, and you could pick up chinquapins and chestnuts—no chance for a boy there in that kind of life. As I was leaving the old home, Father took out of his pocket an old Mexican dollar that had a hole in it. Every baby in our family had cut its teeth on that dollar; it was on a charm string, you know, called a "memory string," like every boy and girl in the country had. Father cut it off the string, put his hand on my head and said, "My boy, you are scarcely eighteen, but if you must go, go. Remember, the boy who will stand by Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ will stand by him." Then he pulled out that old dollar and said, "It is all I have got to give you; you may need it to buy meals when you are in want." It seemed to me like blood money, and I didn't want to take it; but not to offend him I took that old dollar and walked out by way of Asheville, North Carolina, across the mountains to Johnson City, Tennessee, up to Bristol, Tennessee, up to Springfield, Missouri, down to Joplin and there I located and studied law, having walked every step of the way from the mountains of North Carolina to Joplin, Missouri. I had been taught by my father that to steal was wrong, and that to steal a ride on a train was as bad as stealing money out of the bank, so I walked every step of the way, except where, here and there, a section man would let me pump his old hand car, and I got a few miles that way, but had to work for it. I attended night school, studied law; little by little I dug away until I got it. I was converted from an agnostic life by the prayers of Mr. Moody and my dear mother and stepmother, and went into the gospel ministry, took various

degrees from the various universities, helped to support Father's family and pay off the mortgage on the old mountain home in North Carolina, until today I stand before you to tell you something about these struggles and these people.

In the first place, they are the most helpful people in all the world to educate—these mountain people, because at the very outset I want to tell you that common honesty is part of their make-up. You can do but little with any man or woman if they have lost respect for honest, upright principle. They may be of the brightest brain, and have the best principles otherwise, but if lacking in common, ordinary, everyday honesty, it is a problem if that man or woman is worth educating. I believe a minister of the gospel can do no better than preach about downright, old-fashioned honest dealings between man and man. I want to illustrate what I am saying on that by giving you a picture of one of these homes. The last time I went home to see Father and Mother I took some friends from Chicago with me, lovely company, but I thought it was an imposition on Mother, for they had raised no crops that year, and Mother wouldn't charge my friends board. They ate up all the chickens she had (they were not all Methodist visitors either!), so I concluded I would go up to the mountain and buy a yearling and have plenty of fresh meat while my friends were there. I went up to old Uncle Jimmy Riggins, who was an old-fashioned hard-shelled Baptist, and bought a yearling worth $12.00. I only had four dollars with me; so I took out my four dollars, told him to consider the trade closed, and I would come back tomorrow to get the yearling and give him the rest of the money. He laid his tobacco on a stump and said, "Bulgin, why you don't need to come back; take the yearling along now and you can put the $8.00 on my stump—you know what Jimmy Riggins' four corners are?" "Yes." "Well, you will find a stump thar called Riggins' stump, and you can put the $8.00 thar on that stump and cover it up with a bit of bark to hold it down, and I will get it all right." I paid him the four dollars, took the yearling and placed the eight dollars in that old stump, and he found the money in the notch in this stump. Seven or eight people had passed by and looked at it and covered it up, because it didn't belong to them. I wonder how long eight dollars would stay on a stump in this city! This is no overdrawn story, but actual facts. I want to say in the first place, these people are honest. Downright honesty is the first requisite for the building of character. Now I want to tell you how they live. In the first place they respect sacred things in their home life; the home is sacred to them; the church of God is sacred to them; the Bible is sacred to them; friendship is sacred to them; womanhood is a sacred thing to them. This western country is a land of woman's rights; I have never been in a country where women had so much "rights," yet in the West and North women are allowed to stand up in a street-car

and the men sit down. Nothing pains my heart like seeing a woman standing up and holding a leather strap; it makes me homesick. My mother has done that so often, right down under the strap I was. But in the sunny Southland I have seen ladies ride to church with their side saddles; they would come twelve or fifteen miles, with their long skirts hanging gracefully to the ground. When they rode up in front of the old log church there would be fifteen gentlemen ready to see which one could be the most polite as they got to the horse first and helped to take the lady off; and when the service was over they would hunt up her horse and go back and play the gallant gentleman, and put her on the horse and raise their hats when she would go. The other day I saw a woman drop her umbrella out of a buggy riding down the middle of the streets of your city, and there were forty men on each side of the street. Nobody paid any attention, and the woman climbed out and got her umbrella and got back in. I have seen gentlemen in Atlanta with hands full of green bills stop to hitch a lady's horse and help her to the curb. One of the things today that marks a decay in the civilization of our country is that we are living so fast that we are not polite enough to our women. When a nation disrespects womanhood, that marks the first step on the down grade; the first mark of decay is disrespect for woman. Once in a while, if a boy insults a girl in the South they swing him on a sour apple tree and get rid of that kind of people—they think there is something radically wrong with the make-up of those people. In this mountain country girls are just as safe in those mountain ridges in the dark as if they were at home, provided there are no visitors from the other lands to insult them on the way home. In the South they respect each other, and they *do* have respect for womanhood. These people have been kept there because their families have all grown up around them. Isn't it hard to pull up and leave the old homestead? Isn't it hard to say "good-by" to all the old ties around your dead buried there? I tell you, it is a fact; I know these beautiful, loyal characters. They get a rake, and every Sabbath day of their lives they go to the graveyard and rake the earth and sow seed on the graves of their beloved dead that have been asleep for twenty years; with such fidelity and love for those that are dead, and still more for those that are alive, it is hard to get them to leave. When my father and mother left their mountain home and came to visit me in California four years ago, I offered to take my home, which was then mortgaged, sell it and split the price in two, buy father and mother a couple of acres of land, build a house, and get them to come and live in California, and I promised they would never want for bread and butter as long as I was able to work. Mother kissed me and thanked me and said, "It is awfully good of you my boy, but think—there is your Aunt Addie and her five children—Bessie, Arthur, Bertha, John and Tom; and Will, your uncle, he's got Jack, Lawrence, Ada, Bessie and Jim,

and little Irish Bill; then there is your Uncle John, who has got nine children; then there is your Aunt Martha and her family, and your Uncle Elijah, he married and has nine children—why, Honey, I can't leave them, because if I died they couldn't all come to my funeral. I guess I will have to go back and live there in the quiet little mountain home." And I thought it would be cruel to get Mother to do otherwise. This picture gives you some idea of what holds these people in the mountain country; and many of them would fear going among the heathen, too, the lost world, in getting out into a larger civilization, with the greater possibilities of education, because they have heard so much about the evils in society.

You remember the young girl, "Sammy," in that little book by Harold Bell Wright, "The Shepherd of the Hills;" how a retired minister went into the mountains as a shepherd, after his boy had done a terrible wrong to a young girl who afterward died; and how the shepherd educated "Sammy;" how this young girl was named "Sammy" because she was the only girl her father had; how she came to him in the hills one day and said: "Mr. Shepherd, tell me how to be a real sure enough lady. I don't want to be an artificial woman; I don't want to be like I hear some women are, off in the North, way off in the big cities—they are not what they seem. What would you have me to do to be a sure enough lady?" The Shepherd of the Hills told her: "First, a real lady is a lady in her heart; she does not pretend to be, but she *is*. Then she must have a lady mind, and a lady will keep her body as strong and beautiful as she can, for thereby she expresses her heart and mind; then she must be tidy in her person—fix her clothing; must have a good character, and be good in principle, develop her spiritual nature and have a heart for God." She says, "Shepherd, I will do all that if you will help me," and she did it. Afterward she said, "Shepherd, if anybody else had told me to do it but you, it would have been different; but you came down, and were one of us, and trying to lift us by coming among us, I believe in your message." That is why it is so hard sometimes to convert the heathen abroad. To send money and prayers is well enough, but it is another thing to get down under their burdens and into their hearts and thus help them to solve their great problems.

I want to say that these people are very happy and contented where they are. One of the difficulties about getting them interested in education and civilization is the fact that they are contented. While contentment is one of the most blessed things in this world, yet it makes one happy with a sort of self-satisfaction which becomes dangerous. I believe today that we ought to be interested in helping these people, contented though they are, into a larger education and a larger civilization. The joy and happiness of my old home comes before me every time I look back from the fever and ferment and the artificial people of society, men and women. These people

are in a quiet land amidst mountains and hills where we could develop great characters. We grow up only to see the real things of God, little of the artificial. It is sometimes like taking a bird and putting it in a cage to take one of these boys or girls away from the mountains unless they are really hungry and thirsty for education; sometimes it seems cruel, when I look back to the joys of my own home life. Just this morning I was thinking about it—knowing I was going to talk to you about it, and I wanted to tell you of the fun and pranks the boys play there. They make their own toys and make their own tools. I have gone into the woods when a boy of twelve and taken a hand saw and a broad axe and a big three-inch auger and cut down a great big tree and sawed off a block three feet thick and about three feet in diameter, and then sawed it down and trimmed it off, and made a hub, bored a three-inch hole in it, and put a tire on, and then have gone to hauling manure, corn and walnuts out of the mountains in a wagon made literally in the mountains—the product of a twelve or fifteen year old boy.

It may surprise some of you when I tell you that before I reached the age of thirteen I have gone to Atlanta, Georgia, with an ox team and taken a load of home made butter, chickens, eggs, home made bacon raised up there in the mountains, and have gone 110 miles to market and sold out the butter, eggs, bacon and produce, and traded the old wagon that was home made for a little sugar and coffee, and sent that back through somebody who had a mule team and could get back quickly, and would sell out my team and walk home—when a boy of twelve or thirteen. I have done this very thing. Yet you boys think it is a hardship today to have to chop stovewood in the morning for Ma! I am not going to tell you that these boys are always angels; sometimes they are full of tricks and fun and jokes. We had on our farm when I was a boy an old ram by the name of "Old Jim." He was very valuable on the farm, but Old Jim *would* fight; he loved to fight, and I loved to tantalize him. I used to stand on a bluff by the river where it was about fifteen feet down to the water, and there was a rock about the same height and half as big as this room. I used to stand astraddle over the ditch and wave my handkerchief at Jim, and when he would butt I would quickly dodge, and Jim would drop into the ditch every time; he never learned better. He had a head just like some people you know—always butting in when they are in the wrong! Old Jim got so poor he was about to die. Father heard one day what I was doing, and he called me up and said, "My boy, if you ever duck that sheep again I'll whip you." I said I wouldn't. My father was an Englishman, and whenever he said a thing his word was law. So I said, "I will never do it again, Father." Father went that day to sell forty acres of land to Captain Crawford, a relative of ours. Father got out of sight, when over comes Jimmy Smith. He says, "My Ma tells my Pa how you've been ducking your Pa's sheep,

an' he says it's lots of fun. How do you do it?" I says, "Come out and I will show you." As quick as I can tell it to you I went out and was waving my handkerchief at Old Jim and he was coming nickety, nick, nick, nick. I ran fifty yards and stopped and looked down at the lower end of the fields, for there was Father, talking to Captain Crawford, and they saw the ram coming. Captain Crawford says, "What is the sheep doing?" Father says, "The boys have been ducking it," and Captain Crawford says, "It must have been great fun, you can't blame them." Father says, "Come up, Captain, and I will show you how they do it." Father walked up and got to the ditch. I knew Father was coming, so I ran out till I got to the edge of a rick where I could see Father, but I knew Father could not see me. Then Father, to show how the scheme worked, got astraddle on the rocks over the ditch when old Jim was making his final charge, and I got to thinking what would happen if the ram hit him. I got so tickled I laughed. Father turned to hear where the laugh came from, and when he turned to look old Jim hit him and over he went into the river. Well, when old Jim and Pa swam out (Father was always a weakly man), he said, "Boys, go down to the barn and get me a suit of underwear to change my clothes; now here is a quarter, and don't tell Ma." I took the quarter—and you know it's mighty hard to divide a quarter between two boys, so I said, "I must carry it," but Willie said he must, and when we got fussing Ma saw it, and she says: "Boys, where did you get that quarter?"—she was after us boys to know where we got the money. Willie says, "We were not to tell where we got the money." Pa says, "Boys, you must tell Mother." And, boylike, we thought if we had told half the truth we might as well tell it all; so I says, "Pa gave it to me if I wouldn't tell you the ram butted him into the river"—I let the whole thing out. I love to sometimes sit down and think of those good old days gone forever. Will they ever come back? No, never, never, never will I live them again; my boys will not live them over, for ways are changing, and society is growing artificial.

I want to tell you how these people live. You have heard somebody say they live on hog and hominy; that is no poetry, for it is pretty near the truth. We live in log cabins, and they are generally built square. Our homes usually consist of two cabins, with an open place about 18 or 20 feet square between them, all covered by one continuous roof, so that there is an open space between the big house (where they entertain the preacher) and the little house. The little house is the kitchen, where they eat. In that space covered by the continuous roof is where we hang up the old side saddle, and keep red pepper seed and turnip seed to be sown next year; it is a very valuable part of the house, that space between the two. That is a fair description of many of the homes of these mountain people. When a boy, many a time I have been called in the morning to make the fire.

"Elwood!" (Bump). We never waited and said, "Sir?" When that call of Father's came, our feet would hit the puncheon floor—that is, flat logs, or old logs split, with the round side down and the flat side up—they are hewn off nice and smooth, but not as smooth as some of your quarter-sawed oak, and you would get a few splinters in your toes when in a hurry; but they suit us very well, those cabins with the puncheon floors. Many a time as we would go to bed at nights and take off our home made brogan shoes (they were made of leather with the rough side out) we would reverse them ready for morning. You know they were made on one straight last that we made ourselves out of an old buckeye block. Because the last is straight and the foot not straight, those shoes will run down if you keep wearing them on the same foot. So when we went to bed we would change feet to keep them from running down at the heel. How often we would have to remember it was Saturday night and would have to cut the wood for Sunday and were not allowed to use it on Saturday. Mother never baked hot bread on Sunday, but we had corn-pone, "wasp nest bread," and we would use light corn bread and light wheat bread for Sundays; that kindling wood was cut for Sunday's fire. Father says: "Boys, black your shoes," and many a time we would turn the old pot upside down, and then get molasses and vinegar and spread them on the pot and put it on our shoes: I tell you it makes a boss good shine. But it's a little bad in fly time, for when a fellow goes to see his girl he often has forty or fifty flies sitting on each foot.

When I say "hog and hominy" I am not using a poetic word. People in the mountains live largely off the product of the hog, and hominy (that is, Indian corn). The hogs can make a good living by themselves in the mountains. Almost everybody owns ranch land and gardens where they raise truck. We have hundreds of acres of cheap land worth fifty cents an acre. In the early winter we turn the hogs out to root for a living. The hogs are marked (and that is just about the same as a deed to property in this country). These marks are registered at the courthouse, and if anybody ever kills our stock when they are killing their own they will advertise it in the paper. With all the opportunities in the world to steal cattle, sheep and hogs in the mountains, you rarely ever hear of it; people are so honest, one with another. When you turn the stock out on the first day of April they begin to live off wild Irish potatoes. I was at the National Convention of the United States when they were settling on what should be our national emblem; you know, now we use the golden rod as an emblem. But in that convention a man from St. Louis, representing the state of Missouri, wanted the rose for the national emblem. A Frenchman got up and said, "You can't do it, for the rose is an English emblem, but a French flower." In order to say something smart (and I want to show you boys and girls in high school, and everyone else, how careful you ought to be when you

jump on the other fellow), this man from Missouri said, "I am surprised that the gentleman eats Irish potatoes;" (meaning by that, of course, that if you can't use the rose as an emblem of America because it is from England, the Frenchman couldn't eat Irish potatoes because they are from Ireland). Had it been true, it would have been a nice little piece of sarcasm and shown lots of wit. But the other gentleman jumped up and said, "I would like to inform the gentleman that his sarcasm is a little out of place. Sir Walter Raleigh discovered the Irish potato in North Carolina and introduced it into Ireland. It took the name of 'Irish,' but it is a North Carolina vegetable." I want you boys and girls to see today what North Carolina produces—it can raise Irish potatoes and Bulgins! Now, the wild Irish potato grows in rich profusion in North Carolina. The hogs begin to eat them in the spring; in summer time they would get "pigweed," which is more of a kind of "grazing," then along in August and September the chinquapins would fall. A good many of you have seen the chinquapins made into necklaces. You take a black-eyed girl with rosy cheeks and put a string of chinquapin beads round her neck, and it makes you feel you want to bite her! I did when I was a boy! (Not the girls—I mean the chinquapins). Now, we not only use them for beads, but we eat them; they are about the size of the end of your little finger, brown, and one end is coal black and runs to a sharp point; they fall in August and September, and our stock eat them. In October the chestnuts come down, and white-oak acorns come down.

When winter comes on and it is near Christmas, the joy of the Southern boy's heart is the day when they go hog-killing in the mountains. I used to look forward to it as a boy looks forward to a visit from Santa Claus in this country. The night before we used to take our old shoes and drive the heels full of horseshoe nails so we could keep up with the men as they ran through the mountains. We used to carry a big kettle made out of boiled-oil goods, like a slicker. It was made to lower down into a hole in the ground, and had a rim like a hat, with holes around the rim to drive stobs into the ground. We could build a fire and put hot rocks in, and it didn't take long for the water to boil. When the hounds would bring down a drove of hogs, and we would shoot them down and put them in the boiling water and dress them that way. Oh, how dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood! When we had dressed about fifteen or twenty of these hogs and swung them up on the green limbs, one of the boys would go down and bring up the steers that had brought the wagon as far as the road would go. Then we wuld hitch the steers up to a kind of log cut out like a canoe, hollowed inside and sharpened at both ends, with a pole and a tongue to hitch the team to. Then we would go and get fifteen or twenty shoats and put them inside that old log and hitch the steers to it, tie their

tails together, tie the lines on the yoke and turn them loose, and when they met the wagon we would start home, and we would cut the hogs up and hang them in the smokehouse.

You remember, when the people came South to steal our slaves they stole our bacon, too, for there is nothing in the world so sweet as that ham cured in the mountains. You get a bigger price for it in Atlanta than you get for cornfed bacon in the West. Why, Swift's breakfast bacon can't touch it within a hundred miles. Because that has been for many years the product of these mountains they say we live on hog and hominy; so after all you see that there is not so much joke about it. I don't want, and would not want, my father and mother here today to think that in the least I minimize the good old home I was raised in; I am not ashamed of it. If I went home tomorrow, Mother would get me my meal in the same old fireplace in the same old way. I sent her a cookstove eight years ago; I paid $60.00 for it. I went down to see how she was using it. She was cooking with a Dutch oven. She thought my stove was too bright to put a fire in, so she was using it for a cold air closet. She wanted to keep it clean to remember her boy by. Good old Mother! Good old home!

The last time I was in those mountains I went down with a man by the name of Captain Doyle. He represented the National Brickmakers' Convention, and as material for vitrified brick abounds in the mountains he asked me if I would not go down with a company of millionaires and help them locate these valuable deposits. Yes, I said I would take a few months off from the ministry and go. There were seven men in the bunch, with myself; we got horses and rode up into the mountains, and when we had gone way back into the mountains about sixty miles from any railroad, after we had been going all day long we couldn't get back home. We had been examining some deposits of fire clay, and as it had been raining all day we stood under the trees and kept fairly dry. Just about the time the sun was setting the weather cleared up. Captain Doyle said, "Bulgin, we have got to go fifteen miles to get to the road, and must follow a bridle trail to the mountains; we can never make it tonight." I said, "I think we can, but I am not going to try it." "Well, what are we going to do?" I said, "We are going to stay the night with some poor whites up in the mountains." He says, "Where are they?" I said, "Did you hear that rooster crow?" "Yes." "Well, that means there is a settlement up here; we will find them." He says, "I don't want to; they haven't got an idea above an oyster." I said, "Wait till you see them." He was a man from Philadelphia, representing three million dollars, and lived in the very heart of city life; he was a fine gentleman, but skeptical and an infidel religiously. Finally he said, "Bulgin, if you can put up with it, I can." I was raised that way and knew I could. We followed the road up the mountain and came to a fence. In-

stead of riding round that 40-acre lot, we laid the fence down and rode into the field. When we got to the middle of that 40-acre mountain home we halted, and a man in a cabin just such as I have described said, "Hello, what is it you want?" I said, "We want to take shelter under your roof tonight." He says, "You are not revenue officers, are you?" (They don't like revenue officers). I said, "No." "All right," he said, "you look at your saddle." Captain Doyle jumped down to look at his saddle, and I laughed, because I knew what that phrase meant, but this Philadelphia man didn't know what it meant. I went up to him and said, "Captain, that means you are welcome." He turned to me and says, "Young man, it seems you know more about these horses than I," so I took them into the stalls. They had just stalls enough if the teams would stand two in a stall. Then we all went into the barn—covered with buckwheat straw. There were some men in there; one man had five daughters, another had seven; they were just as ugly as could be, homely as a mud fence, and yet they were married off to the finest people in the country. The other fellow had five pretty girls and had a little tract of land to give each one, and he couldn't marry off one—they were about to die old maids on his hands. It is an awful thing down South to be an old maid, unless one is broken-hearted, or had a chance to marry and didn't want to. The man with the five unmarried girls said to the other one: "Say, neighbor, how did you manage to marry your girls off so well? You have got mighty good sons-in-law." He says, "I work the buckwheat straw plan on them." "What is that?" (It is such poor feed, you know, that they use it on the roofs of the barns). He says, "If you want cattle to eat it, fill a big long box with buckwheat straw and get on top; and the first old steer that comes for it, why you just get after it and run it off, and the old fool will come back and eat it all up. If a fellow comes round here that is lazy and good-for-nothing, let him have a seat and set till he's sut out like an old hen sitting on a china egg, and he'll get tired of her and quit. If a fellow comes round by my house and he's a bright fellow and looks like he'd make a good son-in-law, I rear and snort and so does the girl, and he stays with it till they marry. That's the buckwheat straw plan, and it's a good one."

After we had hitched the horses we went up to the little humble cabin home, and the good wife came out in a little while. We all went into the "big house," the old man came in and lit a fire, and the blaze began to light up the old home, and the steam began to come out of our clothing. In a little while the woman came in; she had a toothbrush in her hand, for she had been using snuff. She put the snuffbox up and wiped her mouth, and said, "Have you'uns had your snack?" That meant, "Have you been to dinner, or had your luncheon?" She said it, though, in just as good a way as you society folk here. I says, "No, we haven't had our snack yet."

She says, "I'll fix you a bite." When she went out Captain Doyle turned to me and said, "It will be a snack, won't it? She hasn't an idea above an oyster." I said, "Hold your criticism till you see." I don't think it was twenty minutes till I heard a chicken squall. (When I go visiting and hear a chicken squall, I know there is something doing!) I don't exaggerate when I say that in 40 minutes she came in and said, "You'uns come and eat now, I have got you a snack." When we got to the table, we sat down on stools and old wooden benches. We had fried chicken, fried ham, and broiled ham, fried sausage (when we put up sausage we put it in a corn shuck; we take the ear out and fill the shuck full of sausage and tie it with a wax string round the ends and dip it in a pan of beeswax and tallow and hang it up to smoke in the smokehouse; there is nothing finer in the world). Then she had blackberry jam, fried corn bread and sausage gravy, and 'um! (N. B.—The art of stenography is incapable of expressing the lecturer's grunt of satisfaction just here!) Fried corn pone, fried in sausage gravy—just think of it—um! Three kinds of meat, three kinds of jam, sour wood honey and home made apple butter. The tablecloth was a sheet, hemstitched. One of the girls was going to get married, and when the girls get married they start them out with a pair of sheets. It was hemstitched, and hadn't been slept on, I know, because the hemstitching was not finished. Isn't it beautiful, folks, to see poverty struggling to make a warm reception for invited guests? There is nothing more tender, more touching in all the world than poor folks with high ideals trying to make their invited guests feel at home. And as we surrounded the table, the good woman came up in her homespun linsey dress and tapped Captain Doyle on the shoulder and said: "You'uns speak a little piece at my table before you eat." He started to eat. She repeated, "You'uns speak a little piece at my table." The captain turned to me and asked what she wanted. I says, "She means, to ask a blessing." Some people nowadays who call themselves civilized and educated eat like hogs. These poor mountain folks never eat without asking a blessing. Captain Doyle asked me to do it, but she said to him, "Because you're the oldest you must do it." Finally he bowed his head and said, "Dear Lord, make us thankful for what we are about to receive." (I knew a boy who prayed the same thing when a billy-goat was about to butt him). After the blessing was over, seven tired, weary, hungry men enjoyed the hospitality of that home. When the meal was over we went into the "big house," where the good old man had built up the fire. We sat down, and I began to talk with the old fellow about the buckwheat he raised that year, and inquired about his mules and hogs, and we talked on different things for about an hour. I looked over and saw that Captain Doyle and everyone else was asleep, and the old man turned to me and said, "Your friends are not well, are they?" I says, "No, they are asleep." He says,

"They don't seem to enjoy my conversation." The poor old fellow was doing his best, but these fellows didn't show any interest. So he says, "Maybe you'uns would like to stove in?" What did he mean by "stove in?" "Off and under." You know, down South the boys wear just a short pair of suspenders and trousers and it doesn't take long to throw them off and get them on again. So the old man turned to the seven girls and told them to go out of doors and let the gentlemen get into bed, and the door opened and seven big, buxom girls marched out. The old man said, "The gentleman and Mr. Doyle take that little bed right thar; you other three gentlemen take the little wooden bed thar; the other three fellows over thar." It was just planned right exactly. Well, when we all got around, the old man was to sleep in the bed there; there were eight men of us—seven guests and the old man with only three beds in sight. Doyle sat down on the edge of our bed and threw one suspender off, and says, "Bulgin, where are these girls going to sleep tonight?" I says, "You get to bed, they'll be here in a little while." He said, "What are they going to do for beds? I don't see where they are going to sleep." I said, "Get into bed quick." There is no false modesty about these mountain girls. In a little while Doyle says, "Bulgin, where are these girls going to sleep?" I says, "You get in bed, they'll be here in a little while." The first thing we knew they opened the door and in they came—Marjorie, Matilda, Mary Jane and all came bouncing in, and Doyle jumped in with his breeches on and one shoe. It was not long before he began nudging me and says, "Bulgin, where will they sleep?" I says, "Doyle, turn your face toward the wall." (It is customary down South for the men, when they go to bed, to turn their faces toward the wall while the ladies retire). Doyle kept his face the other way; I begged him in vain, and he kept on asking where the girls were going to sleep that night. Finally the oldest girl took an old spade and threw a lot of ashes over the fire and put the flame out—buried it so there would be a fire next morning. Then she walked up to the edge of our bed; there was a blue counterpane that came down to the floor, and the girl reached down and turned the counterpane over Doyle's face and covered it up. (Served him right for peeking!) Then she reached under our bed and pulled out a trundle bed; it didn't run on casters and wheels, but had runners, greased with axle grease, and she slid it out, then got another, there were two under our bed. Then she went to the other big bed and pulled out another until the floor was covered with trundle beds, with three girls in one and four in another, and the mother and little folks were all tucked away in the third. I noticed before they went to bed that they all went to the edge of their beds and said their prayers; I could hear them say them. Of course *I* didn't peek now, but I heard them pray, and while those girls were praying they prayed for us and that God would take care of the strangers. They just

loosened their loose-fitting garments and laid them to one side—these great big, honest girls that were not cut in two in the middle like society wasps; they laid aside their garments and prayed for the strangers in their gates. When they got out next morning I never knew. Captain Doyle had laid his soiled cuffs and collar under his coat. Next morning we found the girls had taken some buckwheat flour (to make starch) and washed and ironed and starched those cuffs and the collar and placed them upon the coat, just as nice as any laundry could have done it. At the breakfast table he tried to make someone tell who had laundered the collar and cuffs, but nobody would tell, for they didn't want us to know; how beautiful is their modesty! When we were getting ready to leave, Captain Doyle says: "Bulgin, how much shall I give these people?" I says, "Don't you say anything about money unless you want to hurt their feelings; they won't take money." He says, "That is not right, they have got to be paid. There were seven men of us and seven horses and they ought to have a livery bill." I told him they wouldn't take it, but he wouldn't take my advice and walked up to the old man as he went to mount his horse and leave. He said, "How much is the tax?" The old man said, "I paid my taxes this year." "No, I mean how much do you charge us for staying all night? "Why," he said, "pardner, I can't read nor write, but the Good Book tells me to be not forgetful to entertain strangers for sometimes we have got angels when we don't know what we are doing; just pass that along, if you ever can do any good in the world because I was good to you—pass it on, for people are living powerful selfish lives nowadays." Doyle wouldn't have it that way, so he counted out five dollars for Mary Jane, another five to be divided between the girls, and took a ten-dollar bill and gave it to the old man for himself and his wife. I knew his infidel heart was touched with the real stuff—real love, or he would not have done so. He turned to the old man and said: "Now, I wish you would tell me which of the girls washed my cuffs and collar." A little bit of a girl spoke up and said, "Mary Jane did." "Which is Mary Jane?" he asked. "My freckle-faced sister," said the little tot, as she pointed out the red-auburn haired beautiful freckle-faced girl. (It is iron in the blood, you know, that turns hair red, and lots of iron makes sharp brains). Captain Doyle said, "Mary Jane, come with me to the store." Six miles down the mountain was a little log country store; what little trading was done was done there. The old man said she might go, and Captain Doyle said he would buy her a dress. Her father told her to get old Fanny, the mare, but she said, "I will walk; or I can ride behind this here man that's going to buy me a dress." "All right," said Captain Doyle, "I think my horse can carry double." He rode up to find a stump, and she said, "Oh, just give me your hand!" and like a Jack-in-a-box she shot right up behind him—and put her arms around him—that is the way we do

down there. Oh, the joy of going to meeting with a girl behind you on the same horse, holding on to you with both arms! (How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood!) We never think anything of that. I want to tell you that these girls are as pure as the morning lily kissed by a morning dewdrop. They have no evil thoughts, and there is no mock modesty among these people. I never knew any such thing as an evil-minded woman in this world until I was eighteen. I believed every woman was as pure as my mother and as pure as my sister, and it nearly broke my heart when I began to study and practice law to find there was such a thing as a bad woman. If I had to take chances on raising my boy to the highest honor in the world today I would take him down there and let him grow where I was raised. It is better to be ignorant than to be led to the devil by the artificiality of society today. Well, Mary Jane went down to the store, and Captain Doyle went in. They had one great big bolt of cashmere at forty cents a yard. It was zigzagged and cut all over; the girls had been getting samples, not because they wanted to buy, but they wanted patches for crazy quilts. The storekeeper took down the bolt, and Captain Doyle says, "What is it worth?" The good merchant says, "How much do you want?" "I want the whole bolt," says Captain Doyle. "But it's forty-two yards!" said the surprised merchant. "Give me the whole bolt," insisted the Captain, and he paid for the whole thing. Then he turned to Mary Jane and said, "Now, Mary, make you a nice dress, and one for mother, and dresses for sisters and baby." I wish you could have seen Mary Jane as she put the bundle under her arm. She had a heart like a nightingale as up the mountain she went with the bolt of cashmere under her arm; and as she sang she just touched the high places and got out of sight where nobody could see her or hear her sing. She began to sing one of Sankey's old songs, and as her voice rang out over the mountains Captain Doyle said, "Bulgin, I have got a good thought. I have got a daughter who has been three years in Europe for voice culture, but she can't touch that, her quality of voice can't approach that. I am going to follow her just to hear her sing." I says, "Some of us had better go with you, so as not to arouse suspicion." So we went along and kept just out of sight, and we heard that girl sing two or three songs as up the mountain she went. Then we turned back and ate dinner at the store. Presently Doyle said, "Bulgin, I am going to spend the night up there; I am going to take that girl to Philadelphia and educate her; I want to educate a girl that has a voice like that." When he proposed the matter to her father the old man said, "Now, when folks tell me of the things that go on up North, I know there is lots of you folks that know a whole lot, and you are much finer than we, but they haven't much regard for purity; but if you ever do any wrong to my girl I will walk up to Philadelphia and shoot you." "Why," said Captain Doyle, "that is pretty straight talk and I appreciate it. That girl shall go direct to

my wife, and she shall be guarded; as a man, I swear it on my honor." So they allowed Mary Jane to go, without shoes or hat, and in her old linsey dress, with an old satchel made on a wire frame during the war. She put in it what simple clothes she had, kissed all adieu and went down to the mountain store, and Captain Doyle bought her a magnificent hat and shoes. He didn't take her himself, but hired a lovely Christian woman belonging to the Baptist church to see Mary away to a Philadelphia school where she took voice culture, and today she is back in Philadelphia and teaching Doyle's own children. There are young, rough, naked diamonds today to be found in the mountains of the South, when but for a few dollars how they might shine! These people really need education, really need to be brought out and lifted up. When I read the newspapers and study the great Appalachian problem of these six million people in God's reservoir of the mountains of the South, I think they are held there until God will put His hand upon them and take them out of the mountains, and I expect men and women will come forth that will revolutionize this country; for they never bowed the knee to Baal; social impurity they don't know; dishonesty they don't know, for they would rather die than tell you a lie; they respect womanhood, and are strictly virtuous in their lives. Last time I was on a vacation when Moody was yet alive—I was run down after my work in the city of Chicago, almost worked down to nothing. Mr. Moody brought me a hundred-dollar bill one day and said, "I want you to take this $100 bill and go home to the South and rest." I went. My transportation was paid, so I didn't have to change the hundred-dollar bill. When I got home, Mother said, "I want you to go up in the mountains and rest." So I went away toward Warrior Bold mountain and rested awhile; I had an uncle away over in the mountains. While there we went hunting and killed forty-three wild turkeys in two days. The boys helped me to prepare the turkeys so that I could take them back to Chicago. One day when I was out hunting, I had hung my coat up on a peg on the wall. In lifting it off, the old settler with whom I was staying dropped a Bible out of my pocket, and he opened it and read on the fly leaf, "Rev. E. J. Bulgin, presented by a friend." When I returned he said, "You are a reverend, and I guess you preach; you must be Bill Bulgin's boy that I heard about; I thought you were a Yankee from the North." "Why, no," I says, "I was raised here." "God bless you," he says, "you are a preacher, and I never had a preacher in the house before. I was talking it over with my old woman, and we says, when you come in tonight we would ask you to talk to my girls, and tell 'em how to be saved." I said, "Yes, I would be glad to." So he called them in round the fireside that night and he said, "Girls, I can neither read nor write, but this young man can tell you the truth. I know just the way your old grandmother told it me, when she came from Ireland in the early days, and if he tells you the same story I will know if it is so." So I got them

round the fireside and told them of Jesus and His love; how Christ died for sinners. I read from St. John's Gospel how God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that we might be saved, and how Christ said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out;" and when I told them the beautiful old story of Jesus visiting the world, just as I would tell of a visit of a king or queen to America, naturally they believed it was so. The old man turned and said, "Now, girls, don't you believe that?" They said, "Yes, Pa, we do." "Then if you believe it I want you girls baptized." (He believed in immersion). I says, "All right, I will baptize them." Next day when I started away he says, "Mr. Bulgin, would you have any objection if I have a few neighbors in tonight to hear you talk?" Of course I had none. I hunted all day and came back tired at about dark, and I found they had made seats out of rails and had room for forty-two people, and he had sent the girls down the mountains to tell the people that the preacher would tell them what to do to be saved. I tell you, I baptized forty-two people that Saturday night. In place of going home they slept on the floor on beds made out of straw. Some of the boys got up early and went round the neighborhood and said the same preacher would talk to them on Sunday. After I had baptized forty-two people, there were forty-two people believing and confessing Christ was the Son of God. One old man came to me and said, "Mister, would you mind waiting before you go to dinner till I go a mile and a half?" I said I would wait, and asked him how far he had to go. He said, "A right smart step." Sometimes they say, "Pat smokes it in two pipes full." That is the way they measure distance there. I waited, and in a little while up came a great big girl with a dress on that was too short for her, and a little boy with trousers too long, and he had rolled them up till they had about four rows at the bottom. When they came up to be baptized I asked no questions, but I noticed their clothes were wet; they had been used for the other children to be baptized in; they both had to use them to be baptized and confess the Lord Jesus Christ. When I saw that and remembered the wealth that is spent at your card tables and at your dances and on your useless automobiles, and the great wealth spent in pink teas, I thought of those poor people down yonder in the sunny Southland—six million boys and girls hungry for education and a knowledge of the Bible. God forgive us for our worldliness! An old man turned to me and said, "Bulgin, I am going to build right here a little old mud house, and I want you to see that someone comes and talks to us once a month." I said, "All right." I have a father, and if he is poor he has a great big brain and heart. He loves now to talk to the people, and he rides up and stays all night once a month. I reached in my pocket and something was burning me, as if fire had got hold of me. Here was my hundred-dollar bill. The old man had said, "If we just had a little money, mister, to buy boards, window-glass, hardware, paint, etc., we would have quite a respectable mud

house." I said, "Here is a start," and handed him the hundred-dollar bill. I never enjoyed anything so much as to know that since that little mud house was constructed way up in the mountains of North Carolina by a hundred-dollar bill, five boys and three girls have come out of that little meeting house and are today preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ the Son of God. Oh, preachers! isn't it a blessed thing to go and preach to people that are hungry? What a blessed thing to cook for a man that has an appetite! (If you women love to cook for a hungry man, you will do well to send for me; I know you enjoy cooking for a man who really has an appetite. Isn't it hard work when you get one of those little, spotless, immaculate fellows at the table, when you have to give him "chow-chow" to tickle him up? That is a picture of the average minister today; you have to spend time creating an appetite in you people in this worldly country; we are dying of human selfishness; that is our sin).

These people in the mountains are the most hopeful people in the world, for four reasons. First: Because of the blood in them—the blood of the last four or five generations that lies working in their veins; and you may say what you please, but there is a whole lot in the blood in a man's veins; good blood is never to be hooted at. Fine breeding is one of the greatest blessings that can be given to a man. He may toil with the rough world, but if he is a well bred gentleman and he has been started out with a goodly heritage of that old Celtic cavalier or Saxon blood like that you will find yonder in the South, I tell you that it is going to be the blood yet that will revolutionize this country. God has been holding them in His eternal reservoir of the quiet mountains and hills of the South, and when the nation is in jeopardy watch them swarm out of that country and become statesmen and politicians that can't be bought with dollars and that will stand for the principles of this land. Therefore I say it is hopeful to educate these people. George Stewart is one of them, and the Dickson boys, and there is one of them preaching in the old Tabernacle of Spurgeon, and they have gone out all over this world. Another thing that makes them so hopeful, they are willing to sacrifice everything for principle. When men will come from Spain, France, Ireland, Scotland and take a stormy voyage over the sea and come to this fair land for the sake of religious principle, and later on when slavery was introduced they were practically the first abolitionists of the slave traffic; they saw it was wrong and moved up into the mountains and lived a life of sacrifice. It is characteristic of these people that they are immovable when they take a stand for a principle of moral right and social purity. Another argument that they are hopeful to educate is the fact that when they are once educated you can never educate them back, and when they are once converted they never backslide. Nowadays when you get one saved he will be round one of the devil's fence corners in twenty-four hours, violating the laws of social purity, or off somewhere

on a Sunday excursion; the first thing you know they are compromising with the devil. But I will dare you to get one of my boys or girls from the Southland that way; they will serve the living God or die before going back. Another thing: When you once get them converted there are no counter attractions to draw them away; no theaters or card parties down there; but the one absorbing thought would be to get education and serve God and have the bone, energy and nerve for that one thing. I am so hopeful that they could benefit the nation so much, that I pray God will speed the day when they can be brought out. Give me a million dollars today of Rockefeller's money, or a million of Carnegie's money that is being spent for libraries—for their wealth is being drawn from the poor in the sweat shops of the great steel ships—made by the poor, and then the poor have to pay taxes on everything to help pay for them! But give me a million dollars of his money and I will go into the sunny Southland and build a university and bring out in ten years from that university ten thousand men that will change the policy and destiny of the United States of America through their religious principles.

Down in the mountains there, close to my old home, there was a boy named John Evans—a great, big, home-made, honest, sober, freckle-faced country boy. His five sisters could neither read nor write. But John had been carrying books for a minister in the mountains by the name of Siler, whose boy had some education. John used to carry the books and the boy Siler would give him some good principles and show him what the letters of the alphabet were; so he knew how to spell the word "boy." He worked it out, sat down and looked at it, and said: "My! that's 'boy'." He kept on, and after two years of spelling he got to where he could write little notes. One day his sister said, "Ma, John is a bookworm—he is reading a book." (He had got to McGuffey's Third Reader). "And, Ma, John will be a man one day and we will be proud of him; let's send John to school." Now, the Baptists have a little school in the mountains and the Presbyterians have one at Asheville. The old man said, "I don't know that I can spare John." Then another sister said, "Pa, if you will let John go to school I will cut the tops and pull the fodders this year." "All right," he said, "I will think it over." Then Matilda came in and says, "Pa, John has got to go to school; if you let John go to school I will dig the turnips and potatoes this winter, for, Pa, we will never learn to read or write; there are five of us girls and we are too old to get an education; let John go, for we'll be proud of him some day." Then Betsy came in (she was the youngest girl, twenty-eight years old and not married yet; think of what the oldest must have been!) She came in and put down her little number six brogan shoe and said, "You can say what you please, Pa, but John is going to school!" Then the other brown-haired, freckled girl said he had to go. The old man said, "This is getting pretty hot." Then in came the

old woman, who took her old cob pipe, put a red-hot coal on it and began to smoke. She says, "Say, Dave, I've been thinking about this thing of educating our boy, and me and the girls talked it over, and John is going to school. Now, I will snake down the firewood" (that means to go up a mountain and get wood; to "snake down wood" means to go to a hickory tree, hitch the steers to the butt end and get behind them with a hickory whip and make them haul the wood. "I will snake down the firewood if John goes to school." To make it short, John went to school. Mother made him a home-made shirt of drilling, his sisters made him a couple of collars—thought two would do him for a year; then Ma made the goods in the loom and made him some jeans—you could see the knots on them where Ma had tied the yarn. (I have worn breeches with great big knots all over them, but they were all paid for). Well, he went to school to Asheville, North Carolina, Institute. Bishop Atkins can tell you all about this wonderful school. When he got to school he went right down to the Professor and asked him if he could get him a job—anything to pay his tuition. As he asked for it, the washerwoman was there and she said, "If you will battle my clothes I will give you your board." (You know, when we wash clothes by hand, if we haven't a washing machine, we lay them on a good flat board and take a stick and knock the juice out of them). Well, John went to work battling clothes and rang the college bell to pay his tuition, scrubbed the boys' rooms to get books—that's the kind of fellow to get through; the trouble with a lot of you boys and girls today is that you get it too easily—you will never amount to anything if you are not hungry for it. He was called country gawk, hayseed, blockhead, big-foot, country cracker (from the fact that a boy from the country cracks his foot twice when it hits the ground, heel first, then toe), and other names, but he didn't care; he never got mad; he just bored into his books night and day for four years. I have not time to tell you all his troubles. I know one time I visited him after school broke up. It was during July and August and the other boys had gone home to see their mothers and fathers, but John says, "I can't afford it; it would cost too much money, and I need the time; I can get a dollar a day at a brickyard here, carrying off brick." He wanted to save money to educate himself and buy books, and sent the balance to his mother. When Christmas came he sent her a dress, and sugar, and coffee (in the mountains our coffee is made of hickory nuts and rye—that was the first coffee I ever tasted; it is just like Postum—I think we originated the idea). Well, John sent her some nice sugar and coffee for Christmas. God bless good old John! Just before graduating day came, he wrote his mother a letter: "Dear Mother: Next Thursday I graduate; I will deliver my own speech. I made it myself, and can't you and Pa sell off some of the old cattle, and you and Pa and the girls come up to see me graduate? It is only once in a lifetime; won't you come?" So they talked it over and sold an old one-horned steer

for ten dollars, and an old cow and got the money to see John graduate. Oh, what a happy day when John got a message that mother was coming! They were decorating the windows with holly berries in the hall, and John bought three seats in the dress circle, and told the usher to put his mother and two sisters there; he paid twenty-five cents apiece for those three seats —a big price for a poor boy. John, as he went on decorating, was smiling, for Mother was coming tonight, bless God! He thought, "She won't be dressed like the other boys' mothers; she will have on that old linsey dress and old home-made brogan shoes, dirty, rough and coarse, but it will be Mother just the same, God bless her!" No true boy is ever ashamed of his mother, no matter how she is dressed or how ugly she be. There John sat in that semi-circular row of fifty-two boys; as they made their speeches, one by one, John watched those three reserved seats in the front, that he had the ushers watching. The boys speak on, but John's folks are not there. He sits up there with his home-made brown jeans and home-made collar made up of some linen goods and tied up with a little bow mother made. There he sits, as he thinks, "Mother won't know how big I've grown in four years." He watches those seats, but no mother, no sister or father. Are they dead? Was the train wrecked? Was she too sick to come? Did she come, and get discouraged when she saw those rich folks and well dressed people and refuse to come in. He looked at his little brass watch he had traded for, to know when to ring the college bell. He sees the program will soon be over—he was last on the program. Then the professor came out and said, "Mr. John Evans will now deliver the valedictory." John Evans, the Mountain county boy, valedictorian of the crowd, stepped out. All eyes gazed upon that homespun boy, with his sleeves too short and his trousers up to high-water mark. He began to talk; his subject was, "What Makes a Man?" The audience was stirred by the eloquence of the boy, for he was a natural silver-tongued orator, and true oratory is a soul afire with a great purpose. He gazed at the three empty seats, but it made him sick, and he tried to forget, but he couldn't. "Why isn't Mother here to hear me?" Just then he stepped to one side and lifted one hand toward the gallery. There were a lot of people there where seats could be bought for a nickle apiece. In the front seats there in the gallery he saw the three dear ones he loved. There was his dear old mother dressed in her home-made linsey dress and his dear old sisters—the two oldest ones by the side of his mother. His mother stopped crying and said, "Matilda, he sees us, don't he?" "Yes, I think he does," said Matilda. "My! he's the valedictorian of the class; that means best, don't it?" "I don't know, Ma, but valedictorian means something good." That's all they knew, God bless 'em. There are lots of good folk that are not highly educated, as sure as you live. The dear old mother wept, then turned pale, then turned red, then threw her arms round Matilda and says, "God bless you, ain't you proud of him?" On and on the

boy went, till he dropped down after the last word, exhausted and overcome with joy that Mother was there. The professor stepped up, holding a twenty-dollar gold piece with a monogram on the back of it and a little blue ribbon. Holding it up to the class, he said, "Mr. Evans, will you step forward?" The surprised, honest boy stepped out, and the professor said, "John Evans, on behalf of the faculty of 1886 of the Institution of Asheville, I award you this medal for deportment and scholarship, and as you started in your early years of training, may God make you the same noble boy in all the problems of life. In behalf of the friends here tonight we are glad to award you the medal. It has never given us greater pleasure to award a medal to any boy in this Institution than it gives us to award it to Mr. John Evans of Mountain county, North Carolina." The boy took the medal and said, "Mr. President and Faculty of 1886, I am too full to speak; let me make my reply of surprise and appreciation at the picnic tomorrow on the campus when I am saying good-by; I can't do it now." He took the medal with its three yards of baby blue ribbon. You know it is customary when you receive a medal to go and put the ribbon round your sweetheart's neck. Bless your life, who ever knew of John having a sweetheart? There wasn't a mother in the whole state of North Carolina that would refuse that noble boy the right to go and throw that medal round her daughter's neck. The Governor's wife herself said, "I would be proud of that boy for a son-in-law." But John didn't have a sweetheart, though he started out as if he had, and everybody watched him as down the hall he went and up the winding staircase into the gallery, up yonder to that old woman in the old-fashioned bonnet with long streamers and the old home-made linsey dress, with her old wrinkled face and not a tooth in her head. He walked right up and threw his arms round her neck, and hung the medal round her neck, as he said, "Mother, this medal is yours; you stitched at the dark hours of midnight and went without sugar and coffee and the necessities of life to educate your boy; had it not been for you, Mother dear, I never could have been here." Noble boy! He has a beautiful character. Today he is up in Milwaukee, and is one of the most beloved citizens of America.

Boys and girls, maybe I have said something today to inspire you to nobler living. If by one word of my lecture there comes a suggestion in your life to be noble, good and true Christian men and women; if I have inspired you to send one single dollar, to send up to God one single prayer to bless the missionary work of the Church of God that they may go after these people, and by so doing if they can bring one single boy or girl to a larger life and living, I would thank God I had been among you. God bless you, and help you to be true, noble and good, and to send up your prayers and money that these people of the sunny Southland may be brought to God and brought to higher education.

CHAPTER X. THE FALL OF BABYLON AND SHORT EDITORIALS

"And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldee's excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation; neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces: and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged" (Isaiah 13:19-22).

A short time ago, Dr. Allen, of Walla Walla, camped in Babylon, and saw Syrians and Armenians who have been persecuted and who had sought refuge in that city of tranquility. Their children were dying with fever and black plague. They cannot live in this disease-stricken country.

On the opposite side of the Euphrates river, bats, owls and jackals sang and scampered all night long. In Babylon, as described in the days of old, he saw pictures of young birds on trees; and swans with their young could be seen in the bottoms of these streets which flowed thirty feet deep.

The Euphrates river brought the commerce to the city. The exports and imports came on the bosom of a mighty river. In the center of the city there were four arched spans over the river that reached from bank to bank, the art of which was almost equal to the suspension bridge in the city of New York.

The city of Babylon was no mean city, it was a city of books, a city of brains, a city of art and architecture. It was a city fifteen miles square, or sixty miles around it. It was a city with a gigantic wall, 350 feet high and 700 feet wide at the bottom, and over 300 feet wide at the top. Seven chariots abreast side by side could run a race around the entire city of Babylon. It was a city with 250 gigantic pillars standing 250 feet high in the sky, built in honor of some of her lords who had fought, conquered and died. The city of Babylon had an inner wall 250 feet high. On the top of this wall a standing army was kept day and night with caldrons of hot, melted lead ready at any hour, day or night to pour it upon the heads of any invading army. The city of Babylon had a large ditch surrounding it. It brought in the supply of water from the northern hills. This ditch was spanned by a jack bridge of bronze, to be thrown open in the day time and

closed at night. In the bottom of this ditch were colored brick, with marvelous colors and tints, made in the kilns of Nebuchadnezzar. In the bed of all the river bottoms, throughout the entire city, pictures of marvelous beauty could be seen in the water.

Some of these bricks and tiles are in the British Museum, excavated from the very river beds of the ruins of old Babylon, and the colors have been marvelously preserved.

As you would sail in your gondola of hand-carved ebony, you could look down in the water and see the pomegranates, the birds swinging on the limbs. If the world should stand a thousand years she never will surpass the beauty of ancient Babylon.

The city, fifteen miles square, was laid off in twenty-five streets running north, south, east and west, therefore making each city block two-thirds of a mile square. The Euphrates river brought the water across the plains, it supplied the arteries of commerce, filled her streets with water and supplied the water system of the city. In the center of the city were 150 pillars nineteen feet in diameter and eighty-eight feet high and on top of these pillars rested the chapel of Baal, built of solid marble. In this chapel of Baal was the image of Baal, overlaid with solid gold and stood about forty feet high, a huge figure of the sun god. It was at the shrine of this image that young maidens sold their virtue to the highest bidder. It is said that 10,000 maidens stood in rows with broken hearts because their virtue had not been sold.

In the center of the city of Baal was the palace of Belshazzar. The dining room of this palace was 1,650 feet wide and about one mile long, with 4,500 pilasters around the wall, which were made of huge stone elephants. They stood about twenty feet high and thirty feet long and well proportioned, upon whose back stood a bronze slave, a cast of bronze representing a well-proportioned gladiator. It stood about 125 feet high and rested one foot on the head of the elephant and the other doweled into the hips of the elephant. This bronze slave served as a pilaster. It held in one hand a chain which swung across the entire width of the dining room; and there were 4,500 such chains. And upon these huge chains were the roof gardens, planted with fragrant flowers. Their fragrance filled the air with rich perfume for those who ate in the great dining room.

The tables in the dining room were made in the form of horseshoes and each lord assembled with his wives and concubines, and many of them eligible women.

We are told that 1,000 lords each brought from 50 to 350 wives. It did take some dining room to accommodate this crowd.

Young Belshazzar is just at the height of his glory. He has conquered

his last province, and laid the last heavy tax upon the people, which was often more than fifty per cent of all the production of the country.

Belshazzar had hanging gardens and artificial mountains built to please an ebony-skinned woman, a negress. She was one of the last of Belshazzar's wives, or concubines, added to the list of his already 349 wives.

This negress did not marry the king or serve as a concubine to the throne until the king promised to build her some artificial mountains within the walls of his sacred city. And to please this one woman, Belshazzar had 103,000 slaves that carried dirt in a leather bag or gunny sack, and built artificial mountains inside the city to keep this woman from getting homesick for her northern clime. This he did and planted with cedars of Lebanon. And he erected these mountains with an irrigating system whose waters were brought from a northern clime. Some of the finest principles of landscape gardening were carried out in the planning of these mountains. Planting in clusters avoiding straight lines, leaving an open space; these were and are yet the principles of landscape gardening.

The hanging gardens which were the marvel of the age and the wonder of the world were almost one mile square and lying in terraces of more than eighty feet, and tall cedar trees were planted against the wall of each rising terrace, making the appearance of a huge garden planted in its evergreen as you approach the city.

On the hanging gardens were lakes of water, where blooming lilies grew and live swans swam day and night, and I can hear the soft, tranquil music from the streams as lovers glide in their hand-carved gondolas and sing the song of love on the bosom of the lakes upon the hanging gardens. "Oh, Belshazzar, live forever," was the song upon the lips of every man and woman.

Each lord brings his favorite wives down the majestic river of the Euphrates, and being a peaceful citizen and a traveler through the country with a passport from the President of the United States, I am allowed to stand by, and the feast opens.

Trained peacocks with silver trimmed and golden trimmed harness draw the carts or little wagons, upon which were brought the wines and choice meats to the tables of the most favored lords and as the banquet moves on I can almost hear tonight the rattling decanters, I can almost hear the click of the banquet glasses and the gilded goblets.

At the table the king reclines with his most favored wives close to him. The orchestra is composed of thousands of musicians; 12,000 cornets, 5,000 membires, 5,000 sackbuts, 5,000 flutes, and 5,000 dulcimers. Oh, what an orchestra! and the banquet moves on.

Arising from a table, one of the half-drunk lords ascends the spiral staircase, picks up the great crayon pen and writes, "Oh, Belshazzar, live

forever." He then enumerates some battle this lord has fought, some helpless lives he has crushed out. The king at yonder distance, recognizing the flattery upon the slab where men flatter men, drank to his honor a sip or two of wine, and throws the balance from the cup over two or three of his nude women at the table, and the banquet moves on. I can see the bloodshot eyes, I can see the nude forms of drunken women, I can hear the harlot scream, I can hear the idiotic laughter, I see the great crawling, creeping, spueing, vomiting crowd. They have thrown away their clothing and crawl like human worms, one over the other.

It is midnight now, there is a hush in the orchestra pit, the sackbut and the psaltery have refused to play, instruments of 10,000 strings no longer vibrate. Hush, hush, hush, what is it now? All I hear are the knees of a king knocking one against the other. The music has died down, the pallid hand of death is upon the wall, the phantom hand is yonder where the hands of men have flattered the king. Is it the hand of God? It is writing the words of my text tonight, *Tekel! Tekel!* "Weighed in the balances and found wanting" (Daniel 5:27).

No one in all that great hall could read the handwriting on the slab of marble, but, as in other ages, God had a man for the place, just as he had an Abraham Lincoln, a Theodore Roosevelt, a Woodrow Wilson, so now he had a Daniel. Daniel was brought from the prison to the palace of Belshazzar, and he alone could read the handwriting on the wall. Ah, Belshazzar, thou hast been weighed in the balances and found wanting. Such is the feast of Belshazzar.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have tried to do justice to this scene, the most tragic scene in human history. This scene of which Isaiah spoke over three hundred years ago, "And thou, Babylon, shalt be overthrown, shalt be like Sodom and Gomorrah." And so it was.

After this vivid description of this most dramatic scene, I have four important points I wish to bring to your attention.

1. *When God writes, man had better read.* Belshazzar had had a chance. Daniel, in his sermon before the king, makes this the keynote of his sermon. He reviews the history of God's dealings with Nebuchadnezzar, that his sins had driven him from the sons of men. He lived with the wild asses, his back was wet with the dews of heaven, his nails grew like eagles' claws until he knew that God ruled the children of men. And now Belshazzar was his son or grandson, and he had failed to profit by God's armies of divine providences, and so the hand of God fell heavily upon him.

If young men could but take the advice of their fathers, and begin where their fathers leave off, we would raise a generation of financial, physical, moral and spiritual giants in three generations; but it is a sad fact that they will not do it. Too many boys are like the Irishman, "I've got a glorious

future behind me." Men, stop and read the handwriting of God in history today.

2. *The pleasure of the wicked is short.* I want you to notice, ladies and gentlemen, what a different way sin opens her banquet from the way she closes it. The banquet scene of Belshazzar will prove this. She opens her banquet with wine and music, she closes her banquet with human gore for wine and dying groans for music. This also teaches us there is no repentance after death. Why didn't Daniel ask the old king to repent? Not a word of repentance is found in Daniel's sermons. Why? God never tells a man to repent when the devil has got him. It is said that while Daniel was still preaching, the armies of Darius were walking down the river beds dry-shod. The levee had been cut. The enemies' army was on its way to the palace.

In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain, and Darius reigned in his stead. Daniel was spared because he was a man that God and man could trust. He was prime minister of state and got a job; so will you if true to God and man.

3. *The inevitableness of God's law.* "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Man will reap the same in kind, the same in nature, of the seed he sows. We sometimes hear people say we break God's laws, but this is not true. No man can break a law. A lady said to me the other day she broke the laws of health, and brought consumption upon herself. I disputed that by replying, "You broke your health on the law, but did not break the law. The law is as eternal as God." Legislatures don't make laws any more than an astronomer makes stars. Astronomers discover stars, but they don't make them. Lavero discovered Neptune, but he did not make a star, it was there before he ever lived. Four and five don't make nine because it is in the arithmetic. It is in the arithmetic because they make nine. They made nine first, that is why they put it in the arithmetic. If I can teach this lesson to the rising generation it will surely stem the mad onrush in the land today. It pays to be honest, it pays to tell the truth, it pays to be sober, it pays to live pure; be industrious, be patriotic, be gentle, be benevolent. Now these are Christian graces; Christianity demands every one of them, and whenever a man says to me he doesn't want to be a Christian, I always wonder what he is doing and wants to do that keeps him from it, for Christianity asks only that which is right. God's laws are true; God's laws are the best, but don't think because God doesn't square his books every twenty-four hours that the books will never be squared. They will.

4. *God has written.* I stated a moment ago on the very outset that when God writes, man had better read. Now I make the statement that God has written. Where? Well, in the first place, He has written in Christian

laws. Around you in nature. Go read the 19th Psalm where the psalmist declares that "the heavens declare the glory of God."

An old janitor at the government observatory looked through the big glass once and said, "My conscience! the bigness of the universe runs a man crazy." The next day he looked through a microscope and he said, "The littleness of the universe runs you bughouse."

Then for fear that some people couldn't study Christianity and science and find God, He has written it in the Bible. It is the looking glass of the human soul. It is just exactly what I would expect God to do if I am His creature and God is my Father. I would expect Him to write just such a book to me and the man that made that book is the man that made me. That man has written in redemption at the cross and the story of Jesus. The world would never know God or what God is unless they find it in Jesus Christ. "No man shall know the Father except the Son reveal him," is not only good theology but it is good philosophy.

Then God has written through the book of conscience. I had a man, when asked why he stayed away from the church, say to me, "Preacher, you preach of conscience. I've got one of them things and I don't want it disturbed." And God is writing again through affliction and trial. Here's where God comes close to us, when our hearts are broken, God can do something with us. Will YOU be a Christian?

In many cities where Dr. Bulgin has labored the daily newspapers asked him to edit a daily thought, short, pithy, pointed—always on the Bible or some phase of religion.

We give the following as a part of his work as publisher in the *Vicksburg Press,* with the hope it will help others.

A THOUGHT

Heb. 11:3, "Through faith we understand that the worlds came into being and still exist, at the command of God. So that which is seen, does not owe its existence to that which is visible."

The above is the perfect and exact rendering of this text from the Greek and it surely furnishes abundant proof that materialistic philosophy and materialistic evolution were not believed in Paul's day and nowhere in the Bible, in either Old or New Testaments, is there a hint at any other origin of the world of matter, life, force, motions. And mind, that they come into being and still exist at the command of God. This is food for faith for it places the origin of all things in this world not in the natural, but in the supernatural, not in the human, but in the super-human. The only solution of the riddle of this universe lies in God.

John 3:16, "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

This text should be called the Bible in miniature. It is a little Bible in itself. There are ten great words in the text which contain ten great truths. Put them in pairs or couplets and see how wonderfully it works out:

(God the Father)

(God the Son)

This teaches the trinity.

(He loved)

(He gave)

This teaches the love of action or the love that will give.

(The world)

(Whosoever means me)

The object of divine love, both specific and general; the individual and the whole world.

(Believe)

(Have)

Many want to have first and believe after. God reverses that order. Faith must be exercised before we possess salvation.

(Life and death)

(Everlasting life or perish)

Again we see the results of man's faith or unbelief.

I will call this text the fullest and most complete in all the Bible.

Heb. 11:1, "Faith is a well grounded assurance of that for which we hope; and a conviction of the reality of things which we do not see."

This text taken directly from Dr. Weymouth's Greek New Testament gives us a wonderful and most helpful lesson.

Faith is the eye that sees the invisible. Faith is the ear that hears the inaudible. Faith is the hand that grasps the intangible and cries aloud, "Oh God! THOU ART THERE!"

No man can REASON himself into salvation, but he can BELIEVE into salvation. Life is a belief in immortality, it is not found at the end of an argument concluded, but by a sense begotten.

This is godlike, for the weak and strong; the wise and simple; the young and old alike can come this way of faith.

1 Cor. 15:20, "But now is Christ risen from the dead."

If this is true it is the biggest truth in all Christian philosophy. Upon this fact all the others hang.

If Christ rose from the dead He is God.

If Christ rose from the dead the resurrection is a true doctrine.

If Christ rose I may rise.

If Christ rose the Church which was founded on that fact has a supernatural foundation.

The resurrection is the best proven fact in all history.

It stands proven by a multiplicity of senses; eyes, ears, and we have handled the Word of Truth.

It is proven by a multiplicity of witnesses; the women; the two on the road to Emamus; the seven disciples at one time; the eleven at another time; the five hundred eyewitnesses at another; and St. Paul, a hard man to convince, and the organization of the church; and as many as three thousand of hard-headed Jews in a single day.

And the resurrection is proven by a multiplicity of places. The tomb. The upper room. The route and highway and the Mount of Olives.

I could take this case and win before any court of twelve honest, intelligent men.

Why will human heart doubt with such a cloud of witnesses?

Romans 8:24, "For we are saved by hope: but hope that is seen is not hope: for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for?"

The apostle is here holding up to ridicule the people of his day who were not willing to believe a thing by faith. Dr. Weymouth in his Greek translation renders the latter clause, "For what a man has before his eyes, how can he be said to be hoping for it?"

There are thousands of people today that cannot and will not exercise faith, which is the greatest faculty of the soul. They foolishly say, I won't believe anything that I cannot see. They are foolish because the best things and the most real things in this wonderful world are not those things which we see, but the unseen.

You can see a house, but you can't see a home.

You can see a brain, but you can't see a mind.

You can see a face, but you can't see love.

You can see a body, but you can't see a soul.

You can see the earth, but you can't see gravity.

You can see your sweetheart, but you can't see love.

No one will dare tell me that a face is more important than a will; or a house more important than a home. Real education consists in getting into your life the workable, invisible forces; not lust but love, not money but abundance, not clothes but expression, not objects but forces; to see beauty everywhere is God's great world.

Gen. 1:1, 2, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. . . . And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

Herbert Spencer said that he would not believe in our Bible or any religion until he could find one that gave an adequate answer to and explanation of the five creative periods that science demands. There must have been the creation of time; the creation of matter, space, force and motion.

Try Moses, Mr. Spencer, as above:

"In the beginning.....TIME
God created the heavens.....SPACE
And the earth.....MATTER
And the Spirit of God.....FORCE
Moved upon the face of the deep".....MOTION

I could not be made to believe that such a statement came by accident or chance 4,000 years ago by the Hebrew prophet, Moses, unless behind him was the eternal Jehovah. Then if Jehovah was behind him, that is a miracle.

Malachi 3:10, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

This is a challenge made by the Almighty which is seldom tested out. When it is I dare anyone to show me a place where God has not been true to His promise. Wherever the tithe system of finance has been used and faithfully tried out God has blessed the givers.

H. H. Hyde, the Mentholatum man; R. A. Long, the lumber king; C. C. Chapman, the orange king; Henry Crowell, Quaker Oats man; John Wanamaker, the merchant, and one hundred other big business men I can name are all tithers and God has blessed. They were not tithers when they were poor, but put God to the test and God proved true. I'll give the following reasons why man should tithe:

1. God says do it.
2. It is not law but worship.
3. Shows a yielding at strong points. Money has proved a power over man and if you give God the tenth you show that money has not mastered you.
4. All cults or offshoots of the Church such as Dowieism, Russellism, Adventism, Mormonism and Eddyism, that have used it have proven it is a success. Mormonism by the tithe law made such a strong church that they control the sugar industry of the nation.
5. Giving by and through the tithe would eliminate giving at random and thus giving to unworthy objects. The Church would investigate.
6. It would help the Church and make her a great power.
7. It worked through the building of Solomon's temple. There never was a time when it was needed worse than today. Suppose we try it, for the Church has failed on the chicken pie and ham sandwich plan.

Gal. 4:26, "But Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all."

Paul is here speaking of the Church and calls her a mother. No man will fight his mother. We have been careful to stop all anarchy that insults

the flag but have allowed a worse anarchy to exist, that which was before the flag, against the Church of Jesus Christ. Let Vicksburg make the following pledge:

My church is the place where the Word of God is preached;
Where the power of God is felt;
The Spirit of God is manifested;
The love of God is revealed;
And the unity of God is received.
The church is the home of my soul;
The altar of my devotion,
The heart of my faith,
The center of my affections,
And the forecast of heaven.
I have united with the Church in solemn covenant:
Pledged myself to attend its services,
To pray for its members,
To give it support,
And to obey its laws.
The Church should have the first place in my heart,
The highest place in my mind,
The principal place in my activities,
And its unity, peace and progress concern my life in this world,
And that which is to come.
I owe to the Church my zeal,
My benevolence and my prayers.
When I neglect its services I injure its good name,
I lessen its power,
I discourage its members,
And chill my own soul.

I have solemnly covenanted in the sight of God and men to advance the interests of the Church by my faithful attendance.

By contributing to its support,
By meeting with my fellow-members,

By watching over their welfare, and by joining with them in prayer, praise and service.

And that promise I this day solemnly renew, before God the Father, Christ my Redeemer, and the Holy Spirit my sanctifier.

"Philip findeth Nathanael, and saith unto him, We have found him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph" (John 1:45).

This is a wonderful text, the strongest evidence that could be given that Jesus is the Messiah, the Son of God and the Savior of the world, and

the one who was to fulfill the Jewish prophecy. What stronger evidence could the world ask than the following:

Isaiah said, That Bethlehem should be the place of His birth.
Micah said, That Bethlehem should be the place of His birth.
David said, That He should be of the house of David.
Moses said, That He should be of the tribe of Judah.
In Deuteronomy, A prophet like unto Moses.
Jeremiah says, That He was to make a new government.
Isaiah says, That He should be a light to all nations and the glory of God.
Zechariah says, That He should come to Jerusalem riding an ass.
Isaiah says, That He should become the stumbling block to His people.
Surely the case is won.

In Isaiah 13:19-22 we read, "And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldee's excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation: neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there; but wild beasts of the desert shall lie there, . . . and satyrs shall dance there. And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces; and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged."

When this prophecy was written Babylon was in her glory—"The beauty of the Chaldee's excellency." Had the above statements been made in reference to one of the small towns of Babylonia, its fulfillment would have been very interesting, but since it was proclaimed against one of the most mighty cities the world has known, its fulfillment becomes startling in the extreme.

Can any honest man explain this away as good guess work or must he admit that the hand of God is in it all? When we see such evidences as this, there is no ground for agnosticism.

The following is a series of short, pointed sayings called, "Chips from Bulgin's Ax." The doctor tells a story of Peter Cartwright who found a boy plowing on Sunday and asked him to go with him to church. The boy replied he had rather plow on Sunday than to go to that old Methodist church for one of the members stole his ax. Rev. Cartwright promised to get the boy's ax if he would go to church with him and immediately the boy consented. Just as they reached the church the good preacher got off his horse and got a large rock. On entering the pulpit he told of the lost ax. He told them that the thief was in the church and that the Holy Ghost had directed him to throw the rock and hit the man right between the eyes. With the rock in his hand Cartwright said, "In the name of the Father and

the Son and the Holy Ghost, here goes." When a little red-headed sinner dodged behind a seat the preacher said, "There is your ax."

The newspapers have always carried a chapter of Doctor Bulgin's pointed sayings, calling them, "Chips from Bulgin's Ax."

CHIPS THAT FALL FROM BULGIN'S AX

Every one of the new cults hatched in America and Europe in the last fifty years is a Christless, bloodless, crossless doctrine.

It would be mighty hard for an angel to talk to a sinner on earth. That's why God used a mule to talk to Balaam.

Jehovah ordered warfare, not for conquest of property, but for conquest of principle.

There's some hope for a man whose sin hurts him like a broken bone.

One bad man and one bad woman in a church can block the march to progress of the entire church.

God cannot regenerate you and recreate you unless you've been converted.

If you can go to heaven on "a square deal," Calvary and Gethsemane were an extravagant waste and God is a fool.

Literature that lifts people up to God must have come from Him.

God is the generator of life and He is the regenerator.

Nature as a god has no more care for a baby than a pig or a toadstool.

When you hold a controversy with God and settle it on your own side the Holy Ghost is out of your life.

When God asks the test question of a surrendered life He gives you back more than you give up.

When you get to heaven the only question will be, "Did you bear the image of Jesus? Did some lost soul see Christ in you?

Ignorance of God's Book is one of the appalling sins of America.

Any man or woman who has once had a real taste of the things of God cannot forget them easily.

Living for God is like riding a bicycle: when you stop pumping you've got to get off.

Going to church doesn't make a Christian any more than a man going to a livery stable is a horse.

You cannot be just as good a Christian outside the church as inside.

If God has you, all the money that belongs to Him you'll give to Him when you are His.

Devils are indestructible because they are the will and personality.

We need today more love and not so much of the greenback business.

If the dynamic power of the church is the Holy Ghost it will have all the money needed.

Today Jesus Christ is your Savior. In the last day He will be your judge.

Like Pilate of old, you have Jesus on your hands and must dispose of Him. What will you do with the King?

When the church is not run by spiritual power she is not run at all.

Sometimes preachers are too busy to spend much time petting you.

Get in the Church of God like an army and be a good soldier.

We've produced jazz morals as the result of our jazz music and jazz ideals.

As long as you have "dog eat dog" in the hearts of men you are going to have hell to pay.

I'd rather save an old drunkard and make a Christian out of him than to try to save a downright selfish man.

God put Adam out of the Garden of Eden, but He told him how to get back.

In twenty-five years we'll be at the end of big fortune-making in America and the slogan will be service and not millions.

Some things are not sins in themselves until they become weights which retard Christians.

If I should scare you into heaven the devil would scare you out again in half an hour.

All science properly studied will lead to the Babe of Bethlehem.

The Church of God is being "order-ed" to death by the men and "club-bed" to death by the women.

The minister of God should train the army and the church should march on the sinners to save them.

The average preacher wears out shoe leather running after the church members to keep them from backsliding.

It is a sin to be in the kingdom of God and in His universe and be "no account."

There is only one way for the Church of God to reach the masses and that is to get your hearts brim full of the Holy Ghost, roll up your sleeves and go at it.

When a man gets right with God, He asks the next moment, "Where is thy brother?"

God send the day when men will be willing to see righteousness reign and forget their political and ecclesiastical differences.

The American home is no longer a home but a boarding house.

If the Church of God fails now when new governments and nations are being formed it will fail forever and lose ground it can never regain.

What you need today in the Church of God is good horse sense—that is a stable thing.

A day of doubt is a hopeful thing, a feeling for light, but the unbeliever wants to be let alone.

Pray and pray hard for the American Legion that God may save the fathers of the next generation.

The biggest sin of America, Mississippi and Vicksburg is that the people are money-mad and pleasure-mad.

The damnation of music has come when we cater to jazz and ragtime. It violates every law and order of the divine gift of melody.

If the church is divine, why doesn't it reach the masses? It is because of sin.

The most unreasonable thing in the world is unbelief.

The unconverted world knows as well as you do just what a Christian ought to be.

The fool says in his heart, "There is no God," and he's right. There is no God for a fool.

You cannot have faith where it is impossible to doubt.

God's method of character building is faith.

Faith is not substance, but it puts substance into what you hope for.

Jesus instituted a blood cure that will give a man a soul rebellious against sin.

Jesus Christ's best evidence that He was God was that the common people heard him gladly.

Faith is the greatest factor of the soul.

The best proof you want that Jesus is God is that He lifts people up to God.

God Almighty demonstrates salvation with salvation.

God cannot do a foolish thing to prove that He is God.

If you are trying to get rid of the miraculous you'd better not enter the field of disputing the deity of Jesus Christ.

If Jesus was a man why did He not yield? If a God how could He be tempted?

All the miracles Jesus worked cursed His enemies.

I dare you to present a problem that is not solved in the teachings of the Man of Galilee.

The Apocryphal writings show how far the human hand will go unguided by the Holy Ghost.

Jesus Christ died that all crazy people and babies under the age of accountability may go straight to heaven.

All natural children have the devil in them. Only one babe did not.

No man of thirty would be called a lamb unless there was something marvelous about him.

I dare you to find an explanation of Calvary and Gethsemane outside the fact that Jesus was God.

The Jews are poetic, prosaic and prophetic, but not dramatic.

Mary was not the mother of God but of the humanity of Jesus Christ.

Penniless and penless Jesus founded the greatest empire the world has ever known.

You can't put God Almighty up a tree.

Jesus of Nazareth founded His empire on love of God and your fellowmen and it will outlive all empires and armies.

Jesus never held a one-sided view of any doctrine in His life.

Every recorded counsel and act of Jesus is in perfect accord with what a God ought to do and be.

Jesus Christ was either God or the biggest human you ever saw.

God discloses the essential things and leaves out the nonessentials.

In heaven we will be sexless like the angels of light. In heaven love will be a higher and nobler tie.

CHAPTER XI. ROMANISM

The following sermon on "Nineteen Chips from Bulgin's Ax on the Roman Catholic Tree" is the outgrowth of twenty-five years of earnest study and prayer and thoughtful consideration of this very serious menace to Protestant Christianity and to our Christian democracy, and at this time, when it seems that all the organized forces of evil are at work, taking advantage of the apostasy of the Church and the spread of materialistic philosophy and the corruption of politics to crush the Protestant Church, I, for one, cannot hold my peace.

I am indebted to such men as Tom Watson of Georgia and to other able writers and statesmen for some of the illustrations and material contained in this lecture, and to them I gladly give credit.

I am not prejudiced, for that comes from the word "prejudged." I have seen—I have studied.

I hold no malice against Roman Catholics as individuals. There are some very earnest, devout souls in that system, but they are deceived. The system itself I hate and denounce, as false and untrue to my Lord and Master.

1. IT IS NOT A CHURCH, but a most dangerous and un-American political organization, acting behind stone walls, wearing its black gowns, and receiving orders from across the water, and most of these are opposed to Americanism, as are its priests. All orthodox Protestant churches in the United States are American, and are ruled by officers selected in this country by and from membership which makes them American and democratic. On the other hand Papal Rome is ruled by a foreigner, who calls himself the Pope, occupies a throne—the Vatican—wears a triple crown and claims sovereignty over all people and all princes.

If the papacy was a curse to Italy, while it was able to rule; if it was a curse to France, to Portugal, to Spain, to Ireland, to Mexico, and every other land it has ruled, must there not be a fatal germ in the system itself?

That germ is the canon law of the papacy, and the secret societies which impose that law on the cloister and the hearth, on the individual and the mass, wherever they can.

And its victims are the nations that do not combat the very beginnings of insidious papal encroachments. Doomed are the liberties, which do not repel the subtle foes that say, "Give me just a little of your consecrated ground."

2. RULE OR RUIN. I fight it because what the Roman church cannot rule, it relentlessly opposes. The Roman church considers that, to be successful and to fulfill its mission, it must acquire the patronage of governments. To gain the patronage, it seeks to influence elections throughout the world, to the end that politicians who will give Rome what she wants may be elected. All Christian history is full of proof of this statement, from the day of the Magna Charta until this present hour. Ireland has had Home Rule ever since 1898: the local self-governments acts gave it to her. But the Italian church and the Irish priests are ravenously eager to flesh their fangs on Ulster, the only prosperous part of Ireland—prosperous because not devoured by priests, nuns, Peter-Pence tribute, and the innumerable articles of papal merchandise which the faithful are taught they must buy.

Walter Walsh, illustrious Protestant historian, is dead. He wrote several books that will live and carry his good name down the corridors of time. Perhaps his crowning achievement is "England's Fight with the Papacy," wherein he demonstrates, by the use of Roman Catholic writers, that the Italian church is pursuing today the same panther-like course of pussy-foot aggressions, that were so triumphant in the overthrow of the Cromwellian movement.

All of us remember how General Monk betrayed his country to the Stuart libertine, Charles II, who finally died in the midst of the scarlet women of his palace, and with a crumb of the wafer-god stuck in his throat. We remember how this besotted imbecile was succeeded by his bigoted brother, James II, who reintroduced popery and "lost three kingdoms for a mass"—as a cynical Roman Catholic archbishop contemptuously said.

It cost many a long year of toil and blood to beat back this papal attack upon the liberties of the English world. Holland furnished the great man who saved us from the fatal consequences of England's belief in the Jesuitical sleeping-draught, labeled "No danger;" and the Battle of the Boyne is more deservedly commemorated than Waterloo, for the one cleared the highway of progress from the papal-pagan excrementa, while the other turned backward the hands of the clock.

3. KEEPS PEOPLE IGNORANT. I am against papal Rome, the so-called Catholic church, because wherever she has spread her black, devastating wings, she has kept the people in ignorance and poverty, fleecing and robbing all the poor, uninformed and ignorant. See Mexico, the Philippines, and California, before Protestant missionaries reached them. Catholics tried to keep our Protestant missionaries from showing up their record in the Philippine Islands, at the Frisco Fair. When we endeavored to display booths, showing what an open Bible and Christianity and free schools had done in the last nineteen years, in contrast with Catholic rule for the last five hundred years, they coughed their heads off, organized committees, and

finally did defeat this educational exhibit, and why? Because we could show the sewing machine, the reaper, the binder, clean homes and washed babies, a well-balanced meal, domestic science, the Bible and family prayers. They had nothing to show but the pig in the parlor, the red-nosed priest, and a drunken, debauched ignorant people. It doesn't make much difference to me what is the color of your gown—whether it's black or white: or whether you have a pillow-slip on your head or a triple crown—it's what you have to show for your doctrine that counts.

Published in Indianapolis, The Eternal Light is another papal organ which is trying to lower the American mind to the level of popery's most amazing superstitions. It is edited by an Italian, one Marino Priori, and it has the endorsement of the Italian pope's Italian ambassador, John Banzano. In its issue for January, 1915, this recently established magazine expounds the nature of the Pope:

"Who is the Pope in the Vatican or in his official capacity? The Pope in his official capacity in the Vatican, is Jesus Christ, who uses him as a human instrument. Jesus Christ is hidden under a veil, as it were. The Pope speaks on matters of faith and morals. We hear the human voice which veils the divine.

"Before his election to the supreme direction of the faithful, the Pope is as other men created by God with the intellectual and moral faculties that become his nature. He is as other men destined to a supernatural end, and has received all the graces necessary to reach it. But once the Church of Christ selects him to be Christ's vicegerent, he is raised to the highest degree of dignity on earth and is united to his divine Master by bonds of union unique in the dealings of God with men."

4. OPPOSES FREE SPEECH. Papal Rome is opposed to free speech and to enlightenment. It shows its preference for darkness rather than for light by its opposition to free speech, free press and freedom of assembly. It prefers to keep the people from engaging in free discussion of facts, in order to avoid the dangers apparent when its own weaknesses are exposed—because, it has always taught its adherents that no faith is to be kept with heretics; and the Popes have forbidden the cardinals and priests from taking the oath of allegiance of any civil government. Every Protestant minister does; and he is a full-fledged citizen, who votes for his own principles, and never seeks to boss or drive or coerce his people. On the other hand, almost every priest does the opposite, and thus becomes a political gangster and boss.

I think, if some American Catholics who are not bigots, would carefully study the first Encyclical of Benedict XVI, they would open their eyes.

In this Encyclical, the new Pope declares for union of church and state,

cruelly ignoring the opposite recent public statements of Prince Truthful James Gibbons, of Baltimore.

He also demands a restoration of his temporal power, which the Italian Catholics pulled down in 1870.

He bitterly condemns all modern thought, and wants us to mentally return to the good old days, when red-tailed dragons devoured wicked mortals who ate meat on Friday.

He expressly condemns freedom of thought, and sweetly argues in effect, that your brain and mine were made to act as hewers of wood and drawers of water for the brain of the Pope and the brain of the King. The divinely chosen Pope and the divinely chosen King may use their brains, if they happen to have any—which is not often the case—but you and I must regard our gray matter as a piece of bare ground, to be sown, cultivated and harvested, by those higher mortals whom God made out of a special grade of clay, and who have the right to think for us, speak for us, and live on us, as per a passage in one of Paul's epistles!

It always strikes me as the sublime of impudence, when so anomalous a person as the Pope, presiding over a Catholic world which worships Mary, and which never reads the Bible in the search for papal dogma, should quote from Paul, to sustain the monstrous pretensions of absolutism and divine right.

The Pope expounds the laws of God: it is Jesus that does so through him. The Pope declares a truth to be of the teaching of the Master; it is Jesus that declares it. The Pope appoints a bishop; it is Christ that does the appointing. The Pope raises a person of heroic virtue to the altars; it is Christ who raises him. When the Pope grants an indulgence, or strikes the guilty with excommunication, Christ does all this through him.

To any rational human being, that sort of gibberish is nauseating. It was never heard of in this country, until a very few years ago. Among the strongest Catholics, the Pope was nothing more than Christ's earthly representative, until Joseph Taylor, who became Pope Pius X, began to proclaim the blasphemous doctrine that the Pope "is Christ, veiled in the flesh."

5. DENOUNCES BEST BOOKS. Papal Rome denounces our best books. She maintains an index expurgatorious, in which are listed thousands of our greatest books containing the world's most profound thought; and the reading of these books, including our Bible, is denied to the laity of their church. During the writing of the "Reformation," assigned to a young historian from Yale University, who was then living in Chicago, more than forty priests visited him, trying to smother his stating the truth about the St. Bartholomew's massacre, in the new American encyclopedia. I saw this, and held conversation with this writer, and I saw as many as ten priests a day, visiting his private quarters. When I asked him if he were a Catholic,

he said that he was not, but that he had been asked to write a history of the Reformation, and that these black-gowned monks had been waiting on him, in order to try to get him to contaminate the stream of history by "pussy-footing" or "soft-pedaling" on such horrible scenes in history as the inquisition in Spain, and the horrible murders on St. Bartholomew's day in France. Thank God! for the utter contempt that good Elizabeth, Queen of England, paid to the black-gowned devils, when she sent for them while their hands were yet dripping with human gore, and when they appeared she insulted the whole bunch by turning her back on them, until, like the dirty dogs they were, they slunk out of her presence.

See the many good books written against papal Rome. The best one is, "England's Fight with the Papacy;" its author was Walter Walsh, Fellow of the Royal Historical Society; its publishers are James Nisbet & Co. of London, and Ballantyne, Hanson & Co., of Edinburgh.

Almost the last words ever written by this splendid laborer in the Lord's vineyard on anti-papalism, are as follows:

"Rome's political work in the British Dominions is not ended; England has another political fight with the Court of Rome before her. It is the dearest ambition of the Papacy to place another Roman Catholic King on the throne of these realms, and for this she is now working.

Slowly, but surely, she is gaining political power out of all proportion to her numbers.

Her object now is to lull men to sleep; to persuade them that there is no danger.

While John Bull sleeps, she hopes, like Delilah with Samson, to shave off the locks, so that his strength may go from him, and then she can have her own way, and pull his Protestant house down over his head."

In short, the papal law, as re-stated in 1914, is the same that it was in the Dark Ages. According to that law, no patriot ever had the right to resist the tyrant king, and no slave ever had the right to fight for his freedom. According to that papal law, the torch-bearers of the modern civilization and intellectual progress were all rebels against God and the Pope.

6. OPPOSES PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND FREE GOVERNMENT. Popery opposes our public schools; and calls them sink holes of vice, Godless institutions and makers of criminals. She is unmindful of the fact that she drove out of our schools the Bible, which is the only book of morals; and thank God, we are beginning to see her fangs. Papal Rome also closes her eyes to the fact that while Roman Catholics compose only fifteen per cent of our total population out of these comes more than half of our prison population. If their priests made up the balance of the latter, the country would be better off. Further, Roman Catholic parents

are forbidden the sacrament if they send their children to any but Catholic parochial schools. Is this American?

See what one Pope has said. I call treason the last paragraph of this significant document in which Pope Pius IX deliberately preaches treason, sedition, and rebellion to a free people enjoying the benefits of an enlightened democratic government, it is here given as being well worth careful consideration. After detailing at great length and with much complaint the various and numerous curtailments of the ecclesiastical privilege and prerogative sustained by the church in Mexico at the hands of the Liberal government, the document concludes:

"Thus we make known to the faith in Mexico, and to the Catholic universe, that we energetically condemn every decree that the Mexican government has enacted against the Catholic religion, against the Church and her sacred ministers and pastors, against her laws, rights and property, and also against the authority of this Holy See. We raise Our Pontifical Voice with apostolic freedom before you to condemn, reprove and declare null and void, and without any value, the said decrees, and all others which have been enacted by the civil authorities in such contempt of the ecclesiastical authority of this Holy See, and with such injury to the religion, to the sacred pastors, and illustrious men. For this we command that those who have contributed to the fulfillment of the said decrees by action, advice or command shall seriously meditate upon the penalties and censures imposed by the apostolic constitutions, and by the canons of the councils against the violators of sacred persons and things, against the violators of the ecclesiastical liberty and power, and against the usurpers of the rights of this Holy See."

7. HYPOCRITES IN POLITICS. They are hypocrites in politics: In that papal Rome maintains a system of schools of her own, and invariably and persistently foist their Roman teachers upon us, in our schools. On the other hand, never, on your life, would they let you or me, as a Protestant teacher, in her schools. I call this inconsistent, dirty politics and we are a set of fools and dupes to allow such a dose to be rammed down our throats. May God, working through an enlightened Klan, bring a revival in our Protestant churches, and enlighten our public conscience and thus kick them out and put an end to any more of them getting in.

So many duped Americans say, "But Rome has changed." No, No, No!

But has the papacy changed?

Almost exactly the same duplicities, intrigues, briberies, false pretenses and barbarities that were employed by the Borgian Pope, against the Republic of Florence, were used by Pope Pius IX to overthrow the Roman Republic of 1848, and the Mexican Republic of 1860.

The same machinations to divide the people inside the republic; the

same savage employment of foreign armies; the same pretext of "serving God," and the same sordid purpose of serving the Italian secret societies.

Between Alexander VI and Pius IX yawned the gulf of 350 years; but the papacy and the system were the same.

Pius IX had his concubines and his bastards; Pius talked of God, and thought of the Papacy; Pius prated of Christianity, and practiced infernal methods of attaining infernal ends.

The Pope of the 15th century did not employ any agencies, in overthrowing the Republic of Florence, that were not used by Pius IX, in bringing about the bloody downfall of the republics of Rome and Mexico.

Even in minor details, the story is the same: The popes who overthrew the Republic of Florence, murdered Savonarola and Foiano, two patriotic monks whose devout Catholicism could not be questioned. They were killed because they stood for popular rights against the tyranny of the Medici princes.

8. KEEPS HENCHMAN AT SEAT OF GOVERNMENT. It is the only organization, not a church, that keeps a representative at the seat of government, to defeat all bills not favored by that black-gowned foreigner and papal dictator. See what they did, and how they did it, in defeating the Sterling-Towner bill; and by their political grip they caught us napping. No Baptist, Presbyterian or Methodist or any other Protestant church has to keep a lobbyist at Washington; or at Indianapolis, or any other state house. Why? Because the Protestant church is God's custodian of spiritual things, but Rome is a dangerous political machine. Therefore, note that my statement is not figurative, but a clear statement of plain, historical facts. It does not "go down" very well to be told you are fighting another church. We are not, for this is not a church. We have a right to oppose that which opposes our Bible. Here is a statement from the Roman Catechism:

"The Roman church possesses the Holy See, the legitimate successor of Peter, Prince of the Apostles. It is the one and only church founded on Christ and His Apostles."

I answer: Did the Roman Catholic organization exist in the days of the Apostles? No sane mind will claim that it did. It was not in existence until the sixth century. There was a church at Jerusalem, and at Corinth, and at Ephesus—but none of them were Catholic. The oldest churches were at Jerusalem and at Antioch; and there is no proof in the Bible that Peter ever saw Rome. If he did, why were the Romans so ignorant about the resurrection of Jesus, some years later, when Paul went there?

Separation of *Church* and *State*, is one of the fundamental principles of Republican Government. Rome is just the opposite and I am against Rome. Let her stay at religion and let government alone.

9. CRY FOR TOLERANCE ABSURD AND WEAK BLUFF. I

hate this system because it seeks to deceive and unify itself with Protestant people and to cry for tolerance. Oh! Lord! When did the hierarchy ever show tolerance from the inquisition in Spain, France and England on up to the hour of St. Bartholomew's massacre—until today? Americans, do not be led off with this idea of tolerance. When you kill snakes, keep at it until you are sure your children's children will not be bitten by this adder. "No violence to individuals, but to the system—death."

Here is the way to fight this adder: Agitation, education, concentration, consecration, and finally, Carrie Nation. When you have done all that these other four can do, then take your Sword of the Spirit, and go after it as Carrie Nation did against the outlaw of Kansas.

Just review history. Where did the Catholic church ever show tolerance? In Rhode Island the Baptists had already established freedom of worship, before Lord Baltimore came down to settle among powerful Protestant neighbors, whose recollections of popish atrocities in the Old World were so fresh and so rankling that he was not allowed to settle among them at all. So he left Virginia, and planted his little Catholic colony on the other side of the Potomac. And feeling very apprehensive of Protestant retaliation, which he knew was humanly possible, he said to the stronger party, "Let us have peace."

You can not show a single, solitary instance where the papists have tolerated a non-papist Christian minority. There is no such instance in history. By the fundamental law of popery, there cannot be. The very life of popery is relentless intolerance and persecution. Her very heart's blood is in her slogan—

I am the only true church; there is no salvation outside of me; mine are the keys of earth and heaven and hell; and it is a part of my duty to punish obstinate disbelievers, and to "compel them to come in."

10. ROBS PETER TO PAY PAUL. It "robs Peter to pay Paul" by robbing the United States to pay the Pope. Though it begs untold millions from the people, Protestants as well as Catholics, and has amassed untold millions upon millions of dollars, no audit or statement of money received or expended has ever been furnished the donating public. Do you know that if you elect Catholics to public office, they will employ for their clerks, etc., only Catholics, and will pay them with your money? Do you call this American? You don't have this much confidence in the governor or auditor of your state.

True, some of the Protestant churches are accumulating far more property than is good for the spiritual welfare. They imitate the bad example of the Romanists, in building cathedrals which smack too much of mere human pride. The expensive church requires the rich man, and the rich man takes the life out of the church. The Baptist preacher cannot

denounce Rockefeller's Colorado infamies, and his Standard Oil criminalities, when Rockefeller is sitting on a front bench, ready to pour Standard Oil and Coal Trust money into the church's yawning treasury. A corporation like Trinity church, in New York, is a national scandal. The state should exert her sovereign powers, under the law of eminent domain, and take over all such vast and unnecessary church properties; and, after duly providing funds for the continuance of strictly religious work, should apply the surplus to public education, mothers' pensions and similar charities.

It is not good for the country to have so great a proportion of all the wealth grasped by the churches, untaxed, and yet benefited by the rise in values, made possible by secular industry. Only in this one particular do we find the same general abuse in all the churches. Too much thought and effort are given to property; and as the churches become more and more the bombproofs of rich rascals, who deserve to be in stripes and chains, the poor man stands afar off, with bitterness in his heart, and bitterness on his tongue. He says, and believes, "There is one law and religion for the rich and another law and religion for the poor. I cannot get justice in the fine court house, and I cannot get soul-rest and comfort in the fine church."

In these United States, where Roman Catholicism has to meet competition, and has to walk as uprightly as possible, its literature ought to be of the highest type. Mere self-interest requires it to avoid as far as possible anything that might alarm the non-Catholic world, shock its traditional beliefs and offend its common sense.

11. OPPRESSIVE CRUELTY WITH POWER. I shall forever fight the papal system for its cruelty in the past, when it has had the power. When I am asked by some good, honest Protestant whether or not I believe that Catholics take the fourth degree oath of the Knights of Columbus, which is a part of the Congressional Record, I reply that, even if they do not now take that degree in their oath, the Roman Catholic church, collectively and individually, has been guilty in the past of everything contained in that degree of the oath.

Do you know that during the Middle Ages in Europe, the church of Rome slaughtered and tortured thousands of innocent men, women and children because they dared to think and worship God according to their own conscience? And further, do you know that it is their proud boast that they will do so again whenever they have the power; and they offer no apology for the past history of their church, and give no guaranty that their future behavior will be any better? Will you help to give them that power? Vote to put Americans only on guard, and block the plot.

Do you defend our Protestant faith? They cry mud slinging and slime. Yet who would repudiate the debt, the enormous and immortal debt, we owe to the puritan movement?

"The first mutterings of this eruption of mud and slime are audible already."

Is Dr. Josiah Strong's book, "Our Country," an eruption of mud and slime? Is Dr. William Cathcart's "Papal System," an eruption of mud and slime? Is Rev. H. C. Morrison's "Romanism and Ruin" an eruption of mud and slime?

To this alleged mud and slime against popery, Mr. Gladstone contributed, Count Hoensbroech contributed, Thomas Carlyle contributed, and the Knox Club of Edinburgh, Scotland, is constantly contributing.

Read Michael McCarthy's great book, "Priests and People in Ireland," written by an Irishman, a Catholic, and describing the frightful work of popery in his native land.

You will find it filled with dynamic facts, which constitute a terrible arraignment of the system of popery.

There is neither mud nor slime in this powerful book; but whoever reads it will be profoundly convinced of the inevitable consequences of parasitic, superstitious, debasing Romanism.

In Spain, Portugal, Ireland and the southern portion of the Continent, it is different. In Catholic countries, Roman prelates and editors can say and publish almost any absurdity in the name of faith, and drive it down the gullets of the laity.

12. ALL POPES CONDEMN REFORMATION. I fight it because the popes have all condemned the Reformation, and popery has devoted millions to its propaganda of scurrilous lies about such masterly leaders and founders of Protestantism as Calvin, Wycliffe, Knox, Wesley, Luther and others too numerous to mention, showing the substitution of hatred and innuendo for reason and fact.

If there had been no reformation, we would be where Mexico and South America and Bolshevik Russia and the Philippines are today, and no keen historian can or dare dispute this fact. I believe that Martin Luther was greater than Columbus; for he made a greater discovery.

Do you want the United States of America to be where Mexico is? The sure way is to let the Roman Catholic church have a little more power and she will do for us what she has done for others.

13. CLAIMS HIGHER POWER THAN GOVERNMENT. Papal Rome claims higher power than our government, because the Popes have issued Bulls against every government which dared draw the line of separation between Church and State, and, as in France, exhorted the priesthood to oppose the government. Mexico is a later example. Because popery opposed the heretical ideas upon which this government was founded, they engineered, in 1822, a "Holy Alliance," in which the Pope joined with the kings of Europe in a treaty pledging co-operation in the fight against the

fast-spreading doctrine of freedom and equality for mankind, and government by consent of the governed. It was this Alliance that forced America to adopt the Monroe doctrine.

Every American citizen should get his eyes open at this point. We want no divine right of kings, or divine right of popes in our fair land. I think that with a Methodist Seminary in his front yard, and the Italian government "putting a double cinch" on his marriage laws, he would like better picking through a foothold here in the United States, since his plans to Romanize Ireland have failed. The way to get a coon down a tree is to smoke him down. They can't stand fire and smoke. Enlightenment is *death* to them. America is always safe, with our system of open Bibles, free press, free speech and free schools, and enlightened public conscience in the masses of the people. But no democracy is safe until the people of that democracy are a safe people; therefore, to make America safe, she must be enlightened and Christianized.

14. ROME NON-AMERICAN. Jesus said: "How can two walk together unless they be agreed." Democracy and popery cannot exist in the same country at one and the same time. A study of the laws and teachings of popery makes plain the fact that Roman Catholics owe first allegiance to their Pope, a foreigner who knows nothing of and cares nothing for American ideals and institutions.

See Pope Leo, the Thirteenth's address to Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore (Congressional library 1899, Pages 470 to 479), which shut him up and sealed his mouth, at a time when he was rendering great service to the United States. Here's what Pope Leo said: "Our Holy Mother Church, once declared at Holy See, must never depart. It is plain that we can never approve the opinion whose essence some call Americanism."

This was written, and it shut up this good independent thinker, about the broadest-minded Catholic that ever came to America. The press of the South wondered why he suddenly stopped his liberal speeches. You can find a copy of this Bull published in the new book by Guy Fitch Phelps on page 23. He starts his letter, and calls Cardinal Gibbons, "My Holy Son," and says:

"Outside this church there is no salvation nor remission of sins." The infallible doctrine. Goes on after this fashion: "If the earthly power goes astray, it is judged by the spiritual power, but if the spiritual power should go astray, it cannot be judged by any." This is found at the bottom of page 27, and is a part of the Bull issued. It seems to me, that in place of being a Bull, it is hardly even a full-grown calf.

A. Society Snubs—Non-American to be so narrow that you snub other people because not members of your church.

B. SCHOOLS. Non-American to want to run a school simply to preach your ecclesiastic and religious notions.

C. RELIGION. Non-American to have a bigotry of religion that will un-Christianize another person.

D. GRAVEYARD. Non-American to have a separate graveyard that after you are dead you are too good to sleep in one of our American cemeteries.

15. APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION PROVED LIE. I am opposed to Papal Rome because she lays claim to Apostolic succession, and all her commands come from God, through Peter and the Holy See, and yet she cannot dispute the following:

Gregory I, A. D. 600, established worship in Latin or an unknown tongue.

Prayer to Mary and Saints—600 A. D.

Worship of Cross and Images—788 A. D.

Baptism of Bells does not come from Christ. It was invented by Pope John the Fourtenth, in 965 A. D.

Lent and fasting on Friday were imposed by Catholics in 998 A. D.

Holy water never got holy from God, but from an old priest in 1,000 A. D.—merely a human novelty and stunt, childish and foolish.

Pope Gregory, the Seventh, was the first to make laws against the marriage of priests, in 1079 A. D. You can't trace that to God or to Peter, for Peter's wife's mother lay sick with a fever, and if he had a mother-in-law, he must have had a wife around somewhere.

Beads were invented by Peter the Hermit, in A. D. 1090. This didn't come from Jesus.

Sale of indulgences never came from Peter, Paul or Jesus; but from a priest, in the year of our Lord 1190. Simon tried to buy the power from Peter 2,000 years ago, but he was rebuked.

Using a wafer in Holy Communion was never started by Jesus or Paul; but by Pope Innocent, the Third—thus came the heathenish doctrine of trans-substantiation.

The doctrine of purgatory was invented by a priest 1430 years after our Lord, and by a bad one at that.

The Apocryphal books, many of them false and none of them inspired, were placed in the Bible by the Council of Trent, in 1546. Is the Apocarypha inspired? It had no place in Old Testament canon. It was not quoted by Christ or the Apostles. It claimed no inspiration. Some of its writers disclaim it. It contains doctrines contradicting Scriptures. It contradicts Scripture. Most prominent doctrines of Catholicism are founded on the traditions.

Matthew 15:3 says, "But he answered and said unto them: 'Why do ye also transgress the commandment of God by your tradition?' "

15:6 says: "Thus have ye made the commandment of God of none effect by your tradition."

15:9 says: "But in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."

How does this look to you and to your black-gowned bunch and your Apostolic succession and your woman John, who sat on the Vatican throne, with beard and mustache, and fooled your chair of Cardinals? Those who believe in a Holy Father have had one long-bearded Holy Mother. Answer that! Dispute now if you can the fact that Roman Catholics placed the Council of Trent and its doctrines 1545 years after Christ.

These traditions I have enumerated Catholics put on a level with Christ and the New Testament.

There isn't a particle of Scripture for the statement that Mary was willing for her Son to be crucified; and if she did not have four other sons then the Gospels made assertions which are untrue.

Consider this further editorial statement:

It is a great joy to the sacred heart of our Lord to grant the requests of His loving and beloved Mother; hence Mary becomes virtuous, for she can ask no favor from Him who is omnipotent without obtaining her request.

You will see that the whole conception is that of an Immaculate Jewess, who always remains a virgin, and who now saves lost souls by asking her Son for them.

This revolutionizes the Bible. It dispenses with the necessity for God the Father and also for the Holy Ghost. You pray to Mary, and Mary prays to her Son, and you are saved. In addition to this, they have made a saint out of the carpenter, Joseph; and, at one time, the interests of popedom were under his "protection."

Of course, you must be aware of the fact that the Bible is silent on the subject of Joseph's even being a convert to Christianity. We do not know whether he was or not. What is more significant, and antagonistic to the modern worship of Mary, is the fact that, if Christ's mother became one of His converts, while He was teaching, the Bible fails to mention it. The New Testament writers did not consider Mary important enough to tell us what became of her. She is treated as a person of no consequence to the Christian creed. Like Joseph and Lazarus and Caiaphas, she is a name, and stands for no essential dogma. Her place in the Christian system is that of the Jewess, chosen to be the human mother of Jesus Christ; and when she has performed that maternal duty, she stands aside.

You will search the Scriptures in vain to find where Christ, or any of the Apostles, ever gave her the slightest power in the church.

We don't know when, nor where, she died; and nobody ever thought it mattered particularly, until paganism developed into the Roman Catholic system. Then they created the "tradition" that she was carried bodily to heaven, by the angels.

16. INFALLIBILITY OF THE POPE. I fight the infallibility, so-called, of the Pope. He is a man, like other men, sometimes worse than other men—liable to wrath, drunkenness, immorality, and human changeableness. (See History).

The infallibility of the Pope is a new doctrine which was made in the year 1870. Before 1870, this dogma did not exist. No human being is infallible, for the Word of God states that "there is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good, and sinneth not." Still, the Roman Catholic church claims never to change or to teach new doctrines!

HISTORY FULL OF HUMAN BLINDNESS, there is an engraving—well known to scholars and men of the literary inclination—whose title is, "Borgia's Amusement."

In the foreground, the Pope appears seated—in a chair which may have been Saint Peter's.

(The angels may have carried it aerially from Babylonia where Peter lived, worked and probably died).

Near the Pope stand his two favorite children, Lucretia and Cæsar Borgia.

Before them, dance a garland of naked young women, whose intertwined hands make the circle, and whose flowing locks, burning eyes and nude perfection of form amuse the seated Borgia, who originated this bacchanalian revelry in which the tired appetite is spiced by voluptuous music, richest wine and loveliest nymphs of the goddess of illicit love.

Such was the Pope, such the times, such the manners.

At Florence there was a monk, Savonarola, a man of intense piety, fiery zeal and dynamic eloquence. With all the hot wrath of the prophets of God, he lashed the immoralities of the age, the corruption of the Church and the rotten lives of the priests. He demanded reform! He battled against vice, vanity, greed, wrong in high places; and he made himself the feared champion of oppressed humanity.

Above all, he proclaimed the right of the people to rule themselves. He established the Republic of Florence, and held it up by sheer force of his powerful personality.

17. FORGIVING SIN. My next reason for fighting the Roman Catholic church system is when it comes to the doctrine of the forgiveness of sins. Here is an extract from the Roman Catholic catechism: "If any man shall say that justifying faith is simply trust in the divine mercy and re-

mitting sin for Christ's sake, or that it is by faith we are justified, let him be accursed."

Now, how does that sound to any well-indoctrinated Bible Christian? God's Word tells us: "Not of works, lest any man should boast." We Protestants believe that the sinner confesses his sins to Jesus Christ alone, and he doesn't need to run to any bachelor dad and tell him what he has been doing. The confession we believe in is that, after having confessed our sins to Christ, we are then asked to confess Christ before men. You can very readily see why they insist that this confession to the priest should be kept up.

It is a good money-getter. Old Judas started that plan 2,000 years ago, when he ran to the priest with his money, in the place of going to God with his sin. "By faith we are saved, and not of works:" and in Galatians 1:8 God says: "If an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you than that we have preached unto you, let him be accursed."

One of the favorite magazines of the American papists is The Lamp, published at Graymoor, New York. It prints, on its inside cover, a testimonial, signed by Cardinal Merry Del Val, who assures The Lamp that the Pope cordially bestows a special blessing on it. Cardinals Gibbons, Farley and Falconia testify the highest regard for The Lamp, and their letters to that effect also appear on the cover.

A considerable portion of The Lamp is taken up by letters from people who believe that St. Anthony has done them favors. Because of the alleged favors of this Italian priest, who died some centuries ago, the dupes send money to The Lamp. Thus a phantom saint and his fancied favors, pour a continuous stream of oil into The Lamp.

One of the letters reads:

"Dear Father: Enclosed find $1 in thanksgiving to St. Anthony for cure of rheumatism.

"Glenns Falls, N. Y., Sept. 9, 1914."

Another follows:

"Dear Father: I promised to send $1 each month, if I was cured of my rheumatism, and now I am nearly well."

Aside from the disposition which The Lamp makes of all this money (which disposition may be honest and charitable), the question arises—What is the mental condition of the editors who encourage people to believe that there is a saint in heaven who helps collect doubtful debts, changes the venue of law cases, takes a hand in real estate deals, hunts for lost typewriters, and finds jobs for the unemployed?

What is the mental condition of the Romanist priests who teach this sort of thing; and what is the mental condition of American citizens who pay their money to The Lamp for the alleged services of St. Anthony?

18. LOW STANDARD OF MORALS. I am opposed to Roman Catholicism because her standards are and always have been low on all moral issues: Temperance, red lights, breweries and distilleries, civil clean-up fights, etc. They have always been a menace, and have never been of any help to me in this work, over a period of thirty years, during which time I have labored in every state in the Union and carried on this work.

Here in bold type, from their own Catholic page, taken from their own statement as given out at Council of Trent, they say: "Even those priests who are living in mortal sin exercise the same function of forgiving sins as ministers of Christ."

What kind of human channels does God require for His service? Isaiah 52:11—"Depart ye, depart ye out from thence, touch no unclean thing; go ye out of the midst of her, be ye clean, that bear the vessels of the Lord."

See the following: An eminent minister of the First Baptist church of Macon, Georgia, Rev. T. F. Callaway, preaches sermons against the recent *ne temore* decree of the Italian pope, tells his congregations that he himself knows of several homes that have been disrupted by the Italian law of the Italian pope, overriding the marriage laws of this country!

Catholic husbands desert Protestant wives, because those wives, legally married under our laws, refuse to confess that they have been living in sin, and refuse to accept another marriage ceremony to be solemnized by a priest, the sworn subject of a foreign power.

In the weekly Jeffersonian are published the facts in a case where a dying husband of a Methodist wife was refused the usual mummery (which Romanists consider indispensable to salvation) until the legally married wife had accepted a remarriage at the hands of the priest.

The husband having been reared a Romanist, fell back, in his dying hour, upon the superstition which had been instilled into his immature brain. He demanded a priestly pardon for his sins. And the priest refused what the dying man wanted, until he had admitted that his marriage under the laws of Georgia was no marriage at all!

In the eyes of Rome he had been living in concubinage. His wife was his kept woman, and his fifteen-year-old daughter was a bastard!

The laws of Georgia could not legally marry a Georgian who had been reared as a Catholic.

On the subject of marriage and divorce, Americans who are Catholics must not respect the civil law of the Union, but must take their law from a foreign land.

The poor, distracted Methodist wife had to submit to the outrageous demand of the priest, and to confess, by accepting another marriage, that she had never been lawfully wedded to "the man she was living with."

Oh! God, how much longer must we stand by and see such things?

19. THE PRIESTHOOD. Here is the teaching of Catholicism: "The Roman priests stand between God and the sinner, and there is no access to God but through them."

(Note that in this statement, in bold type, you see another Catholic lie).

Does any mere man have authority to stand between a sinner and God? No! There is only one Mediator.

Matthew 11:28 says: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

1 Timothy 2:5 says: "For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."

What is the only access into God's presence? The blood of Jesus Christ.

Roman Catholics say: "The Pope at his coronation, sits in the seat where God alone is supposed to sit, and is adored by Cardinals on bended knees, who kiss his right hand and his feet."

Would Peter or any Apostle countenance self worship? Acts 10:25 says: "And as Peter was coming in, Cornelius met him and fell down at his feet and worshiped him."

10:26 says: "But Peter took him up, saying; Stand up; I myself also am a man."

I have tried my dear friends, hearers and readers of this lecture, to be fair, unbiased and unprejudiced; and as I stand before God as an honest man, sincere in my work and ministry, and before my Lord and Master to be judged, I believe every word herein written.

(Signed) E. J. BULGIN.

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